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A

SCHIZZO

ON THE

GENIUS of MAN.

Thomas Carlyon Esqr from the Author

A

SCHIZZO

ON THE

GENIUS OF MAN:

IN WHICH,

AMONG VARIOUS SUBJECTS,

THE MERIT OF

MR. THOMAS BARKER,

THE CELEBRATED YOUNG PAINTER OF BATH,

IS PARTICULARLY CONSIDERED,

AND

HIS PICTURES REVIEWED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

AN EXCURSION FROM PARIS TO FONTAINBLEAU

For the Benefit of the Bath Casualty Hospital.



BATH, PRINTED BY R. CRUTTWELL;

AND SOLD BY

G. G. J. AND J. ROBINSON, PATER-NOSTER-ROW, LONDON

AND ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN BATH:

1793.

TO

WALTER LONG, ESQUIRE,

OF SOUTH-WRAXALL,

IN THE COUNTY OF WILTS.

SIR,

In addressing to you this trifling production, I make but an humble return to your liberality and politeneſs.

An author of the highest ability could not possibly flatter himself

himself with the hope of affording novelty of entertainment or instruction to a Gentleman who has long been in the habit of deriving both from the most valuable and recent treasures of the *belles lettres*.

It is not, Sir, to pay the mere tribute of a compliment, that I dedicate to you; but to acknowledge the debt of gratitude:—a mind liberal like yours may well forget what it bestows. I beg leave to remind you

you of the favour granted, in permitting me to take the diversion of shooting upon your manors. It was the *handsome manner* in which you indulged me in this my favourite amusement, that particularly deserves my warmest thanks. I requested leave to go only upon your manor of Wraxall; but you, Sir, in your liberality, (as extensive as your manors) granted me the liberty of all. —It gives me pleasure to shew the world what a gentlemanly

contrast

contrast there is in such conduct to that of those who are niggards of their game, or grant permission so grudgingly, that the favour is painfully accepted, the obligation not worth the thanks. Thus the sense of gratitude is impaired by the ungracious mode of the grantor. Far different was your conduct from many, who imperiously refuse gentlemen leave to shoot upon *one* manor:—you, Sir, with the manners of true breeding, permitted me to shoot upon THIRTEEN!!

At the same time I gratify myself with making acknowledgement of this favour; I fear its public confession may be somewhat displeasing, and am aware that my reader may apply what the learned Plutarch mentions of a Sophist in his apophthegms; who made a long and tedious oration in praise of Hercules, and expecting at the end great thanks and applause from the hearers, a certain Lacedæmonian demanded of him who had *dispraised* Hercules?

cules? But methinks, Sir, the world cannot have too many instances given of liberality, worth, and honour, for their imitation.

I am, Sir,

with great respect,

Your much obliged,

and most obedient

humble servant,

Edward Harington.

Harington-Place,
Bath, Jan. 1, 1793.

PREFACE.

IF this were my first offence, I might hope for mercy; and, like some poor culprit detected in his first commission of sin, might appeal to the tender feelings of my jury: but, alas! I have no pretensions to such indulgence. I am not young; and, having no fear of the public before mine eyes, *am fast hardened in the wicked vice of scribbling: a keen and remorseless wilfulness seizes on my mind, and impels me to scribble; then false ambition, goaded by misleading vanity, urges me to the* fatal crime *of printing!*

What

What apology can I make to you then, O gentle reader, and O unmerciful critic! for printing this precious Schizzo, *this* olla podrida, *this patched-up, ill-fitting garment, composed of odd old ends and patches, like a mantle of many colours bought of a* fripier d'etoffe *in the* marchè des guenilles *in Paris? It will be in vain to attempt to impose upon you with the hacknied, but worst of all arguments, that of writing for* amusement! *knowing that the Reviewers have justly observed to such reasoners, that what may be* sport to them is death to critics.——*Will you admit this apology? Be assured then,* it was an humble endeavour to serve merit that alone induced

induced me to print this very unequal work!! *And that the purchaser of it may not think himself imposed upon, and call it a* Cheatso, *instead of a* Schizzo, *I have resolved, if any profit should arise from the sale of the book, to present it to the* CASUALTY HOSPITAL, *a most useful charitable institution! Thus the purchasers will have the satisfaction of encouraging* charity *rather than* scribbling.

I fear my reader will find the commencement of this book a little too sermonic, formal, and pompous; but like a fabric begun by an ill-contriving architect, it must proceed upon its first principles, how irregular and erroneous soever they may be,

or

or be totally demolished, to rebuild it upon a better construction.—But I had neither patience, inclination, nor ground, to new-model, or to rebuild this structure. I was therefore constrained to let it stand or fall, without any attempt to alter my first grave *ideas: which, however, proceeded from* no worse a motive *than an ardent wish that certain men should think more nobly and generously of their own species; and be convinced that they are endued with certain proportions of wisdom and talent, not only for the purpose of cultivating arts and sciences, but for the* greater purpose *of causing them to reflect that they are to hold a still higher rank.*

It

It was my intention to have pointed out the wonderful, superior spirits of some men, which could only have been given by the inspiration of Heaven, for the common good of mankind, in order to encourage them by shewing, in a supernatural manner, how far humanity can be exalted above the scale of a mere animal states: but that I have most imperfectly carried on these ideas, is no less clear to me, than it will be to my reader. I had neither the perseverance nor ability to get through so great a task, and have therefore left it in an unfinished state. I was first led to these thoughts, on reflecting how strangely men were prone to degrade their own species: What satisfaction they can

can possibly find in so unpleasant a contemplation, I cannot conceive, unless it be to shew their own acuteness *and* ingenuity; *not indeed with an* accumulation *of* reason, *but in* lessening *their* reason. *Such apparent pleasure has some men in the reflection of their own degradation, that they have employed themselves in the agreeable task of writing whole volumes, straining their ideas, to prove that* man, *the* baboon, monkey, pongo, jocko, *and* orang-outang, *are all relatives to each other—distant cousins! Some of these ingenious gentlemen talk of islands full of hairy men, and men with* long tails; *and one, more eccentric than the rest, most vehemently insists upon it, that*

that man has no business to walk upright, *that it is impertinent in him not to* crawl upon all fours; *which nature intended he should do, as well as to live upon roots, herbs, grass, &c. like the* badger *and the* hedge-hog. *It also much puzzles him to know, by what revolution of nature it was, that man came to lose his tail; which* he *has no doubt but the* aborigines *of mankind had the privilege of wearing. But in lieu of this* folly *and* madness, *is it not more rational, more our* duty, *and interest, to promote by every means in our power the* EXALTATION *of* MAN, *than to* depress him *into such ideas of debasement; to shew him every proof in our power (and there are enough to convince him)*

that he is by nature of more worth and dignity, than to rank with brutes; and that, as he is under the special protection of Providence, and designed for future happiness, it is his interest to dignify his nature *in ways of* virtue, truth, *and* honour!!!

Such were my ideas when I first designed making a short introduction to the principal subject *of my book. At that time I had no intention of making it either so* long *or so* digressive; *but a writer, like a builder, seldom knows when to finish.—A* little *alteration* here! *a* little *improvement* there! *in process of time makes such enlargements in the* fabric,

as

us to be widely different from the plan he originally designed; but the misfortune of this is, the building *becomes, like my work,* too much of confusion!

I have so far departed from those serious ideas, with which I commenced, that I am afraid, in some places, I have gone to the contrary extreme; and shewn a something of levity, *where I only* meant *to be* merry. *I confess myself incompetent to handle a* grave subject *long together, with sufficient* force *or* consequence *to occupy the* whole attention *of the reader.* That *should be* admirably performed, *or it drags* dull *and* heavy. *I therefore rather* choose now and then

to introduce a comic interlude by way of variety,* *which* may not *be displeasing to some readers, who are not* very fastidious. *Thus my book becomes a sort of* pasticcio, *which* sometimes *amuses better than a* more regular performance.

It may be objected, that some of my notes are irrelevant, and that I transgress *too much by* digression; *of this, I am con-*

* No writers perhaps ever understood this art better than SOUTH, STERNE, and WHITFIELD; for on the gravest of all subjects they generally contrived to be *facetious* with *good sense*, and familiar with *good language*. If a something of this *serio-comic style* were adopted by more of our *modern preachers*, *sleeping* and yawning would not be so much the fashion at *most of our Churches!* We rarely see *sleeping* at *Methodists' Meetings*, because their preachers *damn their* congregations with such a degree of eccentricity and friendly *familiarity*, that whilst *some* are roused through *fear*, *others* cannot help *laughing* at being damned with so much humourous conceit and *pleasantry!!!*

scious,

scious, and have only this apology to make for it:—I had certain matter which I wished to introduce, and knew of no other mode of effecting it.† *I have therefore done what the late* Oliver Goldsmith *once said he had done, when he introduced a long story into a work totally foreign to the subject. He said he* "wrote up "to it, and down from it;" *this may be excusable in so good a writer as* Goldsmith, *but such irregular excursions, from so poor a writer as myself, I fear will not meet with such indulgence.*

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† I must particularly beg leave to apologize for moralizing too tediously upon *one* melancholy theme, which, without connection with the subject, I have taken the liberty of introducing in page 88. The candid reader will perceive my motives, and pardon me for indulging those feelings, in the unadorned natural language of grief, with which my mind was at that time strongly impressed!!!

The reader possibly *may demand, if a scribbler can make any plausible defence for committing the vice of scribbling! I think he may, and so plead his own cause, as to make himself appear not only* innocent, *but a* respectable *and* useful *member of society; as thus:—I take it the public are more* obliged *to* bad *authors than is generally suspected; instead of idle people canting about the press* groaning *under the weight of* voluminous trash and nonsense, *let them rather consider the poor nation* groaning *under the enormous weight of taxes, and if they have any* feeling, *they will* groan for that, *and then admire the* glorious *works of every author* good *or* bad! *But the*

latter

latter *is the author they should give* more credit to, *and contemplate with admiration his wonderful works! for he is a genuine* disinterested patriot; *the former only a* selfish interested fellow, *who publishes his works with the full* certainty *of being* amply rewarded; *while the other boldly and generously stakes his purse and reputation, both of which* he is sure of losing. *Ah, blessed martyr! and all for the* good of his country! *See what he loses, his reputed wisdom for the vile stain of folly; his moderate purse for an empty one, and even less than empty praise: but on the other hand, hear how very* valuable *he is, and how much he gains in the estimation of* thinking men

men *and* lovers of their country. *He cheerfully and largely contributes to the support and dignity of the state, by considerably augmenting the* taxes *on* flax, linen, paper, advertisements, *and* stamp-duties; *in supporting the free-born Sons of the Press, the various* printers, compositors, pressmen, devils, &c. *nay, he does every thing that benevolence can do, and all this with a certain prospect of losing* every time *he blots his paper.—The printers' standing sentimental toast is,* To the well-staining of paper;* *now the word* well *is to*

* The printers have also another standing *sentiment*, which does honour to their gratitude:—'Come, gentlemen, say they, here's a health to *all* our *worthy authors*.' Now they very properly make no distinction between *good* and *bad*

be considered here as meaning a vast quantity, *and not at* all *in the sense of* good writing; *for how would all these fellows be maintained if books were only printed that are* monstrous sensible, monstrous ingenious, *and* monstrous learned. *If they had no other works to depend upon but now and then such delicious literary morsels as the productions of a* Burke,[a] *a* Hurd,[b] *a* Blair,[c] *a* Paley,[d] *a* Melmoth,[e] *or a* Graves![f] *or among*

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bad authors; they act in the true spirit of *tolerancy*, and prefer the doctrine of *universal redemption* to the narrow principles of sectaries! they well know 'tis more profitable to deal in *quantity* than in *quality*, and that a *dashing intrepid scribbler*, who writes "*an infinite deal of nothing*," is of more *value to them* than the Philo-laconical writer of *wise saws*, *problems*, *aphorisms*, and *apophthegms*.

[a] Sublime & Beautiful, &c.
[b] Dialogues of the Dead, &c.
[c] Sermons, &c.
[d] Principles of Philosophy
[e] Fitzosborne's Letters, &c.
[f] Spiritual Quixote, &c.

the ladies, the elegant and lively writings of a Piozzi,[g] *a* Bowdler,[h] *a* More,[i] *a* Montague,[k] *a* Carter,[l] *or a* Lee,[m] *&c.* most of them *would soon be in a starving condition, from not having their paper* well stained! *Scribblers therefore, besides being* spirited people, *are most* exemplary Christians, *from their liberally supporting so many thousand families of printers, booksellers, and bookbinders. A certain author observes, that there never was a book, however ill written, but something might be learned from it; and another observes that there is scarcely any*

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[g] Journey thro' France & It.
[h] Essays and Poems
[i] Manners of the Great, &c.
[k] Essay on Shakespeare, &c.
[l] Epictetus, &c.
[m] Chapter of Accidents, &c.

author

author who has not afforded either an aphorism or a motto. All books then tend to some beneficial purpose; if they have no immoral tendency, nor endeavour to inculcate despotic, slavish principles, through the subtle rarification of highly adorned language, misleading the sense of men through the flowery paths of eloquence,—or, on the other hand, if they are not written with violent inflamed language, that will, like a tempestuous hurricane, subvert and destroy even the order of nature herself. For we well know that one of her clearest laws is the arrangement of the different classes or states of all animals; and man may as well attempt to alter the course of our heavenly system,

as

as to make mankind assimilate in one uniform class. But to leave this high question, which has gone through all the mazes and twistings of philosophy, and of which, like polemical controversy, there is no end to the discussion; I shall proceed to shew a little farther of what use scribblers are to the community, and how much they ought to be commended; for if they are not witty themselves, they cause wit in other men. *This is true politeness! and very* unlike *those arrogant wits who* engross *all the* good things *to themselves.—Scribblers besides make a conspicuous and diverting figure in the wide fields of literature! like* irregular *troops they rush forth in hopes of gaining many*

many a laurel, but after a good deal of vapouring and flouncing, and a few unsuccessful skirmishes and manœuvres, are at length taken prisoners by those well-disciplined troops the REGULAR CRITICS, *who lead them, like the captive barbarians of old, to grace their haughty triumphs, when they are let off like so many Indian crackers on* a row; *the pops are just heard, and the little bouncers left empty* for ever!

What would become of those great Leviathans in literature the Monthly and Critical Reviewers, &c. but for the jolly race of scribblers! *how would they be able to introduce that wit, humour, smartness, and satire, which they so constantly exhibit*

exhibit in their monthly orbit, if they had nothing but good things *to* review? *Without* them, *the entertainment of the Reviews would be much abated; nothing left but gravity profound, and those learned observations which so eminently characterise our monthly performances.*

It is very curious and even amusing *to behold the punishments of literary sinners recorded in the annals of criticism; the various neat* cut *and* thrusts *they get, the heavy broad-sword wounds they receive, and the singular manner of their numerous deaths, are truly interesting. I hope the* amateur reader *of such* tragical tortures *will not be accused of being as*

unfeeling

unfeeling as the amateurs of boxing and executions! for certainly there are *men of the most amiable dispositions, who are more delighted with the descriptions of the mortal wounds of the heroes of* Homer, *or the description of the cruel death of* Hercules, *than with incidents abounding in more pleasing images, though of less grandeur and sublimity. But terror, instead of hardening the mind,* lends the*

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* Dr. BARNES, in his ingenious performance *on the Pleasure which the Mind in certain Cases receives from contemplating scenes of Distress*, has the following observation:—'To *curiosity* then, to *sympathy*, to *mental exertion*, to the idea of our own *security*, and to the *strong feelings* occasioned by viewing the actions and passions of mankind in interesting situations, do we ascribe that gratification which the mind feels from the survey of many scenes of sorrow. We have called it a pleasure, but it will approach to, or recede from, pleasure, according to the nature and proportion of the ingredients of which the sensation is composed. In some cases *pain* will predominate, in others there will be exquisite enjoyment.'

'The

softness of compassion, and raises it to a generous indignation at acts of cruelty: It inspires us with humane principles and sentiments in beholding the struggles and sufferings of virtue; from an animated description, we almost behold it, and feel our ideas rising to the ardent wish of affording it succour.

But to return to Scribblers.—Although they may be supposed to receive their lite-

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‘ The *final cause* of this constitution of the human mind is, probably, that, by means of this strong sensation, the soul may be preserved in continual and vigorous motion; that its feelings may be kept lively and tender, that it may learn to practise the virtues it admires, and to assist those whom its sympathy can reach; and that it may thus be led, by the social exercises of the heart, to soften with compassion, to expand with benevolence, and generously to assist in every case in which assistance can be given;—an end this, sufficient

———‘ To assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to man.’

rary death-*wounds from the Critics, (who certainly never* punish *without just cause*) yet the writer has no reason to complain, his work is not dead, but* sleepeth; *it may be compared to the* grub race, *in their* chrysalis *or* nymph state; *it again appears, after its supposed death, in various forms,‡ more useful than the*

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* This is undoubtedly true.—It is an old challenge of the Reviewers to defy any person to prove that a work condemned by them had ever sufficient merit to be received well by the public. I knew a gentleman of considerable literature who had the curiosity to examine most of their volumes, in order to detect them; but declared he could not find a single instance. A strong proof of their judgment, candour, and impartiality!

‡ For many domestic purposes in all great houses and little houses throughout the kingdom;—such as, singing the rumps of poultry,—for preserving luscious lumps of fat from dissolving on the spit,—for patty-pans in pastry,—conserves in confectionary,—spells for lighting pipes,—shreds for lighting fires,—and lining to those noisy rascals he trunk-makers, &c. &c.

first state of existence was designed for, at length it appears in its perfect or winged state.†

Perhaps even this Preface, as well as several parts of the contents of the book, may be called eccentrical by certain spirits, whose visages

" Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who would say—I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark."

† If the reader will allow me to keep up the metaphor *of the grub race*, to complete what is called by naturalists its perfect or winged state,—I mean thereby an author's work when it soars aloft, even higher than the famed Parnassian mount of old;—and all in the shape of a *paper-kite!*

I depre-

I deprecate then, my readers, that none become Sir Oracles *with my poor book. As to the word* eccentric, *it is most intolerably abused and misunderstood; a stupid fellow that has not an idea of his own once in a quarter of a year, utterly debarred by nature from understanding the least* trait *of humour, will call that* eccentric *which does not accord with his own dull sense. There are also the solemn gentlemen, who will call that* eccentric *only because it becomes not their gravity and wisdom to laugh.*

——— ——— ——— 'O, I do know of these
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing: who, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,
Which hearing them would call their brothers fools.'

There

There are those again who do nothing but frown, "that hear merry tales and smile not, calling them eccentric; *these, I fear, will prove weeping philosophers when they grow old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in their youth." There are also crabbed fellows, who will exclaim in the words said to be* Job's, *"O that mine adversary had written a book!"* Now I do not believe that* Job *said any such thing! it is not at all consistent with his character, which is represented as being remarkably patient: but here he is made to speak like an ill-natured and*

* The author is aware that Job means them in a very different sense; he wishes that his accusers had formed a book or bill of indictment against him before GOD, that he might have an opportunity of exculpating himself!

malevolent

malevolent cynic, who has the meanness *to wish that his adversary would expose himself! Now if one of these* crusty *fellows, who bawl out the above uncharitable exclamation, had an enemy who had written a* bad book, *I suppose he would laugh at him, and hold him up to ridicule, in hopes of mortifying the poor author!— a most* impotent *and* vain *attempt, for there never yet was an author, however bad, nay d——d bad, that did not think his book a good book,* a very good book!!

A writer can always console himself by only heartily agreeing with the poet, when he says,

" *Ten* censure *wrong* for one who writes amiss."

Thus

Thus an author has infinitely more reason *to think* well *of his work, than a solitary critic has to think ill of it! so unless a critic brings me ten* good *men and* true, *who are ready to* swear *that my book is not a very* good *book, I have no right in the world to believe him when he tells me that it is a* hasty, crude, *and* incorrect *performance!*

" Authors are partial to their works 'tis true,
" But are not critics to their judgment too?"

There are some monstrous sensible, *knowing, good-tempered souls, who are very apt to* remind *an author that*

" A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the *Pierian* spring:
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking *largely* sobers us again."

To

To which I reply, that if a little learning is dangerous,† *I know not how* fatal *a great deal may be! for if a* shallow *draught of this powerful water does* intoxicate, *the drinking* largely *of it, by way of* sobering, *may either cause downright* insanity *or* stupidity.‡ *Is it not therefore much wiser to abstain* entirely *than to have any thing to do with a spring so* terribly *deleterious? and thus* in time, *a compleat* equality *may be in every respect established: to an* equal division *of* honours *and* fortune *may be added* equal

† I am not ignorant in what sense POPE means those lines to be taken; for Lord BACON remarked long before *him*, that *sometimes* a little *philosophy* was sufficient to make a man a *worthless infidel*, when a great deal might make him a good Christian!!!

‡ *Seriously* speaking, it is not a very uncommon thing!

barrenness

barrenness of mind *and* learning!—*There are, lastly, the jealous and envious, who, for fear of allowing too much credit to another, will cry out* eccentric, *and probably quote those hacknied lines which form a part of the character of* Lord Shaftesbury *in* Dryden's Absalom *and* Achitophel,

" Great Wits are sure to madness near allied,
" And thin partitions do their bounds divide."

And this probably at the very moment they are maliciously stifling the laugh it created. Now with all the benevolence *and* charity* *I have for my fellow-*

* There may, however, be instances in which *benevolence* and charity, with all the good doctrine of Christian patience, cannot make humanity *much* in *love* with those who maliciously invent lies for the diabolical satisfaction of creating another's *misery!!*

creatures

creatures, (and I protest it is not a little) I hate these affected ways, *and despise the* fools *who use them. If we* never *presumed to depart from what is called the* centre, *we should* always be *at the same dull* point, *and so lose the pleasure of letting our ideas take those various excursions which are so pleasing to the imagination of men communicating and comparing their different observations with each other.*

We see every day eccentric truths in nature; she frequently even deviates from the centre in those things which we call lusus naturæ, *or sports of nature, and this without being either monstrous, ab-*

surd, or deformed. Every species of humour, judged by the precise rules of morality *and* formality, *is* eccentric; *and so is often wit too, because it departs from the precise centre of truth and steadiness; but a certain portion of* eccentricity *methinks is allowable, if not either* nonsensically extravagant, *or* monstrously affected, *and constantly aiming at wit and humour where none is to be found! A departure from the centre, without meeting with pleasant adventures in its irregular excursions, may justly come under the denomination of* foolish *eccentricity, and deserves to be damned for its* stupidity! *On the contrary, if the wild, but lively spirit of fancy sometimes*

times condescends to take an irregular course, in displaying a description of ludicrous events, either imaginary or real, from certain coincidences which can excite innocent mirth and laughter in all but the proud dull formalist, it may come under the description of being rationally *and* pleasantly *eccentrical; and readers**

* A celebrated author thus expresses himself, "I wish we had the humanity to reflect that even the *worst authors* might endeavour to please us, and in that endeavour *deserve* something at our hands; upon the whole a *bad author* deserves better usage than a *bad critic:* a man may be the *former* merely through the misfortune of an ill judgment, but he cannot be the *latter* without both that and an ill *temper!!*

"I am inclined, says he, to think, that both the writers of books and the readers of them are generally not a little unreasonable in their expectations. The first seem to fancy that the world must approve whatever they produce; and the latter, to imagine that authors are obliged to please them at any rate. Methinks, as, on the one hand, no single man is born with a right of controuling the opinions of all the rest, so on the other, the world has no title to demand that the

should have the candour and liberality to consider that authors, like comedians and buffoons, often appear eccentric *only to please their patrons. Now if poor authors should fail in powers of pleasing, the reader should charitably remember that they fall victims to their well-meant endeavours to entertain.*

—— ‘ si quid novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum.’

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the whole care and time of any particular person should be sacrificed to its entertainment. Therefore I cannot but believe that writers and readers are under equal obligations for as much fame or pleasure as each affords the other.

“Every one acknowledges it would be a wild notion to expect perfection in any work of man, and yet one would think the contrary was taken for granted by the judgment commonly passed upon writings. A critic supposes he has done his part if he proves a writer to have failed in an expression, or erred in any particular point; and can it then be wondered at if writers in general seem resolved not to own themselves in any error? For as long as one side despises a well-meant endeavour, the other will not be satisfied with a moderate approbation!!!”

In the course of this work, I am, however, more afraid of being accused of arrogance *than of* eccentricity, *from having so freely delivered my sentiments concerning the genius of Mr.* BARKER, *at what may be unfairly called the expence of other artists. Now if my ideas should be tortured into such a construction, it may certainly raise me up a host of most envenomed critics; but I protest I mean no such illiberality! what I have said of conceited artists and pretended critics, means only a very few envious people,* who, without a tithe part of* BARKER's *genius, give themselves airs, and presume*

* There are those so envious from hearing his great merit so well confirmed, that (strange to say) they are absolutely *afraid* to behold his performances, lest their feelings should receive

to judge him by their own rules with all the gravity and assumption of so many Aristotles *and* Plinys!!

I have not vanity enough to constitute myself a judge to criticise the works *of professors in the art of painting; and if I had the* judgment, *I have not the* ill-nature *to speak ill of* them. *But I confess, that having brought all the evidence I could collect (and it is not a little) in order to support my opinion that Mr.* BARKER *is a first-rate genius, an ho-*

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receive an *irrecoverable shock!* I know those who confess they never had the curiosity to see them, at the same time significantly demanding who *made* the boy such a *great painter!* These gentlemen might as well demand who made BACON a philosopher, SHAKESPEARE and MILTON poets, and enabled NEWTON to penetrate into the works of the Author of Nature!

nour

nour to his country, and is fully entitled to the praise I have given him, I know there are* GREAT artists *who will, with the true spirit and liberality of gentlemen, allow him the same degree of merit: and although I may have mentioned him with the spirit and lan-*

* We all possess (says a certain good writer) a general scale, by which we may value the productions of the fine arts; as every individual, whether learned or ignorant, has more or less a fixed idea that the fine arts are intended to afford delight by their imitation of known objects, they can therefore bestow their praise in proportion to their sensation and genius. If the execution be of that inferior kind to make its defects very apparent, they naturally depreciate them; but if a variety of agreeable objects, easily understood, fascinate the eye, they as readily applaud them. If the circumstances are more numerous, and the easy part enables them to unravel the more complex, they rise in their admiration, their self-love is flattered, and they praise from a spirit of gratitude, in proportion as the objects concur with their chain of ideas, either *natural* or *acquired!* Thus the devotee, the libertine, the bigot, the scholar, and the man of the world, all reciprocally express their approbation as their fancies are affected!!!

guage

guage of enthusiasm, yet it is nevertheless done with an honest *conviction of his merit, without any intention of disparaging the works of other professors and gentlemen of* real genius; *for, however they may differ in their various* styles *and* judgment, *I hold every man of merit in great estimation. But as liberty is open to all men to judge in these cases, so have others the right of bestowing liberal praise on whom they please!!*



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE title of *Schizzo*, or Sketch, which the author has (rather hastily) adopted, is a word made use of in the science of painting, to which his work principally relates.—He confesses that the whole of the title imports more interesting matter than will be found in his book! It was not till after two or three of these sheets were printed off, that he then abandoned his first design, for reasons alleged in the Preface: being thus christened, it was then too late (with convenience) to withdraw the title. The reader is also desired not to view the plates with an eye of criticism: they were neither invented nor engraved by an artist, but by a youth, who etched them for his amusement at his leisure hours. The reader, however, may think them quite good enough for the work.

"Verbum emissum irrevocabile est."



A

SCHIZZO

ON THE

GENIUS of MAN.

TO an ingenuous and contemplative mind nothing can afford a more exquisite gratification, than to behold a fellow-creature endowed with faculties eminently superior to those which are possessed by the generality of his species: it expands the soul, and elevates the ideas to the most animated adoration of that Being, who has not only fashioned and moulded the clay of our mortal bodies, but has

inspired it with such vast powers of intuitive perception and genius, that we cannot, without the highest gratitude, acknowledge his infinite goodness, in being so mindful of his creatures as to bestow on them intellect and imagination almost without *limit!* Such, no doubt, are the rare gifts of heaven, that exalt and distinguish man in this earthly state, to which our immortal poet alludes, when he describes him in the following beautiful language: "What a piece of work "is man! how noble in reason! how "infinite in faculties! in form and "moving, how express and admirable! "in action, how like an angel! in "apprehension, how like a god! the "beauty of the world, the paragon of "animals!" That God has, in his unbounded

bounded wisdom and goodness, sometimes conferred on man extraordinary powers of perception and ripe judgment, even at an early period of life,* can be denied only by the grossest ingratitude or ignorance.

There are instances in the history of the world, of men in whom he has so *stirred up the divinity within*

* Lord Bolingbroke says, "You will find there "are superior spirits, men who shew even from "their infancy, though it be not always perceived "by others, perhaps not always felt by themselves, "that they were born for something more and "better; their talents denote their general design-"ation; and the opportunities of conforming them-"selves to it, that arise in the course of things, or "that are presented to them by any circumstances "of rank and situation in the society to which they "belong, denote the particular vocation, which it "is not lawful for them to resist, nor even to "neglect."

them, as to make them appear almost angels in their mortal state; to have filled their minds with such an expanse of thought and wisdom, as the same glorious poet observes, that

—— " in a fine frenzy rolling,
" *They* glance from heaven to earth, from earth
" to heaven."

As men invest some of their species with worldly honours in preference to others, so has our Creator distinguished these illustrious characters by enriching them with natural talents as far superior to the genius of the bulk of mankind, as one star is superior in glory to another. But although the generality of mankind are left undistinguished by such excellence, we cannot but behold, with proud delight, that

that the Almighty has thought *any of our fellow-creatures* worthy of being raised to the most glorious comprehension; to contend with nature, to seek nature and nature's laws in the most dark and hidden recesses, and to bring her forth illumined to the world. Such talents conjoined with virtue sink the gross and common nature of man, and raise him to the most exalted state of human perfection.—They are, no doubt, *rare* and *precious* gifts to the happy individual on whom they are bestowed; but they do no less honour to the *whole race* of mankind, and should create our warmest veneration and love for Him, who so admirably inspires the mind of man, wrapt as it is, *imprisoned* and *unseen*, in the grossness of perishable

matter. All men must think so, if they are not stupid enough to suppose they have no interest in the *exaltation of the mind of man*; and that sense, genius, and talent, are given to him by chance, and for no other purpose, but to perish with him, as do the instinctive sagacity of brute animals; but they use their reflection to a very poor purpose who think so, for, when God honours human nature in bestowing more *mind*, *talent*, or *genius*, upon one man than upon another, it is an especial mark of grace and favour he bestows on all the world!*

* A famous antient painter, it is said, in ſpeaking of the art of painting, observed, that he would have had the works of the best artists carried from one country to another, and could not endure that a picture should not be capable of having more than one master, becauſe *painting*, he said, was a *common good to all the world!*

and is, no doubt, designed by the wisdom and goodness of providence, for the beneficial purpose of continuing to man those enlightenments and glorious prerogatives with which he has so eminently and distinguishedly endowed humanity.

It may not be *presumptuous* to observe, that when human *wisdom* is at its *greatest perfection*, (that is to say, as much as man has been known to attain, yet not so great as may come within the compass of his imagination) the human mind, notwithstanding its being confined within the walls of *flesh* and *blood*, may, however, be so *refined* with *wisdom*, as probably to be but little inferior to those spirits who dwell in an ever-existing state! and by whose

whose divine original we are told, in sacred history, we are but a little lower than themselves!!! But in admitting this, *man* should be brought to *that state of perfection* which old Hooker mentions: "Man, saith he, doth seek "a *triple perfection*; firſt, a *sensual*, "consisting in those things which "very life itself requireth, either as "necessary supplements or as orna- "ments thereof; then an *intellectual*, "consisting in those things which "none underneath man is capable of; "lastly, a *spiritual* and *divine*, con- "sisting in those things whereunto "we tend to supernatural means here, "but cannot here attain."

Now when we see one man poſſeſſing the perfection of talent over the

the million, his fellow-creatures ought not to arraign (which I have heard moſt unworthily done) the *justice* and partiality of Providence in not enduing *them* with an equal portion, becauſe on reflection it appears, it is ſo far from being necessary, that it would be absolute unhappiness and miſery to mankind, were the bulk of them to possess a greater portion than they now have; much less for all human understanding to approach perfection,* which

* The noble Philosopher whom I have just quoted, has in his works the following passage: "It "seems to me, that in order to maintain the moral "system of the world at a certain point, far below "that of ideal perfection, (for we are made capable "of conceiving what we are incapable of attaining) "but however sufficient upon the whole, to con- "stitute a state easy and happy, or at the worst "tolerable; I say it seems to me, that the Author "of

which is denied to *the natural state* of *man*; but when we see one man in *an age* surpassing his fellow-creatures in *intellectual*

" of Nature has thought fit to mingle from time " to time, among the socies of men, a few, and " but few, of those on whom he is graciously " pleased to bestow a larger proportion of the ethe- " real spirit than is given in the ordinary course " of his providence to the sons of men; these are " they who engross almost the whole reason of the " species, who are born to instruct, to guide, and " to preserve, who are designed to be the tutors " and the guardians of human kind. When they " prove such, they exhibit to us examples of the " highest virtue and the truest piety, and they de- " serve to have their festivals kept, instead of that " pack of anchorites and enthusiasts, with whose " names the calendar is crouded and disgraced." Although his Lordship speaks here of ideal perfection, yet man has attained in certain arts absolute perfection; for example, the perfect productions of the ancients in statuary, which cannot be looked upon without wonder, an ancient author has put them above nature, and praises the beauty of mankind,

intellectual capacity, we are then warranted to suppose it a *supernatural gift of heaven* displayed for the honour of the

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kind, but as it has an agreement with the beautiful statues.

Usq; ab ungulo ad capillum summum est festivissima;
Estne? considera: vide signum pictum pulchrè.

Plauti Epidic. act 5.

But it was from Nature's works that the ancient sculptors took the perfection of their figures, from whence Polycletes drew the beautiful proportions of the statue which he made for posterity, and which is called *the rule*. A certain writer has made so judicious a remark upon this subject, that I am tempted to transcribe his note upon the following lines :—

" 'Till all compleat, the gradual wonder shone,
" And vanquisht nature own'd herself outdone."

In strict propriety, the Grecian statues only excel nature by bringing together such an assemblage of beautiful

the *whole human race!* to perpetuate† and to continue the pride of man's reason—PHILOSOPHY, ARTS, and SCIENCES!

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beautiful parts as nature was never known to bestow on one object.

" For earth-born graces sparingly impart
" The symmetry supreme of perfect art."

It must be remembered, that the component parts of the most perfect statue never can excel nature; that we can form no idea of beauty beyond her works; we can only make this rare assemblage, and it is so rare, that if we are to give the name of monster to what is uncommon, we might, in the words of the Duke of Buckingham, call it

" A faultless monster which the world ne'er saw."

† An Italian author thus expresses himself:—

" Nel perpetuare la memoria degli atti, delle per-
" sone e delle cose, la prima operazione di queste
" arti si principia nella mente, dove le idee o le ima-
" gini che hanno riguardo a quelle azioni, persone,
" e cose,

ENCES! To leave indelible marks of an enlightened and Christian age; to excite emulation, and imitation in others, to the remotest posterity; to shew what man's nature is capable of attaining; in short, that *arts* and *sciences* may not be annihilated, and that man should not again sink into the uncultivated

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" e cose, si generano, si concepiscono e si sono
" impresse. Da cosi fatte impressioni dagli oggetti
" visibili il potere di combinare le imagini viene
" derivato, e quindi nelle arti l'esercizio dell' imitare
" quelle, conduce alla prattica della composizione."

In perpetuating the remembrance of actions, persons, or things, the first operation of those arts originates in the mind, where the ideas or images relating to those actions, persons or things, are generated, conceived, or impressed. From the impressions made upon the mind from visible objects, the power of combining images takes its rise; and hence, in the arts, the habits of imitating those lead to the practice of composition.

uncultivated savage.* This is, I say, granted for the honour and dignity of the

* This degenerate state of man is finely described by Mons. Fresnoy, in his Latin Poem, beginning with these lines:—

Denique nil sapiat Gothorum barbara trito
Ornamenta modo, sæclorum et monstra malorum.

The whole passage is thus elegantly translated by Mr. Mason:

"Yet shall the muse with all her force proscribe
Of base and barbarous forms that Gothic tribe,
Which sprang to birth, what time, through lust of sway,
Imperial Latium bade the world obey:
Fierce from the North the headlong dæmons flew,
The wreaths of science wither'd at their view,
Plagues were their harbingers, and war accurst,
And luxury—of every fiend the worst;
Then did each Muse behold her triumphs fade,
Then pensive Painting droop'd the languisht head;
And sorrowing Sculpture, while the ruthless flame,
Involv'd each trophy of her sister's fame,
Fled to sepulchral cells her own to save,
And lurk'd a patient inmate of the grave."

the human race, and no doubt is thought of sufficient consequence to interest the Almighty in their preservation: * for the mind of man is endued

* The Egyptians were a people the most remarkable for the desire of perpetuating the remembrance of themselves to an infinite succession of ages; Egypt being a nation powerful in its resources, and abounding in men of wonderful ingenuity and industry, deeply skilled both in divine and human knowledge, it became, as well for the magnificence of its works of art, as for the culture of the sciences, a field of improvement for the wise and ingenious of every other nation; and the Greeks themselves, who were considered as the most enlightened people, thought their education incomplete until they had visited that country; which Lycurgus, Pythagoras, Democritus, Plato, and many others, are said to have done. These people held the religion of their country in the highest veneration; and they worshipped their idols under a variety of forms, representing different kinds of animals, either real, fictitious, or symbolical, in figures of gold, silver and other metals; in precious

dued with such vast attenuating powers of *sensation*, that the *tone* of most minds may be so wrought and impressed upon, by the beauty, elegance, and sublimity of the lovely arts and sciences, penetrating, and *rushing as it were*, with such irresistible force of energetic truths upon the mind, that it is often able to restrain or set aside ideas incongruous to virtue, and even to resist and overcome the force of ill habits, prejudices, and vices; in

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ous stones, and almost in every substance capable of being wrought into form, or of receiving impression; and of these images, some have been preserved to the present times. It appears, that the arts of imitation of every quality or form, were in high estimation among them. Architecture, it is evident, was greatly cultivated; and of their skill in this, their pyramids, and other stupendous works, which now exist, promise to bear testimony to the end of time.

in fine, to soften and to subdue * the rough nature of the natural man, and to make him appear more like a described

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* Our favourite Shakespeare, who has powers to make us *all enthusiasts*, has pursued the idea so far as to produce the detection of murder from the dramatic fiction of poetic language and action!—What Hamlet proposed in the following lines, was the means of proving his uncle's guilt in the murder of his father.

" About, my brains! Hum! I have heard
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have, by the very cunning of the scene,
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions.
* * * * * * * * * *
* * * * I'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick; if he do *blench*,
I know my course. * * * * *
* * * * * The play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

It

scribed *being* of another *world*, than a barbarous unknowing creature of this. But to pursue these ideas a little farther: let me observe, that without a diffusion of the polite arts, the mind of man would be in a state of stagnation or corruption; there would not be a sufficiency of either useful, just, or pleasing ideas to employ and buoy up the imagination, so thickly floating with gross appetite and sensuality: Providence has therefore, with infinite goodness and consideration to man, so wisely framed his mind, as to render it capable of the most glorious impressions,

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It is said that Alexander trembled and grew pale on seeing a picture of Palamedes betrayed to death by his friends; it bringing to his mind a horrid remembrance of his treatment of Aristonicus.

pressions, and of producing the most admirable works.*

Let not the vice of *envy* then, or the folly of jealousy, *detract* from the merit and use of these *sublime* and *heavenly gifts*; because they are not given to *every one* who thinks he wants them; for, in the universal scale, every man

 has

* "It appears alſo, that the sciences and arts are the inseparable attendants of great empires, of the opulence and tranquillity of ſtates; and that the culture of them extends as well to private as to public gratification; for the mind of man being by nature anxious for further acquisitions, though he be possessed of all that this world can afford him, he wishes that after life is here at an end, he may, in remembrance, continue to exist. To this end he first is prompted, or ought to be, to *deeds of virtue*; and next he forms a wish to have them recorded. In this, no inconsiderable ſhare of action falls to the *imitative arts*, where painting and sculpture hold a considerable rank of eminence."

has his *useful talent* for his *own happiness*, and for his fellow creatures, if he will but apply it *unto wisdom*. But if some men have a greater elevation of genius than others, which heaven alone can give, and which cannot be reduced to useful practice, without being cultivated and improved by great industry and application; so all men may greatly benefit and *profit cheaply* by the general diffusion produced from the labour, invention, and study of other men's genius, so providentially given to them *for the common good of mankind*. But it would be absurd to wish that ALL were born with abundant talents: If every man were a philosopher, a poet or a painter, an orator or a writer, where should we find men to labour in those ordinary vocations,

vocations, so necessary to the wants, comforts, and very existence of man: Hence it appears, that infinite wisdom thought fit to grant but to few men, in any age of the world, talents so *remarkably pre-eminent* and *extraordinary*, so *far* above the reach and level of the capacity of their fellow-creatures, as to make them think they were inspired. But those who have appeared so illumined, from their exalted philosophy, admirable aphorisms, divine precepts, and excellent examples, have been the delight and glory of the world; they were such astonishing masters of human reason and science, that they are justly become the lights, or beacons, *as it were*, to enlighten the whole world. They are safe guides, and able counsellors, to all who choose to consult

them; and man, by perusing them, mends his nature. Who is not better after an attentive perusal of the wonderful writings of some of the ancients? —the divine philosophy of Plato and Socrates, the morality of Zeno's apothegms, the deep metaphysicks of an Aristotle, or the masterly writings of a Cicero and a Pliny, &c.? or among our own countrymen, Who is there that will not find his nature improved, his ideas enlarged and enlightened, from consulting the immortal works of a Bacon, a Shakespeare, a Milton, a Newton, a Locke, an Addison, or a Young, &c. &c.? The mind of man may be amended and improved even from beholding the fruits of arts and sciences; a temporary ambition kindles

dles in the soul,* laudably wishing to possess a similar faculty to produce such

* Instances of this are not wanting in history; when Julius Cæsar, seeing in Spain a statue of Alexander the Great, was moved by it to consider that Alexander had almost conquered the world at his age, and that he himself had not yet performed one glorious action, he was so deeply affected by it, and the reflections it occasioned, that he wept; and was so inflamed with the desire of immortality, that he immediately set about those glorious enterprizes by which he not only rivalled, but surpassed Alexander. This instance, however, does not serve to shew, by his being moved by the sight of the figure, that it tended in a moral sense to improve his mind; it excited only an ardent desire to slay his fellow-creatures, in order to gratify his inordinate ambition. The following is a better instance: Publius Scipio and Quintus Fabius were used to say, when they beheld the statues of their ancestors, they found their whole souls blaze with ardour, and that the remembrance of their glorious deeds so far increased the flame, that it could not be allayed until they had by their own prowess equalled at least the glories of their ancestors; thus the

such exquisite works; he reflects with dissatisfaction upon his own *unkneaded* nature and want of industry, and sees another's elevated into glory. If there be a degree of envy in this, there is also a strong desire for emulation; the very essence or spur to every cultivation, for without it nothing can be produced perfect.—Although I say it be far from necessary, that all men should possess such large portions of heaven-born qualities of the mind, which indeed cannot be either put into action, or

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the images of the best of men excite virtue and good actions.

I remember reading of a retreating army of the Egyptians, who, being reproached by their enemies as cowards for fleeing before them, replied, that they hoped the pursuers would follow them as far as the tombs of their ancestors; they then should see they knew how to fight and to *conquer too*.

or brought to any perfection, without intense study, yet it is nevertheless our duty* to protect and to promote, by every means in our power, those arts and sciences which flow from superior genius, in order to diffuse as much as possible some general comprehensive principles of their taste and harmony, so as to make many of them compatible with the ordinary duties of life; to prevent narrow, sordid, selfish principles entering the heart of man, to corrupt him, and to prevent him, as before

* In a moral point of view it is our duty, because we cannot but observe that the vulgar, from their total want of education, are more hardened in their vice, and as it were impenetrable to virtue; while those who are cultivated are more open to conviction, have less passion and ferocity, and generally speaking *less vice*.

before observed, from emerging into his original barbarism.*

In those dark ages when genius and taste were neglected, and arts and sciences almost forgotten or despised,

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* An Italian writer thus expresses himself:—
" Dall' antichita d'una nazione con rignardo alle
" arti, si deve intendere solamente quell, epoca dalla
" quale la coltivazione della societá la derivato il
" primo progresso, perche nelle nazione selvatichè
" per antichè che siano, le belle arti nunca si scuo-
" prono, e dalle barbare incursioni sempre fuggiti
" invariablimente si sono."

By the antiquity of a nation, as it concerns the history of the arts, can only be understood that period from whence its date begins in the proceeding of social cultivation; for the arts never unfold their virtues amongst uncivilized communities, and uniformly take their flight from barbarous incursions; they only fix their abode where the human affections develope their congenial qualities, and in reciprocal interchange link in the endearments of society.

pised, there was an eternal warfare among men; a ferocity, a savageness, seized their minds; man could not trust man, but immured themselves within the walls of their castles, to commit depredations upon one another, by force or stratagem: in every man appeared

" A flash and out-break of a fiery mind,
" A savageness in unreclaimed blood,
" Of general assault."——

But as soon as the dawn of literature appeared, the black clouds of barbarism and ignorance gradually dispelled their gloomy shades, and darkness at length became illumined by the bright meridian sun of perfect cultivation.

When

When men became free, and no longer in fear of each other, the arts and sciences grew freely; and liberality and humanity triumphed over tyranny and barbarism. *

" Then Genius, starting from his rugged bed,
" Full late awoke the ceaseless tear to shed
" For perish'd Art,—for those celestial hues,
" Which Zeuxis, aided by the Attic Muse,
" Gave to the wondering eye: She bade his
" name,
" With thine, Apelles! gild the lists of fame;
" With thine to colouring's brightest glories soar,
" The Gods applaud him, and the world
" adore."

Of

* An ingenious translator of an Italian work has very judiciously made the following observation; " One great use of the polite arts is, to soften " the minds and purify the morals of mankind." That PAINTING in particular has had this effect, both in stimulating the mind to virtue, and deterring

Of all the arts and sciences, none more pleasingly engages the mind, and lays

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ring it from vice, history informs us; but like those medicaments, which, when properly applied, restore the constitution to, or preserve it in, health, yet when wrongly administered destroy it; so those arts, which, when applied to the cultivation of virtue, are most efficacious in *purifying* and *exalting* the mind, if they are wrenched to the purposes of vice, tend the most directly to sully and debase it to a rank below that of beasts. Propertius says, To what purpose did they erect temples to chastity in Rome, when private houses were permitted to contain inducements to vice? He elegantly exclaims against the pernicious custom:—

Quæ manus obscœnas depinxit prima tabellas,
Et posuit casta turpia visa domo:
Illa puellarum ingenuos corrupit ocellos
Nequitiæque suæ noluit esse rudes.
Ah! gemat in terris ista qui protulit artes
Furgia sub tacita condita lætitia.

He concludes, that the only security is in purity of mind;—that lost, no tie remains.

——Nihil invitæ tristis custodia prodest,
Quam peccare pudet Cynthia tutæ sat est.

lays it *as it were* under the contribution of contemplative admiration, than painting. When I see a fine picture, enthusiasm instantly seizes me! I seek not for defects, where such a happy concordance of beauties are blended together. So when I behold a large and beautiful spreading tree, I do not examine whether every twig, or every leaf be perfect; some little imperfections may be well overlooked, among such an innumerable assemblage of graceful beauties. A *severe* critic is a severe but *insidious* tyrant, endeavouring to reap that which he does not sow; robbing those of that which makes him not richer, and despoiling others of their merit, under the pretence of candid criticism; till it is discovered, that malice, pride, and cruel envy,

envy, instead of truth, candour, and good judgment, were the only motives with which he was actuated.

Envy, says a certain author, ever pursues a hateful end by despicable means, and desires not so much its own happiness, as another's misery. A great genius, even when he endeavours only to entertain with pleasing *images* of nature, or instruct by uncontested principles of science, yet suffers persecution from innumerable puny critics, whose acrimony is excited, merely by the pain of seeing others pleased,—of hearing applauses which another enjoys.

Although a man may not be learned in the principles of the art of painting, yet he may judge accurately enough of

of the effect;* because, as painting bears the immediate stamp and very image of nature, he can easily appeal to her to know the truth, if he thinks the painter wrong in his conception.

A very

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* A certain author observes, "Those that have "not cultivated their minds by the knowledge of "principles, or at least have some speculation of "them, may, however, be sensible of the effects "of a fine picture." "I will" (continues my author) "endeavour to assist the *natural lights* of "the *lovers of painting*; I shall not pretend to make "them penetrate into the *detail* of the parts of the "art; that is rather the *business* of the *painter*, than "of the *curious*. I would only put their minds in "a good way towards knowledge, that they may "in general be able to know what is good, and "what bad in a picture. The lovers of the art "only, who have genius and inclination, are permitted, if we may so say, to enter into the sanctuary, and acquire the knowledge of this whole "detail by the lights which they insensibly gain "by serious reflection, and what nature has over "them."

A very elegant judge of painting * makes the following remark:— "I "have observed, says he, many to "look at pictures with no other "view than to shew their acuteness "in detecting little errors in drawing, "or lapses of the pencil; these do "not study painting to become know-"ing, but to appear so; but let them "reflect, that there is more true taste "in drawing forth one latent beauty, "than in observing an hundred obvi-"ous imperfections: the first proves "that our spirit co-operates with that "of the artist; the second shews "nothing more, than that we have "eyes, and that we use them to very "little purpose."

* Mr. Webb.

It may be perhaps demanded by some artist, whether the writer of this little trifle hath sufficient judgment in the art of painting, to determine upon the merit or demerit of the works of an artist? To which he very candidly answers, (to the great comfort of the artist) that he really has not much knowledge of *the mere art* of painting,—that he is not even a gentleman painter! * He confesses himself

* Some of these, because they paint a *little*, and *bad enough*, presume they are competent to judge of the merit of great artists, and vainly endeavour to depreciate pictures, which, by the *voice* of the publick and of *real* connoisseurs, are judged of great value, and actually sell for some *hundred guineas a picture*; when the works of thofe *gentlemen painters* and *pretended* critics would not sell for as *many pence*, with all their assumed critical knowledge into the bargain. There is an allusion in this note,

self but an indifferent *connoisseur*, and (like many others who affect to be great critics and judges of painting) he is inadequate to the art of distinguishing but few of the hands of the several masters; and of this quality the same elegant writer I have just quoted thus observes:—" A third er-
" ror is the hasty ambition of distin-
" guishing the several masters: with
" many this precedes, and often holds
" place of, all other knowledge; and
" yet I will venture to affirm, that
" where this does not spring from a
" nice discernment of the beauties or
" imperfections of the picture before

 " us,

note, which will be understood by *certain persons*, who, because they have patronised and brought from obscurity a certain painter, wish to persuade themselves and others, that *he* only can paint well.

" us, and those too turning chiefly on
" the composition and expressions, it
" is an *idle art*, more useful to a
" picture-merchant, than becoming a
" man of taste. It cannot be denied,
" that a sameness of manner in treat-
" ing various subjects is a weakness;
" it is a want of variety, both in the
" mechanic, and ideal; yet it is by
" this very weakness, or some *insig-*
" *nificant* particularities in the colour-
" ing, shading, attitudes, or drape-
" ries, that we so *readily* distinguish
" the several hands. It may be a
" check on this affectation to observe,
" that among the infinity of painters
" there are not, perhaps, a *dozen* who
" are worth studying: It is not by
" little circumstances that we know a
" Raphael or a Correggio."

Whatever

Whatever taste or judgment the author of this *may*, or may *not* possess, he is not going to perform the presumptuous, invidious office of critic upon the works of others: but certainly his intention is, without meaning any disparagement to other artists, to come forth as the avowed *panegyrist* of one, whose works, when more *generally known* and diffused, will have but little need of words to recommend them: his genius is an honour to his country, and will immortalise him to posterity. I will presently speak of him more at large, after having settled a point or two with *self-sufficient critics*, and *conceited artists*—why a man who cannot paint himself, nor is acquainted with the jargon of cant terms in the art, may be a better judge of the *taste* and *beauty*

of *painting*, than artists, who, notwithstanding they paint, " yet having " very little knowledge *of the art*, " through mere *ignorance*, grow *proud* " and severe upon the works of others." A famed Italian writer, in a conversation upon this subject, makes one of the party speak thus: " And in the " next place, I wish you would inform " me, whether one, who is not an " artist, can form a proper and decisive judgment of painting? I have " indeed an example in you, who never touched a pencil, that it is possible; but there is only one * * * " * * * * * * I urge this the more, " says he, as there are many who call " themselves painters, *who affect* to " *laugh* when they hear of a man who " is *not a painter*, *treating upon the sub-*

" *ject*

"*ject of painting*." To which his friend answers thus: 'There are such as 'have no other property of a painter 'than the *name*; for had they the least 'spark of judgment, they would know 'that all writers are painters; that 'poetry, history, and in short every 'ingenious composition, pourtraying 'men and manners, is painting; 'whence Petrarch calls Homer,

'*Primo pittor de le memorie antiche.*

'The first great painter of antiquity.

'Judgment, continues he, is derived 'from our perception, and comparing 'our ideas one with the other; and as 'nothing is more familiar to man, 'than the observation of man, there-'fore *every one* whose attention is 'awake, is capable of judging of 'that

'that which he sees almost every day; 'for instance, the beauty or deformity of any particular person or object. Beauty consists of a suitable 'and harmonious proportion and 'agreement, which prevails throughout the whole of an object, and between all its parts; the contrary 'arises from disproportion.' His friend then thus replies:—"The "painter may answer, that they do not "deny, that as nature has placed in "all men a certain knowledge of good "and evil, so she has also of beauty "and deformity; but as to distinguish "clearly what is good or evil is a matter of science and learning, so in "like manner to judge determinately "of beauty and deformity requires "great discernment, and an exactitude

"of

" of judgment, which is the proper " province of the artist." His friendly disputant, in whose judgment, taste, and knowledge, he places the most implicit confidence, thus rejoins: 'This 'argument, Sir, is by no means con- 'clusive; the *eye cannot be deceived* in 'seeing, unless it have some impedi- 'ment: whereas the understanding 'is often greatly deceived, being ob- 'scured by ignorance or affectation. 'Man naturally desires good, but may 'err in his choice, esteeming that 'good which is really evil; *as he does*, 'who is more ready to follow what he 'thinks profitable, than that which he 'thinks honest.' His friend then observes, that "the same may be said " of the eye, which being deceived by " appearances, frequently mistakes de-

" formity

" formity for beauty, and beauty for " deformity." To which he very sensibly answers, ' I am still clearly of ' opinion, that the understanding is ' much easier deceived than the eye; ' however, this is certain, that as ' there are faculties of knowledge ' naturally implanted in the minds of ' men, and a capacity for distinguish- ' ing between good and evil; so there ' is also of beauty and deformity; ' AND MANY THERE ARE AMONG ' THE UNLEARNED WHO JUDGE COR- ' RECTLY. The *multitude* generally ' FIX the reputation of poets,* ora- ' tors,

* So thought an elegant poet, when a party was formed (with the excellent Addison at their head) to depreciate his translation of Homer, in order to favour another of inferior merit, (Mr. Tickle's, or as

'tors, comedians, musicians, and 'more *especially* of PAINTERS: whence 'Cicero observed, that however great 'the difference was between the learned 'and the ignorant, they *did not differ* 'widely in judgment.'

It is well known that the great *Apelles* used to expose his pictures to the criticism

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as some believed Addison's.) Pope writes to his friend thus: "I have the Town, that is, the mob, "on my side; but it is not uncommon for the "smaller party to supply by industry what it wants "in numbers. I appeal to the people as my right-"ful judges, and while they are not inclined to "condemn me, shall not fear the arbitrary high-"flyers, &c." The consequence was, says Johnson, his adversary sunk before him without a blow; the voice of the publick was not long divided, and the preference was universally given to Pope's performance.

criticism of the common people; that *Moliere* used to read his plays to an old woman; and *Pope* to read his verses to Lord *Halifax*,* who probably knew less

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* In one of Mr. Pope's letters, he mentions reading to Lord Halifax *two* or *three* of the first books of his translation of the Iliad, when his Lordship stopped him in several places, by saying, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Pope, but there is a some-"thing in that passage which does not quite please "me—be so good as to mark the place, and con-"sider it a little at your leisure; I'm sure *you can* "*give it a better turn.*"—Pope, who knew Lord Halifax to be rather a pretender to taste than really possessed of it, (and Johnson says, looked upon him with *scorn* and *hatred)* promised he would pay great attention to *his hints*, and in a few weeks afterwards again waited upon his Lordship, and said he hoped he would find his objections to those passages removed.. He then read them *exactly* as they were are at first;—his Lordship was now extremely pleased with them, and exultingly cried out, "Aye, "now they are perfectly right; nothing can be "better."

less of poetry than Moliere's old woman did of humour. But it is certain, that even ignorant people may instruct by their remarks; as when a Grecian cobler criticised upon a shoe in one of Apelles's pictures, he altered it accordingly; but the cobler, proud of such deference being paid to his judgment, ventured to find fault with some other parts of his picture; upon which Apelles is said to have reproved him by a Greek proverb of the same purport with the Latin, "*Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*"—"Let not the cobler go beyond his last."

But again, it is not necessary that a man should be of the profession, because he writes upon the subject of the profession; many have written well upon diseases,

diseases, who never felt a pulse; and so of poetry, who never made a verse. *Aristotle* says, *Dolce* wrote on poetry and rhetoric, yet was neither a poet or an orator, and upon other subjects no way relative to his profession. *Pliny* also wrote of gems, of statues, and of painting, yet was neither a lapidary, a statuary, or a painter.

A painter may determine upon some minutiæ in the execution or manual performance of a picture, which another person, who is not an artist, cannot so well judge of; but these, though they may be of consequence to the performance of the work, are not so in forming a proper judgment of its merit as a picture; we may therefore safely conclude, that any man of good

natural

natural abilities, discernment, and candour, is sufficiently qualified to judge *compleatly* of painting, particularly if he has well observed the remains of antiquity, and seen the works of the best masters: from these he will have an idea of perfection in the art, and be the better enabled to judge how far the work approaches to or deviates from perfection. Mr. *Pope*, in his admirable Essay upon Criticism, has a line to the following purport:—

"Most men have seeds of judgment in their minds."

So says that elegant writer, Mr. Webb, "We have all within us *the* "*seeds of taste*; and are capable, if we "exercise our powers, of improving "them into a sufficient knowledge "of the polite arts. I am persuaded "that nothing is a greater hindrance

"to

" to our advances in any art, than
" the high opinion we form of the
" judgment of its professors, and the
" proportionable diffidence of our own.
" I have rarely met with an artist *
" who was not an implicit admirer of
" some particular school, or a slave
" to some particular manner; they sel-
" dom, like *gentlemen* and *scholars*, rise
" to an unprejudiced and liberal con-
" templation of true beauty. The
" difficulties they find in the practice
" of their art, tie them down to the
" mechanic;

* The Author could tell Mr. Webb, that there are *some gentlemen too*, as illiberal in this respect as the artist, who having fixed their minds upon the particular style and manner of some favourite artist, will let their prejudice lead them so far, as to decry the merit of others, whose productions are justly rated far superior to those whom they so blindly admire.

" mechanic; at the same time that " self-love and vanity lead them into " admiration of those strokes of the " pencil, which come the nearest to " their own."

Having thus endeavoured to establish this point, I shall proceed to prove the genius of a young painter in Bath, of the name of *Thomas Barker*, whose pictures first appeared in a public exhibition in the year 1790; which collection was painted by him from the age of sixteen to twenty-one. When a gentleman, an acquaintance of mine, a man of unquestionable taste and judgment, who has more than once viewed the first collections of pictures in Europe, went to see this collection, he did not know they were painted by

this very young man, or that they were done by the hand of one master only; but soon after examining several of the pieces, he exclaimed, "these "are not copies, but I see in them the "style of many of the great masters." His astonishment was great indeed, when he was informed who they were done by; he did not scruple to declare the young man was of first-rate genius, and truly wonderful at so early an age. His style is so fine, bold, and various; his design so correct; and nature (which is his model) so closely imitated, that in his pictures the great masters of antiquity appear revivified to paint again. If this language should wear the appearance of *hyperbole*, it is only in the semblance of words, with which truth and falsehood may

may be equally adorned. The first connoisseurs in England, and some of other countries, have pronounced in their favour; and the multitude, who are at last always found to judge rightly, testify his merit by bestowing upon his pictures the *warmest approbation*; but the most unequivocal proof of their merit, is the large sums of money that have been given for them.

It may be objected, perhaps, that *many* who have viewed them have never had an opportunity of seeing *better*, or *so good*. This may be true:—but I do aver, that also many men of taste and judgment, who have an intimate acquaintance with the works of the first masters, pronounce some of

them to be equal to their best productions.*

Tell me, ye conceited artists and sour critics, what can be the reason of this partiality? Is it through the *blindness* of false taste, or a total incapacity of the million to judge what is right or what is wrong, in those who pronounce them good? Is it that they are *deceived* by *appearances*, mistaking deformity

* The late Copleston Warre Bampfylde, esq; of Hestercomb, who painted and designed very finely himself, and was universally allowed to possess infinite taste and judgment in the art, said to a friend of his, pointing to one of Barker's landscapes, "that "picture has in it *every merit* that the best of Claude "Lorraine's can boast," nay, I believe, he said, "Claude never painted a better picture." Were I not convinced Mr. Bampfylde said as much of him, I should scorn to insert the expressions of one who now cannot contradict them.

deformity for beauty, and beauty for deformity? no, it cannot be; for nature, which constitutes beauty, is ever correct, unless distorted by *violence* or *accident*; and the man who cannot or does not distinguish it, must have lost or confounded his sight, or be inapprehensive to the strangest degree. On the contrary, they who observe nature most accurately, are the best judges of what constitutes real beauty; therefore, although a person, or even several persons, cannot judge or distinguish beauty from deformity *in nature*, and in the imitative arts; yet the multitude *do*, and always *will*, and their opinion must ultimately fix us, even according to the trite and vulgar saying of "*What every body says must be true.*"

Is it then, ye *artists* and *would-be critics*, that our *young* WONDER practises DECEPTION, to *make* his pictures appear *excellent*, when they have only *mediocrity?* How is it possible, some of you have said, for a *self-taught boy*, even with the most admirable genius ever produced in this country, to merit such applause *at so early an age!!!*

In order to answer the first question, I shall take leave to quote a good old observer of human nature, who says, that "all men by a kind of tacit feeling, without *art* or *science*, "distinguish what is *right* from what "is *wrong*, as they evidently do in "painting and sculpture." So says Cicero.

As

As to the second query, I think it will be admitted that it would be ridiculous to call that *deception*, which the eyes of all men, upon the closest examination, agree to be natural and beautiful: If *deception*, it must be nothing less than of a supernatural and miraculous nature, which gives a false glare to the human sight, and imposes upon the imagination and ideas of all men; but would it not be absurd to suppose they see through any other medium than that of truth and impartiality, as they would view the pictures of an *Angelo*, a *Raphael*, a *Correggio*, or a *Rubens*, &c.? Instead of the absurd stupidity in supposing it *deception*, like a jugler's hackneyed trick, deceiving the eyes of ignorance by the slight of an avowed stratagem; I should rather

ther term *his* a miraculous early conception of painting, ripened into maturity; and this without the force of artificial means, but springing spontaneously from a rich and copious mind, which kind nature has bestowed upon him. ENVY *only* will deny that he has finished better pictures at the age of eighteen, than some modern eminent masters, after a laborious course of years intensely studying their profession. But let it not be supposed that he has not studiously applied himself to the profession of painting; the truth is, he has most diligently studied the art by every means *in his power*, for these eight years past. Although I hold envy to be a despicable vice, yet, in such a case, I really *pity the envious*; it must be most mortifying

ing to artists, who have had their genius and reputation acknowledged, to behold a young, untaught, presumptuous, and "unrespective boy," come springing into full blossom, or rather loaded with *ripened fruits*, among those who have *tediously*, painfully, and mechanically passed so many springs and summers to gather their hard-earned fruits, to keep them in the winter of their lives!—But why envy? It was a Grecian proverb, "That it was not given to all to go to Corinth." So to *paint well* is given but to few.

It is surprising to what lengths the distraction of envy will carry men; it is said that when *Giorgione*, the famous Venetian painter, and the master of the great *Titian*, was painting the front of

of the *Fondaco dei Tedeschi*, or German warehouse, upon the grand canal near the Rialto at Venice, that part in the painting which regarded drapery was given to *Titian*, who was not quite twenty years of age; in which he painted *Judith* so admirably, both for design and colouring, that on its being opened to public view, and generally thought to be the work of *Giorgione*, all his friends congratulated him upon it, as far the best thing he ever had done; but he replied with infinite regret, (but at the same time, I think, with much candour) that it was the work of a disciple, who had already shewed himself greater than his master; and what is more, he stayed at home for many weeks, weeping and raving like a madman, that such a youth

Intended for a Scherzo on the Groves of Hea[illegible]



Sequel to Bath

D—e, Sir, if tis not as fine a Moon as ever shone from Heaven to lighten this villainous world, and all true judges of painting will say so, for never saw, nor never had, or ever will have, such a glorious moon in Wales! no, Sir you must come to England to be enlightened. Vide note to pages 59, &c.

youth should excel him. He afterwards, however, consoled himself with saying, that *Titian* was a painter in his mother's womb: This may be thought extravagant, but certain it is, that nature can only make good painters,*

This

* There is a certain negation of nature in some men, and all the pains, labour, and study of a long life would never make them painters; a remarkable instance of this I knew in an old painter, who painted landscapes in this city upwards of seventy years, who was so far below mediocrity, that if he ventured to climb the steep ladder of ambition more than one step, he was sure of getting a fall; not like the fall of a great man, but like one who is ever in the practice of stumbling. The composition of this man's pictures was usually a miserable building, which he called a temple, with wretchedly proportioned columns, a man and woman ascending a flight of steps, some misshapen naked trees, and in the back ground appeared something more like a clot of earth thrown up by pismires, than "a mountain's top tipp'd with the golden rays of a "mid-day

This is the opinion of one of the best writers upon painting Italy ever produced, contemporary with M. Angelo,

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" mid-day sun ;" a turn-spit dog, or a King William's pug, lifting one of his hind legs against a tree, *(which he uſually introduced)* finished his landscape! The *tout en semble* of which he would often most exultingly observe, was a *beautiful* imitation of CLAUDE LORRAIN, or *lovely smiling nature exceeded by the master-strokes of art!* A gentleman once asked him, what the man and woman who were ascending the steps of the temple were supposed to *be going to do?* " O, why Sir," said the painter, " that's a very fine thought of mine! " but *guess*, a little now, who they are: two notori- " ously famous people, I promise you!" ' 'Tis im- ' possible, Mr. Allen, to fathom the depth of your ' fine imagination!' " Why yes, that's true, very " true indeed, 'tis difficult to comprehend a fine " thought! but now I'll tell you who they are, and " what they are supposed to be going to do.—You " muſt know then, *that there* gentleman and lady " that you *see going* up the steps, are designed for " no less personages than Petrarch and little Ma- " donna

gelo, Titian, Raphael, and with those elegant writers Ariosto, Tasso, and Sannazaro; he to whom Carlo Maratti the

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" donna Laura !"—' Indeed, Mr. Allen ! but what ' are they going to do, did you say, sir ?'—" Oh, " they are going up into the temple to—" ' O! what ' to pray a little ?' " No, sir, no such thing: but " you are in such a hurry ! they are going then " into the Temple of Apollo, to *invite Saturn* and " the *nineteen Muses*, with *Bacchus* and the *thirteen* " *Graces*." ' What, to dinner or supper, Mr. ' Allen ?'—" Now was ever such a ridiculous " question ! no, no, they are going upon quite a " different business; to *invite* their assistance to " write *love sonnets*."—' Then I say, Mr. Allen, ' they might as well *invite* them (as you call it) to ' eat *apple dumplings*; but I suppose you mean to ' *invoke* the assistance of those deities whom you ' have so considerably augmented, to give them ' genius !' " Aye, aye, to *invoke*, or *invite*, or " *provoke*, 'tis all one, all the same thing; but that " is what they are going to do ! why what the de- " vil did you think they were going to do ?" ' *Why* ' *then* REALLY, to be very free, sir, without mean-

' ing

the great painter paid the following just compliment, when asked by some of his friends how he obtained that perspi-

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'ing to be rude, *I hate to be rude*, I must say I 'thought they were designed for two indecent peo- 'ple that were going to sacrifice together in the 'temple of the *murkey Deity*:—I beg your pardon 'for having such a thought, *for I hate being rude!*' "H—ll and the d—l, Sir, was ever such insolence? "to take my Temple of Apollo, which, for design "and beauty, would have done immortal honour "to Vitruvius himself, or to any of the ancient "architects of Greece or Rome! to take it for a "filthy *a-jakes*, is the most diabolical, scandalous, "and dirty idea, that ever entered into the head of "the most ignorant and wicked critic. Oh! "D———n!! Then to take my elegant Petrarch "and the beauteous Madonna Laura, the most "amorous and poetic-looking Petrarch and Laura "that ever were painted from Raphael's time down "to mine own! for two nasty vulgar creatures that "would have polluted the holy Temple of Apollo "with vile smells! D——e if the offence of "misprision of treason, or the blackest, rankest "treason,

perspicuity for which he was remarkable in speaking of his art, replied, " by studying *Lodovico Dolce*." He too, like

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" treason, is any thing to it! by G—d, 'tis as bad " as the *gunpowder plot!* D——e, sir, let me tell " you, that I am a gentleman, and wear a scab- " bard!!!"——

Old Allen always wore his sword-belt after the prohibition of *scabbards*, or rather of what they contained; he never forgave old Nash for preventing *gentlemen* the privilege of wearing swords at Bath; he considered it as an act of tyranny in him to set aside that great mark of a true gentleman, the appendage of a sword. So long after this, when still retaining his belt, a proof of *gentility* and *prowess*, this poor old painter, being at the Grove Coffee-house, explaining and shewing with the wavering motions of his hands the different lights and shades, and the *divine beauties* of his picture, frequently saying, in a tremulous tone of voice, " T-h-e-r-e, " t-h-e-r-e! h-a-h! h-a-h! this now is in Claude's " best manner! and that is a little touch after the " manner of Titian! but here, gentlemen, I beg " you

like Mr. Spence and Mr. Webb, was no painter, but an elegant scholar and gentleman; in one part of his work he

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" you will please to observe this a little; hah! hah!
" what do you think of that? Great! fine! bril-
" liant! noble! bold! why now that figure *there*
" has all the sublimity of the famed Apollo! in ex-
" pression equal to the Laocoon! and in grace and
" beauty to the daughter of Niobe!—But now, gen-
" tlemen, I'll tell you a little secret, (for I assure you
" I don't confess it to every body) you must know
" then, gentlemen, that here is a stroke at the di-
" vine Raphael! You have seen, gentlemen, his
" Cartoons, I suppose; a close, very close imita-
" tion, is it not, of some of his graceful figures? and
" here's a *little snap* at Correggio's style, and well
" hit off it is too! but h-e-r-e, h-e-r-e, gentlemen,
" is a most wonderfully successful *touch* at Michael
" Angelo's best manner, I vow to Gad there's
" nothing in his *Day of Judgment* equal to it! no!
" nothing like it, by all the powers of *my immortal*
" *pencil!* Oh, poor fellows! poor fellows! how
" they would *stare* if they were alive, to see them-
" selves so far *outdone!* to see me bring their various
" styles

different action and genius, which no doubt is seen necessary for his happi-

G ness

The *labourers* are not more than the fourth of an inch long, which is not quite so large as one of our English ants, but the fighters, or soldiers, are full half an inch in length, and equal in size to *fifteen* labourers. In the *labourer* state, the mouth is formed for gnawing or holding bodies; but in the *soldier* state, the jaws are shaped like two sharp awls, a little jagged for piercing and wounding; they are as hard as a crab's claw, placed in a strong horny head, and are larger than the whole body.

The third order is furnished with four transparent wings, which from tip to tip are two inches and a half; their bulk is equal to *thirty labourers* or *two soldiers*. It is this noblesse state, when they quit their nests, that they become a prey to almost every animal; some few, however, escape, and being found by some of the little labouring insects, that are continually running about the surface of the earth, are elected Kings and Queens of new states; all those who are not so elected and preserved, certainly perish.

The

ness and his high state of expectation. I think we are warranted to say, that if

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The manner in which these labourers protect the happy pair from their innumerable enemies, not only on the day of the massacre of almost all their race, but for a long time after, will, I think, justify Mr. *Smeathman* in making use of the term *election*: for as soon as they are chosen, the little industrious creatures immediately inclose them in a small chamber of clay suitable to their size; but when the Queen grows larger, the royal chamber is enlarged from one inch to six or eight inches or more. For it is only her Majesty that breeds to people her mighty kingdom; and this accounts for her extraordinary size: for after her election and consummation of marriage with the King, the *abdomen* of this female begins gradually to extend and enlarge to such an enormous size, that an *old Queen* will have it increased so as to be *fifteen hundred* or *two thousand* times the bulk of the rest of her body, and *twenty* or *thirty thousand* times the bulk of a labourer; which, Mr. *Smeathman* said, he had found by carefully weighing and computing the different states, having found some whose abdomens were nearly six inches in length. This abdomen

if nature had not thought it expedient to make a man a poet, all the study of

domen is one *vast matrix* full of eggs, which has an incessant *peristaltic* motion, *protruding* eggs to the amount of sixty in a minute, or *eighty thousand* and *upwards* in one day; these are all carried away by her voluntary subjects to the nurseries, which may be four or five feet distant in a strait line, and consequently much farther by their winding galleries. Here, after they are hatched, the young are attended and provided with every thing necessary, until they are able to shift for themselves, and take their share of the labours of the community. And this appears to me the reason of their being so assiduous in taking such care of their young, that they might carry on their operations with greater dispatch and facility; which, indeed, with their whole internal œconomy and ceremony, is so *truly wonderful*, and given with so much accuracy and minuteness in the ingenious Mr. *Smeathman*'s account of them, that I must refer the reader to his excellent description of them in the *Philosophical Transactions*, vol. lxi. part i. p. 139, and beg the reader's pardon for quoting so much at large that intelligence

prosody and Homer would never teach him; if not an orator, the study of the Philippicks

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gence which he might have known before, or have so easily procured.

I was so pleased and surprized at Mr. *Smeathman*'s description of these instinctive architectural insects, that above seven years ago, after hearing his lecture, I particularly mentioned it in a letter written from Paris, which was printed in Mr. Cruttwell's Bath Chronicle.

If poor Mr. *Smeathman* were living, I should tell him, that I agreed with Sir *Joseph Banks*, that he should go again to Africa to bring back some of the termite kings, and to account why they are so much larger than the rest of the same species. Mr. *Smeathman* says, the queen is one thousand times larger than the king, and more than twenty thousand times larger than a labourer. Now one of these creatures, in its perfect winged state, of the noblesse order, (as Mr. *Smeathman* calls it) and which is eligible to the office of King, is not more than fifteen times larger than a labourer, and only twice as large as a soldier or fighter: how can we then

Philippicks of Demosthenes, or the Catilinian orations of Cicero, would never

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then account for so singular an operation of nature, that after its election to the office of king he should become several thousand times larger than he was before? Poor Mr. *Smeathman*, with all his pains and ingenuity, has given nothing satisfactory on this head. It is also very inconceivable to suppose that all the labourers and soldiers, two entire orders, should be mules!

I find Monsieur *Adanson* has mentioned these termite nests in his description of Africa. "But "of all the extraordinary things I observed, says "he, nothing struck me more than certain emi- "nences, which, by their height and regularity, "made me take them at a distance for an assem- "blage of negro huts, or a considerable village, "and yet they were only the nests of certain in- "sects; these nests were round pyramids from "eight to ten feet upon the base, and high in pro- "portion; they are extremely hard and well built."

Jobeson, in his history of Gambia, tells us, that "the ant-hills are remarkably cast up in those parts "by

never enable him to be an orator; and if not a *painter*, all the study of the immortal

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" by pismires, some of them *twenty foot* in height, " of *compasse* to *contayne a dozen of men*, which the " heat of the sun baked into that hardnesse that " we used to *hide ourselves* in the ragged *toppes* of " them, when we took up stands to *shoote* at *deere* " or *wilde beastes*."* I suspect Master *Jobeson* to have taken out a *special licence* for the privilege of lying *comme voyageur*.

Mr. *Bosman* remarks, in his description, that " the ants make nests of the earth about *twice* the " height of a man."†

But although every traveller has noticed these wonderful hillocks with admiration and surprize, yet no one has given any account of them but Mr. *Smeathman*. He alone had the honour, by his investigating researches, of communicating to the public the internal architecture and œconomy of the most extraordinary little creatures in the uni-

* Purchas's Pilgrim., vol. ii. p. 1570.

† Ibid. pages 276, and 493.

verse;

tal writers of ancient Athens and of Rome, or all the pictures of the more modern

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verse; of such architecture, indeed, that it would be impossible for man to imitate in the same great proportion of *constructure*, *elegance*, and *convenience*; for let it be considered that these buildings are many *millions* and *billions* of *millions* larger than the animals who are architects. *Man* proudly talks of building *cities*, while the *termites* build *worlds*.

I shall conclude this long note (for the introduction of which I am now *really* sorry) with my departed friend Mr. *Smeathman*'s modest conclusion of his admirable description of the *termites bellicosi*: "Thus I have described as briefly as the "subject would admit, and I trust without exaggeration, those wonderful buildings whose size "and external form have often been mentioned "by travellers, but whose interior and most various parts are so little known, that I may venture "to consider my account of them as new, which "is the only merit it has; for they are constructed "upon so different a plan from any *thing else upon* "*the earth*, and so complicated, that I cannot find "words equal to the task."

Upon

modern great artists of Italy, would ever make him a painter.* Else why should we

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Upon my reading the above description to a friend, he thus ludicrously exclaimed: "It appears "then there are animals below man, whom nature "has made more ingenious architects and work-"men, and better musicians, some that have far "more perfection in the five senses, that are "stronger, swifter, of more courage, &c. &c. but "she has not made any of them painters; man, "therefore, may be called a *painting animal*."

* Experience tells us nothing is more true than this:—it is a present which nature makes to man at the hour of his birth. We know the labour of a long life, devoted to the study of poetry, will not make the poet, if nature has refused her aid. Men there are, who are elegant scholars, of great sense and judgment, that cannot write a line of poetry, that have no conception of it;—when at the same time, we find low people of *no education*, that can even reason in rhyme, and, in the true spirit of poetry, dress out their thoughts in language forceable, rich, and elevated! It may be said of them, as of Virgil, the honey bees swarmed around them, and

we see men of sense, of education, of even critical knowledge, and of laborious

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and that they sucked in their sweets at the hour of their births.

Such was *Chatterton*, a poor charity boy!—*Williams*, a journeyman mason!—*Burns*, a plough-boy, &c. And among the women, Mrs. *Yearsley*, a milk-woman,—Miss *Benger*, a child of thirteen years old,—and *Elizabeth Bentley*, a poor woman of Norwich, &c.—Having named the latter, I am tempted to give a specimen of her genius, it is *her first* essay in blank verse:

To the Rev. Dr. H*******N.

Oh! H*******N, Religion's favourite son,
How nobly dost thou plead her sacred cause,
The cause of virtue and each social tie,
With earnest, unaffected eloquence.
Blest orator! in whose all-powerful words
Solid good sense, with soft persuasion, join
To force applause from hearts of adamant.
Oft have I gladly join'd th' attentive throng,
The throng, who, fir'd with sacred rapture, heard
Sublimest truths, in fairest language drest,

Flow

rious study, who were never able to write a good poem or paint a fine picture?

Flow from thy tongue, and charm them to be good.
Oft hast thou clearly shown the path to heav'n;
How oft with ardent energetic zeal
Persuaded human race those steps to tread
Which lead to bliss unutterably great!
Thy manner and expression so refin'd,
That the most learn'd with pleasure may attend;
And yet so easy, natural, and plain,
Th' unletter'd man may equal profit reap.
Nor dost thou teach mankind by words alone,—
Fair fame proclaims th' example of thy life;
'Tis that adds force and weight to every precept.
In health and peace long may'st thou dwell below
T' instruct, reform, and bless a guilty world;
And when long hence thy soul shall take its flight
To heav'n, and gain its glorious reward,
Oh! may thy sons, like their good father, shine,
And future H*******NS the Church adorn.

Norwich, 1789.

The dictates and practice of cold, regular, precise prudence might tell me to stop here; but the warm feelings of affection for one whom much I loved,

ture? It is because nature refused them *rich* genius and *glowing* enthusiasm, so essentially

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loved, bid me proceed still farther to pay the only tribute that is in my power to his memory, and to observe that the writer of this panegyric, who wish'd

—" Long hence his soul should take its flight
" To heav'n, and gain its glorious reward!"

alas, in three short winters after, became the writer of his *monody!*—It is this *monody* that I shall here introduce, although it is nothing relative to my subject, except in farther proving the natural muse of the good Mrs. *Bentley*; but it is the highest gratification to me to record those virtues here, which may live in remembrance longer than through the channel of a newspaper; and I hope the *good*-natured reader will pardon the intrusion.

ON THE DEATH OF THE

REV. DR. H*******N, of Norwich.

WHAT universal sadness glooms around!
Oh! is he gone whose worth each heart reveres?
That solemn bell's now doubly awful sound,
Alas! too soon confirms our anxious fears.

How

essentially requisite for the composition of the poet and the painter: for, says

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How sits pale grief on each dejected brow;
What heartfelt anguish heaves in every breast!
Who can forbid the starting tear to flow?
Why should the plaints of sorrow be suppress'd?

That gentle mein no more shall glad our eyes,
Where beam'd benignant every Christian grace;
Too perfect here to dwell, aloft he flies:
How short, but ah! how pure his earthly race?

Celestial spirit! hast thou left thy clay?
Thy virtues to remembrance ever dear;
Now bid me breathe in elegiac lay
The mournful tribute of a sigh sincere.

Each sacred duty anxious to fulfil,
Swift to obey whene'er Religion call'd,
Thy glowing words enforc'd th'Almighty's will,
And freed the wretched mind by guilt enthrall'd.

What pious zeal thy fervent bosom fir'd!
Reflection paints those hours—for ever gone,
When every heart thy eloquence admir'd,
Nor with less brilliant light thy actions shone.

With

says an ingenious anonymous writer, "The sublime in painting and literary "composition

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With cold indiff'rence never did'st thou hear
Distress and friendless poverty complain;
Whene'er their piercing accents met thine ear,
Thy feeling heart ne'er let them 'plead in vain.'

Now art thou fled where grief shall ne'er annoy,
A Saviour's hand thy bright reward bestows—
A never-fading crown of sacred joy,
And glory's deathless beams surround thy brows.

But oh! what poignant agony assails
Thy lovely widow'd consort's tender frame!
In keenest anguish she her loss bewails,
What tears of sympathy her sorrows claim!

What words, alas! can heal her grief-torn mind?
What thoughts can yield her tortur'd breast repose?
To Heav'n's all-wise, all-gracious will resign'd,
DEVOTION'S angel voice shall calm her woes.

Hope, led by Faith, shall point to distant years,
When thy exalted form her eye shall view,
'Mid kindred spirits, far above the spheres,
And friendship's joys eternally renew.

Here

" composition equally arises from the
" inward greatness of the soul of its
" authors;

Here while on earth she's destin'd yet to stay,
Those tender orphans doom'd her loss to share,
To guide their steps in wisdom's sacred way,
Now doubly claim her fond maternal care.

May Heav'n's all-powerful hand protect their youth,
(In whom a friend each guiltless bosom finds)
May warm benevolence and spotless truth,
And all their father's virtues, grace their minds.

Blest shade, farewell! the precepts thou hast taught
To every heart thy memory must endear;
Thy fair examples live in every thought,
And distant ages shall thy name revere.

Great GOD! submiss before thy throne we bend,
And own the unerring justness of thy will;
Oh! teach us thus our joyful course to end,
Thus while we live th' allotted part to fill!

Norwich, Dec. 28, 1791.

He died on the glorious anniversary of our SAVIOUR'S BIRTH 1791, in the thirty-seventh year of his age; his disorder was a rapid decline, a sudden

" authors; whence Longinus calls it " an image reflected from an elevation " of

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a sudden break up of a spare habit, and *not a good constitution*, which in the course of a month brought on a *complication of disorders*.

That our departed friends should be seriously lamented by the world is a great satisfaction to surviving friends; it proves the virtue of those we loved, oft bringing to our fond remembrance past scenes, which *softens* the mind and *melts* the heart; it is a constant lesson to remind us of our duty, in order to merit, by virtuous deeds, such posthumous applause: but while it should make a part of our consolation, it nevertheless makes our grief the more poignant!—remembering what we *had*, *feeling* what we have *lost*!

Many thousand people in the city of Norwich lamented his death, and in the words of good old Dr. Dack, one of his physicians, " he was most " *solemnly* and *seriously* lamented." For a young man, who was a stranger to any of them in the year 1777, to gain such an extraordinary ascendancy over the hearts of all ranks of people, is the more remarkable,

" of genius which heaven alone can
" give; and yet it is capable of be-
" ing

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remarkable, as he was much *above* courting popularity; for although an excellent preacher, he never used any of those artful blandishments and tricks so commonly used to *entrap applause*; gentle persuasion ever hung upon his tongue! Yet he was not "*too tame*, but letting discretion be his tutor, he "suited the *action* to the *word*, the *word* to the *ac-*" *tion*." Yet this species of oratory was natural to him. I heard him rehearse his first sermon in a church in this city, merely to try what effect his voice would have, before he preached in publick. I well remember accompanying a judicious friend, now a clergyman, to hear him, who was quite astonished at his early knowledge and elegance of delivery. The most mature preacher could not have been more impressive or animated;—nature had given him a correct ear, a clear, strong, flexible, and melodious voice, which was aided by his possessing a good knowledge of music; so that there was a continual harmony of voice, which by exquisite management he never failed to place the right emphasis, and give the due impression on the hearer.

It

ing cultivated and improved by industry and application. For example, H the

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What Mrs. Bentley said of him is extremely just:

" His manner and expression so refin'd,
" That the *most learn'd* with pleasure may attend;
" And yet so easy, natural, and plain,
" Th' unletter'd man may equal profit reap."

And of this the late learned Biſhop of Norwich, much to the honour of his impartiality, gave him ample testimony.

He was truly the most PERFECTLY CORRECT READER I ever heard: and sure am I of having some thousands who will think with me, and testify ALL that I have asserted of him. I appeal to the people of *Norwich* and *Bath*, but in particular to the former, among whom he so long resided. He was no less beloved for his virtues than respected for his talents; which, happily blended as they were in the composition of his mind, may well account for his popularity in the city of *Norwich*. Nature had blessed him with a most amiable disposition, had given him a tall, graceful person, and a most benevolent countenance; he

was

the celebrated painter *Raphael*, who excelled all others in the knowledge of

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was ever chearful without frivolity, social without intemperance, generous without profusion, charitable without ostentation, accommodating without servility;—" In him flowed the milk of human kindness." He was, what *Pope* has said of his friend *Gay*,

" A safe companion, and an easy friend;"

and to whom might have been safely entrusted the most secret thoughts of the heart. In fine, one word might serve for his motto,

" DISINTERESTEDNESS."

O gentle reader, stop! This theme is too grave, and you may justly say too foreign from the subject you were reading. Well, it is digressive; so if you like it not, pray pass it, but know

—" These are thoughts that make man—Man,
The wise illumine, aggrandize the great.
How great (while yet we tread the kindred clod,
And ev'ry moment fear to sink beneath
The clod *we* tread; soon trodden by our sons)
How great, in the wild whirl of *time*'s pursuits,

To

of human nature and the passions, and whose genius seemed capable of

---

To stop, and pause, involv'd in high presage,
Through the long visto of a thousand years,
To stand contemplating our distant selves,
As in a magnifying mirror seen,
Enlarg'd, ennobled, elevate, divine!"

Young, the *divine Young*, says

" All men think others mortal but themselves;"

Not literally so, to be sure; but certain it is, few men, comparatively speaking, appear to think that their fate is to be like their departed fellow-creatures. They have years out of number still long to live! they will see better days, greater events, far more glorious things! or, if a period must check their illusive course, it will happen very *differently*, and in a far more happy manner, than any of those who ever went before them. Sometimes a transient dream crosses their vain imaginations that they are NOT to die!

——" What!
Live ever here! Perish the shocking thought!
So shocking, they, who wish, disown it too;

Disown

availing itself of every imaginable idea, notwithstanding his great learning and abilities

---

Disown from shame, what they from folly crave.
Live ever in the womb, nor see the light?
For what live ever here? With lab'ring step
To tread our former footsteps? Pace the round
Eternal? To climb life's worn, heavy wheel,
Which draws up nothing new? To beat and beat
The beaten track? To bid each wretched day
The former mock? To surfeit on the *same*,
And yawn our joys; or thank a misery
For change, though sad? To see what we have seen?
Hear, till unheard, the same old slabber'd tale?

True, O glorious *Young*! and thy great immortal *brother* bard so thought, when he called life

——"As tedious as a twice-told tale."

A poor, stale, unprofitable load!!

Now, when death comes stalking around our families, mowing down in cold merciless mood our dearest friends and connections! then it must awaken us; it will arouse us to seriously reflect that

abilities in all other respects relative to his profession, and his great expe-

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that we are made of the same materials! with *perishable flesh and blood* ready fashioned to die! When death approaches so near, it causes this *useful* and *impartial* reflection: I have lost my dear friend and near relation, one younger than myself; it behoves me then to reflect it may be soon my turn. Is death an evil? If it is, by what *strange order* is it the good are snatched away, and the living, not so rich in wisdom's righteousness, left behind? Oh! this is heaven's mercy to the unprepared! Aye, that claims our strong attention; it claims our continual thanks and praises; it is a beacon held by the finger of GOD, that we should *mark* and not be *shipwrecked*. Did I ask whether death was an evil, as though I thought it was? Oh no; I consider it the first great good to good men, and only evil to evil men:

"*Death* has no dread, but what frail life imparts;
"Nor life true joy, but what kind death improves."

It is most necessary, and ought to be most desirable; I consider it in the language of Sir *Walter Raleigh*, *glorious*, *eloquent*, *just*, *impartial!* the only resting-

rience, luxuriance of fancy and facility of invention; yet to all these high qualifi-

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place from care, anxiety, and misery! where the vile slanderer shall no longer have *power* to calumniate!

" It binds in chains the raging ills of life,
" *Lust* and *ambition*, *wrath* and *avarice*."

And what is there in this world to be so madly fond of life?

" What wretched repetition cloys us *here!*
What periodic potions for the sick!
Distemper'd bodies! and distemper'd minds!
In an *eternity*, what scenes shall strike!
Adventures thicken! novelty surprize!
What webs of wonder shall unravel *there!*
What full day pour on all the paths of heaven,
And light th' Almighty's footsteps in the deep!
How shall the blessed day of our discharge
Unwind, at once, the labyrinths of fate,
And straiten its inextricable maze!

I knew a frail mortal like myself, who told me, that until he had a brother kicked to death by a horse, he never before once thought of death, not till he

qualifications and admirable talents, he found it necessary to add intense study

---

he saw his brother's brains spread about the stalls of the stable! "But," said he, "when I saw death "come so near home to me, and so *suddenly* too, "it was high time to consider that some day he "might choose to visit me as suddenly. I have "ever since," added he, "kept this fatal event "alive in my mind, which has taught me to be "*prepared to die.*" It is a melancholy consideration, that it is only the loss of those whom we love, that seriously reminds us, and solemnly warns us, that we also are to die. It is from this lamented circumstance, that I shall constantly keep my memory awake with the idea of death before my eyes.

Dear shade! though soon departed from our warfare here,
Wing'd thou art to heav'n, which sway'd thy [earthly way.
O mighty Pow'r! *oft* let me shed the *silent tear*,
Thinking what's *past*, preparing for a *future* day;
And when that awful day shall come to end my race,
Pardon my transgressions, and seal thy heav'nly grace.

The

study and great application, insomuch that he constantly drew from four to six

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The *Hybla* bees did not swarm around my head at the hour of my birth, or I should have written better verses. I can only say they are the genuine sentiments of my mind; whether it may be called *prose* or *verse*, I little care.

Since writing the above, I read the following paragragh in one of the newspapers:

" There is at present a vacancy in the parish of St. Peter's Mancroft at Norwich, for a minister, and the right of election is vested in the inhabitants. There are twelve candidates, and the electors have determined, that they shall all do duty morning and evening, as a specimen of their abilities.—How wholesome an example would this be for every degree of church preferment!

" The above cure was vacated by the death of the late Dr. *H*-------*n*, who by preaching and reading against seven other candidates, gained his election almost unanimously. The common people call this preaching for *the Hat*.—May the parishioners of

six distinct sketches, or designs, of the history of a picture, before he proceeded to

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of St. Peter's find a *head* which it may *fit* as *well* it did their late worthy and much-regretted Pastor!"

This is very true, and this part of his preferment he gained by his merit as a reader and a preacher. Here could be no partiality; he who was almost a stranger, was opposed to seven gentlemen, who were either natives or of long standing in Norwich, yet carried it almost unanimously.

The author of the above paragraph justly observes, "How wholesome an example would this "be for every degree of Church preferment!" Certainly it is by this mode every parish should elect their pastors, which if adopted, there would not be so many *interested*, *selfish* men of that profession, who, without any merit, as Dr. *South* observes, "often knock their heads against the pulpit "when they should have been at the plough."—Men who make nonsense of what they *read* and *preach*. I do not hereby mean that this proceeds either from the *folly*, *vice*, or *ignorance* of the men, but

to the execution of it, in which he equally excelled.

And

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but solely from a defect of *nature's organs!* an entire negation of voice, ear, manner, and expression, so essentially necessary to the Priest, because nearly all his duty consists in public *reading* and *speaking*. Now surely, if we found it necessary to send a man to beseech his Majesty to confer an especial favour, or to commission a counsel to plead for us at the bar, we should undoubtedly take care not to choose a *stammerer*, or a *whiner*, or a *slovenly stupid speaker*, nor one with a voice so out of tune as not to be known whether he is *saying* or *singing*, or with a voice so *low* and *weak* as not to be understood, or one who would "tear a passion to "tatters, to very rags." No, we assuredly would choose one of a contrary description, one who would not come "tardy off, nor o'erstep the mo- "desty of nature." Far different are chosen some of our ambassadors to heaven, "who are capable "of nothing but inexplicable dumb shews and "noise." Yet these advocates are thought good enough to represent GOD's people at the throne of grace! Without prophane levity, I say it is abominably presumptuous in such men to offer up their addresses

And another author observes how necessary it is the painter should improve

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addresses to heaven in favour of those whom they would represent.

The late Mr. *Sheridan*, in his rules for public speaking, when talking of the clergy, went so far as to say, that he thought it an affront to the Deity! and it was his opinion, that the Almighty did not listen to prayers that were miserably and slovenly delivered; and particularly the Lord's Prayer, when a Parson makes nonsense of it from bad reading. Indeed I think it full as ridiculous as the reading it backwards, a way they say witches use to raise the devil. And, truly, it is *devilish* provoking to hear a fine composition made nonsense of by a bad reader. Now, therefore, besides the knowledge of the *dead languages*, it appears it is no *less* necessary, that every man, designed for ordination, should be examined whether he possesses sufficient natural talents for making him a good, intelligible *reader* and *preacher*. Few accomplished preachers, indeed, can reasonably be expected; *that* requires too much of nature, art, and genius, to find *one in one hundred thousand* possessing

prove himself by the same search the ancients made after it with a great

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ing the requisite qualities. He should have the ease, the freedom, the spirit, and dignity of a *liberal well-bred* gentleman. Has he any thing *vulgar* and *ungraceful* in his action or manner, a *rapidity* of *utterance*, or any *provincial accent* in his pronunciation, he has no pretension to be deemed a fine preacher. Yet there *are* preachers, that I have heard preach, and heard others praise, and that highly—not to speak it profanely—that neither having the *accent* of Christians, nor the *action* of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so *mouthed*, *minced*, *lisped*, or *bellowed*, and so *bedusted the cushion*, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated *oratory* so abominably.

These are not such orators of divine workmanship, whose sermons, in the language of a Calvinistical preacher I lately heard, "made a man nearer "heaven or hell every time he heard them. I have "preached," continued this disciple of old *Jack Calvin*, "just two thousand four hundred and forty-"four sermons!" What a fine *lift* would this have been on the *right* road to heaven, had a man been fortunate enough to have *heard all* these sermons!

great deal of care and capacity, of which they have left us examples in sculpture,

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It was also very ingeniously and pleasantly observed by the same preacher, "that there were "parsons who *probably may* go to heaven, though "*not many* in the character of GOD's ministers!" Now what superior place or mark of distinction a man has, who goes to heaven as a *minister*, over another who only goes as a *private saint*, (with reverence be it spoken) was not explained by Mr. ———, but, upon his credit, it behoves those who are ministers to have heed to their ways, or they may be stripped of their gowns and cassocks in heaven, and denied by their GOD as having been *ministers!* I suppose Mr. —— means *good ministers*, but to be a man *good enough* for a saint, and *bad enough* to be degraded as a minister, is a consistency only to be accounted for by a Calvinistical preacher haranguing such a learned and *polite* congregation as Mr. ——— has the *honour* and *happiness* of addressing.

It may be asked, why a sensible man (and I really call him one of the best pulpit orators of his *cast* I have known) should make use of so strange an

sculpture, that, in spite of the fury of time and barbarians, have been preserved

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an argument? The reason is very clear;—it was to teach his congregation to *despise* the Church of England Clergy for *not* doing their *duty*; and although in his liberality he thought it *rather too uncharitable* to damn them all as *men*, yet he did not make the least scruple to damn most of them as *bad ministers*, well meriting the denial and degradation of their office by the Divine Being.

Presumptuous man! what an admirable *crimp* art thou! what a most ingenious method hast thou found of *enlisting recruits* for the *new road*. Go on, and ensnare the *silly gulls*, make them believe that thou only canst save, and no doubt it will *answer* very well in time! *subscriptions must come in!*

Let it not be supposed that what I have here said of the Clergy proceeds from any dislike or malice to them as a body.—No, I detest such vulgar illiberality; neither have I glanced at *any* individual among them; for I think it most probable to suppose that, from their profession and education, there are better men to be found among *them* than among

served, and are even yet to be seen. He ought to have a sufficient knowledge of antiquity, and to learn by that how to follow nature: for the antique has always been the rule of beauty to the best judges. He must not content himself with being exact and regular, but should in every thing he does shew a great taste, and above all things avoid what is mean and insipid. Yet it is in vain for men to endeavour with all their might to reach the point of perfection in the art of painting, or in any other art if they are not born with

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among *any other class* of people; and that, as a *body*, they are the MOST LEARNED AND RESPECTABLE! What I have written of them is only to this amount: *That those men to whom nature has denied a good utterance, are not the most fit for the profession of* PUBLICK SPEAKING.

with a particular talent for the science they profess. They will always be uncertain of attaining the end they propose to themselves. Rules and examples may shew them the means of reaching it, but that is not sufficient; if these examples and rules are not easy and agreable to them, they will never be sure. This facility is only found in those, who before they learn the rules of art, or see the works of other men, have consulted their own inclination, and examined whether they were put upon the choice of their profession by some inward light, which is, indeed, genius, and is what guides them by the nearest and easiest way to perfection, rendering them infallibly happy, both in the means and in the end.

Genius

" Genius is therefore that light of the mind, which conducts us to the end by the most easy means."

A French writer, in an elegant Latin poem upon this subject, has the following lines:—

Isto labore, gravi studiô, monitisque magistri,
Ardua pars nequit addisci rarissima: namque
Ni prius æthereô rapuit quod axe Prometheus
Sit jubar infusum menti cum flamine vitæ
Mortali, haud cuivis divina hæc munera dantur,
Non uti Dædaleam licet omnibus ire Corinthum.

" This part of painting, so rarely
" met with, is neither to be acquired
" by pains, nor study, nor by precepts,
" nor by the dictates of a master: for
" they alone who have been inspired
" at their birth with some portion of
" that heavenly fire, which was stolen

" by Prometheus, are capable of re-
" ceiving so divine a present."

An English poet has given the following translation:—

This rare, this arduous task no rules can teach,
No skill'd preceptor point, no practice reach;
'Tis taste, 'tis genius, 'tis the heav'nly ray
Prometheus ravish'd from the car of day."*

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* It is somewhat singular, that so excellent a poet as Mr. *Dryden* should have translated Mons. *du Fresnoy*'s " De Arte Graphicâ" into prose, a beautiful Latin poem, the work of twenty years, or, as *Pope* calls it, " a small well-polished gem, the " work of many years," especially as verse was so familiar to *Dryden* as to make him declare he could reason in it as well as in prose. It is, however, the less to be regretted, from Mr. *Mason* having given such an excellent translation of him in verse, with notes by the late Sir *Joshua Reynolds*; whose elegant criticism and notes, says Mr. *Mason*, could only have induced me to have published it. *De Pile* did before translate it into French bad enough, and Mr. *Wills* into English metre much worse.

Ariosto says,

Poets and painters few we justly name,
For few their honours can with justice claim."

The ingenious *Watelet* thus expresses himself: " The expression of the " passions in painting is intimately " connected with sensibility of soul, " fidelity of organs, enthusiasm, and " precision of judgment." Another author, whose name I am unacquainted with, says, " It must be the result of a " great number of qualifications, *given* " *by nature*, and improved by study " and attention. The student, who " would apply himself to painting, " must examine very impartially, whe- " ther he has such an *accuracy of or-* " *gans* and *sensibility of soul*, as are ne- " cessary for the clear perception of

" the objects around him, and to inte-
" rest him in every event that occurs."

I have heard it very unaccountably and whimsically observed, by men of sense too, but I think of little reflection, that *any man*, possessing a strong genius, and who has applied it so as to attain perfection in some favourite study, might, with the same genius and application, have attained as much excellence in any other branch of art or science. The question has been gravely asked, whether MICHAEL ANGELO would not have made an excellent judge or a Lord Chancellor, if he had studied the law? or the divine RAPHAEL* a great

* Had RAPHAEL lived, it certainly was the intention of LEO the Xth to have made him a cardinal;

great minister, had he been bred a statesman; or JULIO ROMANO and TITIAN, fine poets, if they had turned

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dinal; and this was the reason why he refused the honour of marrying Cardinal BIBIANO's niece. ANGELO was a poet, and wrote sonnets, but it was his superior genius in painting that procured him *fame* and *money*. JULIO ROMANO might have made a poet; he had more imagination, invention, and enthusiasm in his pictures than any other painter. A writer says of him, "It seems, by "his works, that his thoughts were wholly taken "up with the grandeur of his poetical ideas; and "that, to execute them with the same fire that he "conceived them, he contented himself with the "practice of design which he had chosen, without "varying the airs of his heads or his draperies." Yet we never heard that JULIO ever wrote a line of poetry; and I do not see why, because the painter introduces beautiful action, which may express fine language, (as "every thing speaks in a fine picture") that it is to be supposed he could equally clothe his ideas in verse. The painter may convey strong expression of language into his pictures, yet be unable to express it well either in speech or writing; his conception may be just, without the gift of language.

their genius to poetry; or CORREGGIO, a great general, had he studied tactics? How, indeed, *do we know* they might not, if by magic they could at will *turn*, *bend*, *warp*, and even change their genius and inclinations whenever *they pleased?* We only know they were very excellent painters, and that their bent of mind and genius led them properly and naturally to that for which they seemed most inclined; and, it is most probable, they would not have been *great* in any other line.

Now, by the same whimsical mode of reasoning, or *idle argument*, it may be said, that HANDEL was a renowned musician, but that if he had been bred to arms, he would very probably have

have made a second *Julius Cæsar*; or, that —— —— is a great orator, and an able statesman; but had he applied his genius to music, he would have been a greater musician than HANDEL! —*a second Apollo!* Now, suppose they had changed their studies, is it probable the one would have become an *able general*, or the other a *divine musician?* No, HANDEL was *fearful*, impatient, luxurious, and *inactive*; and —— ——, without an ear to distinguish one note from another, or having a spark of harmony in his soul; but what absurdity might not be made of this idea, were it to be pursued still farther, to detect its shallowness and fallacy; to suppose that, because nature has given various propensities to the genius of man, which incline them

them to different pursuits, that he can, like the magic of *Fortunatus*'s cap, change it at will for a genius as opposite as the poles are to each other, is more than absurd; it is altogether an arraignment of the wisdom of Providence, which has given unto one man *one talent*, and to another, *another*. This giveth noble proportions of heavenly fire; but deigneth not to give *every spark*.

I think Mr. POPE has something like the following lines, but quoting from memory they may not be quite exact:

" One science *only* will one genius fit,
" So vast is art, so narrow human wit;
" Not only bounded by peculiar arts,
" But oft in those confin'd to single parts."

I must

I must quote, in the *same way*, ROGER BACON, who says to this amount, that "Man, in his arrogance and igno-" rance, thinks he knows every thing; " *albeit*, it is *certes*, not one in a mil-" lion knoweth any thing but that " they live; nor know they how it is " they breathe! I *trow* who is there " that have attained unto perfection " more than *one lop of science!*"

After all, it must be acknowledged, that altho' nature commonly gives a genius or a light for one thing only, yet it is also true, that she is sometimes so liberal as to make it almost general in one person, as an author observes, There have been men on whom she has bestowed this *plenitude of influences*, who have with ease performed whatever they attempted,

attempted, and always succeeded in what they undertook. A particular genius, it is true, does not extend its force to all sorts of knowledge, as a general one does; but then it penetrates farther into that over which it is predominant.

I shall now conclude this digression, and speak more of our young genius BARKER: and as my readers may wish to know the origin of this very extraordinary young man, I have been able to collect the following particulars of his infant life, which, although a slight sketch, I am enabled to relate from the best authority.

THOMAS BARKER was born in May 1769, at Pontypool, in the county of Monmouth;

Monmouth; his father was a japan painter of the Pontypool manufactory. Young BARKER, like both TITIAN and RAPHAEL, shewed a remarkable early genius for drawing figures and designing landscapes; nature had truly made him a painter, for, without any instruction, he painted *well* as soon as he attempted it.

The employment of painter and designer to this manufactory not answering to young BARKER's father, he removed himself and family to *Bath*, and there followed his profession in painting the figures of horses, dogs, &c.; some of which were executed decently well. BARKER's father was not one of those *dull*, *sober*, *steady* mortals, that would sit down and be content to reap with

with industrious toil his moderate gains, but he must tempt fate again in some other place. He, therefore, resolved to remove from *Bath* with his family to some distant abode. Young BARKER was now turned of thirteen; it was just at this critical period that accident brought him acquainted with Mr. CHARLES SPACKMAN, a very respectable master coach-maker, of *Bath*; who, perceiving evident marks of uncommon genius in the designs of his sketches, resolved to take him under his protection. This was most fortunate for the poor boy, who, from his father's inattention to business, was ill clothed, and worse fed. Mr. *Spackman* finding the boy to be of an amiable disposition, took him into his family, and treated him like one of his

his children, shewing him every possible attention and encouragement for upwards of *eight years*.

It appears *more* than *probable*, that if chance had not thrown him into the way of Mr. SPACKMAN, his genius would not have been brought forth with any thing like the degree of cultivation with which it now appears to be so brightly illumined. His genius must consequently have been damped, if not in time destroyed, by a continual attention which he must have given to mean subjects, in order to support the common weal of his family. Mr. SPACKMAN most generously allowed a weekly sum to the father, in lieu of the very uncertain pittance his young son might possibly

earn

earn in painting the shape of a horse or a dog, to be sold dog cheap, to grace the bar of an ale-house, or the parlour of some humble rural sportsman.

Thus, I say, a genius which now does so much honour to our isle might have lain dormant, or have been crampt, instead of shining with such an irresistible force of splendid glory in which it now appears.

The first four years he was with Mr. SPACKMAN, he most diligently applied himself to drawing, and copying the works of the principal landscape-painters of the Italian and Flemish schools, many of which are so admirably finished, both in the drawing and colouring, as to deceive very able connoisseurs.

connoisseurs. From this time he threw aside the servile trammels of the copyist, and launched forth in the more noble and animated line of painting landscapes and figures from nature; in which he certainly has succeeded equal to any painter who has ever attempted the rural scenes of English nature. The same unbounded genius has attended him in many portraits and historical subjects.

When this extraordinary young man had finished many pictures, and those pronounced by several good judges to be mature enough to be shewn as a publick exhibition of the young man's genius, Mr. SPACKMAN built an exhibition room to receive his pictures, and opened it for publick inspection in

in the spring of 1790. How far the publick have been satisfied will appear by the general surprize and pleasure expressed in all companies, and the high encomiums passed by the first connoisseurs.

The writer of this has often visited Mr. SPACKMAN's collection, from motives not only of pleasure and admiration, (which is the source of joy) but to see if he could detect any errors in his judgment, which a *first impression* so frequently makes upon the mind; for enthusiastic commendations, without great merit, can never avail with the judicious.

I am well aware of the truth of what a certain author observes, " That

" *prejudice*

" *prejudice* is generally used in a *bad* " sense, to imply a predilection not " founded on reason or nature in fa- " vour of a particular master, or a " particular manner, and therefore it " should be opposed with all our " force." I am sure I am not carried away by the false glare of admiration, which often proceeds from ignorance of higher excellence: I have seen some of the first pictures in Europe, and have made my critiques (*such as they may be*) on MANY; yet in *saying this*, I do not mean to insinuate that I am from this circumstance a compleat judge of painting! I only mention it, to rescue myself from any idea the reader may have of my not having seen pictures of more reputed excellence than young BARKER's; and of

late I have made a point of this, immediately before viewing BARKER's, that I might contemplate his productions with as little prejudice as possible; and the *experiment always succeeded.* I found his merit but the more confirmed by this impartial practice! It is indeed surprising, and almost beyond credibility, to behold the various manners and subjects he has painted, even from the delicate tints and colourings of a TITIAN or GIRARD, down to the broad and masterly strokes of MICHAEL ANGELO or RUBENS! As to his imitations of the *Flemish* and *Dutch* schools, in low, humourous, rustic scenes, and those of the more sublime scenes of nature in the stile of *Claude*, he is, in several of his pieces, equal to any of them. In

some

some of his little figures, the faces of which are not larger than a split pea, he has given as much expression as though they had been painted as large as life; they are so highly finished, that they will bear inspection through the best glasses, and it is wonderful with what spirit and minuteness he has finished these pleasing little pieces.

But we must now come to view him in a more bold and elevated light; in about four years he threw aside the trammels of the copyist, and tralineated from their manner to a stile of his own; he now commenced painter of landscapes and figures from *nature*, and has approximated as nearly to her as any painter, perhaps, we are acquainted with. The scenes from na-

ture which he has principally taken, are those within a few miles of Bath, which GAINSBOROUGH had done many years before the boy was born, but which has, however, led many to believe that he had servilely copied *Gainsborough*; but, with great submission be it said, to the admirers of that very celebrated artist,* he never possessed a genius so strong and so universal as BARKER'S. In short, it is the opinion

* There is a picture of our young artist, which, with considerable alteration, was painted after the celebrated Woodman of *Gainsborough*, and was sold to Lord *Gainsborough* for five hundred pounds! This picture of *Barker*'s is thought by many connoisseurs not *inferior* to *Gainsborough*'s, though he was not nineteen years of age when he painted it! and such is his astonishing *facility* and *felicity* in *painting*, that I am assured, from the best authority, that he was *not two hours* painting the visage of the above admired portrait!!!

of

of several *disinterested, good judges,* that so bright a genius as BARKER's never yet illumined the realm of our atmosphere! None, at so early an age, ever arrived to any thing like his state of maturity! This was the opinion of the *Duke of Newcastle*, *Lord Howard*, the *Bishop of Peterborough*, Sir *Abraham Hume*, Sir *John Stepney*, Mr. *Methuen*, Mr. *Rogers*, and a very long list of *etcetera*; all of whom declared, that there never had appeared a genius in this kingdom of half his abilities!!! and truly BARKER seemed to think that mere mediocrity in the art of painting was not to be justified even in youth! he was at once resolved to surprize, please, and instruct; he boldly marched forth with

That

That majesty, that grace, so rarely given
To mortal man, not taught by *art* but *heaven!*

He ambitiously grasped at perfection, and brought her to his aid:—

Smit with the glorious avarice of fame,
He claim'd no less than an immortal name:
Hence on his fancy just conception shines,
True judgment guides his hand, true taste refines.
Hence ceaseless toil, devotion to his art;
A docile temper, and a generous heart;
Docile his sage preceptor to obey,
Generous his aid with gratitude to pay.

Unmerited panegyrick is the severest satire; and, lest I should be accused of *this*, by those who are totally ignorant of the art of painting, and by those gentlemen of the profession, who, jealous and tenacious of their own fame, view his pictures with a rancorous determination of finding fault, I shall now come to that test which will

will give the most unequivocal proof of the excellence of *Barker*'s juvenile works, by confidently asserting, that some of his pictures, painted from the age of seventeen to twenty, have sold from *fifty* to FIVE HUNDRED GUINEAS EACH! These have been disposed of to a few gentlemen possessing fine collections to shew them in, it being with great reluctance Mr. SPACKMAN parts with *any of them*; and when he does, it is from no other motive but that of having his young friend's merit more generally known: Indeed I should recommend him to dispose of a few more to grace a place in other great collections, in different parts of the kingdom, or even to *lend* them for a certain given time, if he objects to dispose of them entirely; because, by this

this mode of diffusion, their true merit would be fully established, by contrasting them with the works of various other masters; and by this means he would soon be known throughout the kingdom.

Among the gentlemen who have purchased some of these pictures, are Lord *Howard*, Mr. *Methuen*, and Mr. *Rogers* of Southampton, &c. the latter gentleman, who is a great connoisseur, and has a fine collection of pictures, purchased two of them, for which I heard him say he gave three hundred pounds! and he declared he would not exchange them for any two modern paintings in England. They are both charming pictures; and, as good pictures deserve to be highly estimated, are

are well worth the money.—A proof of which is, he has been offered double the sum for one of them! But his grand *chef d'œuvre*, is a picture which was sold to Mr. MACKLIN, who has opened the Poet's Gallery, in London; he gave *five hundred guineas* for it, and then declared he would not take *one thousand guineas for his bargain!*

When Mr. MACKLIN first saw this picture, he was so struck with its originality, that he earnestly requested Mr. SPACKMAN to lend it to him for a season, adding very truly, that it would add much to the young artist's reputation to have it exhibited. Mr. S. consented. After the exhibition season was over, Mr. S. went to town, and

and demanded his picture:—The answer was, " Sir, you cannot have " your picture." ' Sir, I must have ' my picture.' " Then, Sir, you " will ruin my Gallery." ' Well, ' Sir, but I want to shew it in Bath.' " Pray, Sir, consider, that as you " have many of the young man's " pictures at Bath, it cannot be of " such importance to you as it is " to me." ' Sir, it is of importance ' to me, and I wish to have my pic- ' ture.' " Sir, A THOUSAND GUINEAS " SHALL NOT PART US." ' O, Sir, ' that is talking extravagantly; but as ' you are so bent upon the picture, ' I think I must oblige you by ' letting you have it at *half* that ' sum!'—" Then, Sir, you are my " very good friend, and I return

" you

" you my sincere thanks for the fa-
" vour!" The money was immediately paid.

The fact was, that the picture was really worth a thousand guineas to Mr. MACKLIN: he had had it six months, and knew its critical worth from the voice of the *publick*, the connoisseurs, and the artists. A groupe of the latter would sometimes come and sit down before it, and make their remarks:—one would say something against the fore-shortening,; another of the contour; another of the *clair obscure*; another of the tints, colouring, or the general effect, &c. &c. when one, more candidly sapient than the rest, would indignantly get up, and swear by his Maker, ' that all of
' them

'them together could not paint so 'fine a picture.' The subject is taken from *Cowper*'s poem of the *Task*; the lines descriptive of the subject are these:

" Forth goes the Woodman, leaving unconcern'd
The cheerful haunts of man: to wield the axe,
And drive the wedge, in yonder forest drear,
From morn to eve his solitary task.
Shaggy, and lean, and shrewd, with pointed ears
And tail cropp'd, half lurcher and half cur,
His dog attends him. Close behind his heel
Now creeps he slow; and now with many a frisk
Wide scampering, snatches up the drifting snow
With iv'ry teeth, or ploughs it with his snout,
Then shakes his powder'd coat, and barks for joy:
Heedless of all his pranks, the sturdy churl
Moves right towards the mark, nor stops for aught:
But now and then with pressure of his thumb
T' adjust the fragrant charge of a short tube
That fumes beneath his nose. The trailing cloud
Streams far behind him, scenting all the air."

BARKER

BARKER has handled this subject with uncommon felicity; if the poet is animated in description, the painter is much more so in the execution; he has preserved the spirit of the scene, which the glow of nature only could have given in her happiest moments. The nude appears like living flesh, the drapery like the patched garment of many a coloured cloth, the steel of his hatchet as if it had been newly ground at the village grinding-stone, and his pipe of tobacco like new-kindled fire with the curling smoke ascending from the brittle tube! The visage of this Woodman is wonderfully expressive of his laborious occupation, rough and weather-beaten; he seems to be about sixty years of age, and, like the scene around him, appears to

carry

carry it like "*a lusty winter, frosty but* "*kindly.*" There is yet a gentleness and benevolence beaming through his manly countenance, unconscious of ill, contented in want, forced temperance and strong labour mark his sinewy muscles and ruddy countenance.*

His

* The features of this portrait are justly expressive of the nature and mind of the original it is taken from. I know the man; his name is GEORGE KELSON, a woodman!—Good old Mr. GRAVES, the excellent and philanthropick author of the *Spiritual Quixote*, told me, he had known him forty years, having lived many years in his parish:—he said he had scarcely ever seen him without a bill-hook or hatchet in his hand! he knew him to be sober, honest, industrious, sensible, and inoffensive; a *rara avis* among the lower sort of people, for he believed he had never spent a shilling in a publick-house in his whole life!—Before I saw the above-described portrait, I had never

His faithful dog frisking by his side seems ready starting from the canvas. The fore ground is deeply

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never seen this poor man;—but soon after, taking a country walk in the neighbourhood of Bath, I perceived an old man mending a hedge in an adjoining field; the features of his face, from the likeness I had seen, instantly struck me that it could be no other personage than BARKER's *Woodman*! "Pray, my good man," said I, "your "name is GEORGE KELSON, is it not?" 'It 'is, Sir.' "I think your picture is painted by "Mr. BARKER." The old man, before he replied one word, instantly wedged his bill-hook into the stump of an old quickset, and then advanced towards me. I have no doubt but his good sense, and the benevolence of his mind, prompted him to act thus naturally polite. A gallant soldier in the active duty of his profession could not have been more polite, had he thrown aside his musket or his two-edged sword, when addressed by an unarmed person. He came towards me with a steps low, but firm,—and with his hat in one hand, and the other across his breast, he made his humble reverence. 'I beg your par-'don, Sir, said he; but I could not hear you at

'that

covered with flakes of snow; in the back appears a forest, the trees of which seem thickly hung with particles

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'that distance; what did you say, Sir, an' please 'you?' He was too much *the man*, too proud of his industrious independence, and *too* little hacknied in the scoundrel arts of hypocrisy and servility, to deign to say *Your honour!*

I have heard since, that he knows so much of the world, has such an inflexible regard for *truth*, that he will not run the risk of telling a lie to his superiors, for fear of a flattering misnomer; so he said, 'What did you say, an' please you, Sir?" "My good man, I only asked you if you had not "your picture taken by young Mr. BARKER!"—Now had his shame been extravagance, or vanity his motive, he could not in its detection have shewn more modesty:—he blushed!—as when a winter's evening sun darts forth his ruddy beams, reflecting his soon-expiring light upon some venerable oak, his modest face reflected *light*; and, like that season when sudden storms succeed the momentary sunshine, he drained his humble eyes full charged with their liquid sorrows! by the trident

particles of ice and snow.—In short the *tout ensemble* of this picture is worthy his great genius, and would have

trident god, and his briny nymphs chasing their foaming coursers through the raging seas, old KELSON shed the *briney* tear! When the propriety of his tears were over, ere he could commence his simple tale, the scarlet hue suffused his cheeks again. 'Alas, Sir, said he, that my poor 'old frame was painted is true; and why it was I 'cannot well explain! They told me 'twas no 'sin! only after the fashion of representing *nature!* 'but indeed, Sir, 'twas only to record the fashion 'of an old man's *nature* struggling to support it 'with half-extinguished strength. I know not 'what good fashion there is, Sir, for a poor man 'to be *so diſtinguished!*' "There is no harm, but "much good in it, my friend; it is recorded that "honesty lived in a cottage, and worked contentedly for a little! Thy virtue blazes but the "stronger, and the longer it shines *here*, the "nearer it is to live *for ever*! Virtue in poverty "is far more distinguished, and will be more eminently rewarded, than even the virtue of the "rich!

done honour to any painter, ancient or modern. Yet his all-soaring, eagle-winged ambition was not content; he lamented

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" rich! I would infinitely rather be as *thou* " *art*, than to be possessor of a *great purse* " and a *little soul!!!* Thou art a proper subject " for a picture; thou can'st be no more *out of* " *fashion*, than nature's *modest self*." ' God bless ' you, Sir, replied he cheerly, you give me com- ' fort! and I will tell you, *an' please you*, Sir, a ' little about it.—They came to fetch me from the ' woods on a wintry day, just as I had felled the stiff- ' est beechen tree in yonder woodlands: I was just ' wiping the sweat from my brows, and wishing ' for a little refreshment, when three gentlemen ' came up to me, and without any other greeting ' said, *My old friend*, we must *take your picture!* ' Now the Lord help me, if I did not take it into ' my silly head that they were *gentlemen robbers!* ' I had heard people call money the *King's picture*, ' and thought they meant that picture! So I said, ' Why you would not sure take what a poor old ' man *has got?* Yes, they said, they would take ' me! God forgive me for being such an old fool!

' but



G. Stuart sculp.

lamented he had not given a certain smooth finishing to the face, which he had done to the features of another

L 2 subject.

'but at that moment I took them for *three crimp-*
'*men*, that I had formerly heard went about the
'country to take folks away,—put 'em aboard a
'ship, and carry 'em beyond seas! Oddsnitterkins,
'said I, (for I wer'n't afeard) then I'll defend my
'life; so with my hatchet (which was as good a
'one as ever cut a piece of timber) I put myself
'in a *defenceful* posture, thus! *just so!* with my
'left leg forward, my knee a little bent, my right
'leg well straight behind, with my hatchet upheld
'with both hands—*so*, a little inclining over my right
'shoulder! Thus I stood unshaken as the body
'of a tough old tree, when wintry blasts assail its
'lofty branches, and make the resounding forest
'groan with crackling limbs! The gentlemen,
'alarmed and terrified with my manner, cried out,
"Good God! my friend, you are much mistaken;
"we don't intend to hurt you; we only mean to
"take your picture!" *Oddsnitterkins figo*, then,
'replied I, (God forgive me for swearing!) you
'shall as soon take my life as my property: I have

'but

subject. Here he was wrong; the features of the latter being much too round, smooth, and delicate for the former

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'but *one half-crown*, and that, by the blessing of 'God, as I've work'd for't hard, I will preserve! 'so keep your distance! The gentlemen, much 'astonished, thought me mad! and were going to 'leave the wood, when one of them turned round, 'and said, "My friend, I believe you are much "mistaken in us; we come to you with no other "intention but to do you a service! one of these "gentlemen is a painter, and only wishes to *paint* "*you*,—to take you *off a little* upon *canvas*; that's "all." 'O, to be of service *to me*, is it? said I.— 'Odds *hedging-gloves and kitty-bands!* a pretty 'odd way that is, indeed, of being serviceable to a 'poor old man, to first daub him over with *paint*, 'and then to *take him off upon a piece of canvas!*— 'No, no, GEORGE KELSON knows *a trick worth* '*two of that*, than to be carried about the country 'to be made a *may-game of upon a piece of canvas!!* 'The gentlemen laughed heartily at my simplicity, 'as they called it, and explained to me their inten- 'tions and motives. I was soon convinced of my ignorance,

former subject; like the picture of *Theseus* painted by *Euphranor* and *Parrhasius*, one looked as if he had fed on *flesh*, the

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'ignorance, and humbly begging their pardons for 'taking them *to be rogues*, I at last consented. But 'although Mr. SPACKMAN has been greatly good, 'in presenting me with a sum of money for my at-'tendance, giving me a *hot dinner* every Sunday since, '(and has been so benevolent as to promise me it 'shall be continued during my life) and a piece of 'silver when I leave his hospitable house, yet my 'conscience accuses me of having *broken the second* '*commandment*.' "How so, my friend?" 'Why, 'Sir, in committing the sin of *dolatry!* My old 'woman, the clerk of the parish, the old far-'mer of the village, and all of 'em, do say *as how* ''twas *dolatrous!* The very children of the 'parish, when they now see me, call out, There 'goes *dolatrous George!*' "Why don't you in-"form the parson of your parish of all this non-"sense?" 'So I would, Sir, but the clerk says as 'how the curate told him the devil would paint 'my picture, one of these days, with *fire and brim-'stone!*' "No no, said I, honest GEORGE, your "parson

the other as if he had fed on *roses*.—Yet *Barker* does not commit the fault of which the celebrated *Protogones*, the Grecian

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" parson is too wise a man to believe *that gentleman* " paints in any such *colours:* his back-grounds " may, perhaps, consist a good deal in dark shades, " but depend upon it he never uses such *bright* " *colouring* as *fire and brimstone*, though there have " been many ingenious gentlemen who have painted " *for him* in those lively colours, which would " almost tempt *an innocent* person to believe they " had taken an exact survey of his *royal residence!*" ' Then, Sir, you don't think I was *dolatrous?*' " No, no, my friend! for although you have caused " many to *idolize* your picture, yet you are guilty " of no sin in sitting for it! Do you know for how " much your picture has sold?" ' No, Sir, but ' *may-hap* for a matter of thirty or forty shillings!' " FIVE HUNDRED GUINEAS!!!" ' Odds bill-' hooks and hatchets! *five hundred guineas!*—Oh, ' Lord, master! why what would the *squire*, or ' the curate of our parish, have come to then, if ' the picture of poor old GEORGE KELSON would ' fetch *five hundred guineas?*' " Very far from " *much*,

Grecian painter, is accused:—never knowing when to leave off finishing a picture! Certain however it is, a good picture

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" *much*, my old friend! Scenes from rustick nature " will ever be held in higher estimation than the " drest-up trumpery of human pride. When art " condescends to imitate the shape of some *useless*, " *insignificant*, *worthless being*, though dressed up " in all the gaudy trappings of caprice, it will ever " be despised." I gave the old fellow a piece of money, and walked away, thinking of the following reflection of Mr. BURKE's, when he condemns the *French* nation for lessening the incomes of their archbishops and bishops:—" The English nation, " says he, will not grudge an archbishop or bishop " ten or twelve thousands a year! how different " human estimation!" and indeed, Mr. BURKE, sometimes very whimsical too! for let the *vraisemblance* of these archbishops or bishops, clothed in their lawn and purple, *which human estimation has given them*, and with all the features of their supposed gravity, learning, and luxury, be recorded on canvas, who is there that would be eager to bid for any one of them? I question, if they were

picture may be *spoiled* by *attempting* too high a finishing;—giving it *more* than the *modest glow of nature!*

BARKER should never *wish* a stroke altered, added, or diminished in this picture! A gentleman, who saw it, told me, that the nude had such tints of carnation so like to nature, that it seemed not painted, but *really alive*, like the famous *Pordonone*, who, going to see TITIAN's celebrated picture of *St. Sebastian*, said, I believe *Titian* has,

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were painted by BARKER in his best manner, whether any of them would produce *five pounds!* but behold the difference of human *estimation*, from the superior *attraction of nature!* He no sooner paints a *poor*, *old*, *ill-fed* WOODMAN, in his *patched* and *tattered jacket*, but *human estimation* values him at ONE THOUSAND GUINEAS!

has, in this nude, really put *flesh*, not *colour*.

The above gentleman, in his *extacies*, swore most *horridly* that BARKER's picture *frightened him* when he first came into the room. He thought, at the first glance, the old fellow was really *alive*, and indeed, he only wants breath to make him appear a *living* creature.

There are many other of his pictures, in different stiles, that may with great truth be said to be finished, as far as the subject would permit of, equally well with this.

His WILD STALLIONS is a most noble picture; these fine animals are represented as large as life, they are in desperate

desperate fight: the one appears tearing the flesh from the back of the other; the blood looks flowing from the wound, the skin and flesh is raised admirably, and while he appears in the agony of pain, is making a full bite at the eye of his antagonist; their mouths are foaming, and their red nostrils appear on fire.

To paint a horse in his ordinary postures is not one of the greatest difficulties in the art of painting, but to paint him in an imaginary furious fight, requires strong conception, spirit, and genius: To express rage and fury,* fear and agony, without ever having

* The natural disposition of these animals, says a celebrated author, is not ferocious; they are only high-

having had an opportunity of being assisted from such a scene in nature, requires a portion of the *stolen fire* from the gods to put it in execution. The distant

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high-spirited and wild, and though superior in strength to the greatest part of animals, yet they never attack them; and if they are attacked by others, either disdain them, or trample them under their feet. They go also in bodies, and unite themselves into troops, merely for the pleasure of being together, for they are not fearful of, but have an attachment to each other. As herbs and vegetables are sufficient for their nourishment, they have quite enough to satisfy their appetite; and as they have no relish for the flesh of animals, they never make war with them, nor with each other; they never quarrel about their food, they have no occasion to ravish the prey of another—the ordinary source of contentions and quarrels among carnivorous animals. They live in peace, because their appetite is simple and moderate; and as they have enough, there is no room for envy.

Nature is more delightful than art, and in an animated being, the freedom of its movements makes

distant craggy mountains, the sterile wintry appearance of the scene, all contribute to fill up the measure it was meant to excite—TERROR! and which, as far as its nature will admit, he has most admirably expressed. If BARKER had been bred a veterinary anatomist,

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makes nature beautiful. Observe the horses in Spanish America, which live wild; their gait, their running, or their leaping, seems neither constrained nor regular. Proud of their independence, they fly the presence of man, and disdain his care; they seek and find for themselves proper nourishment; they wander about in liberty, in immense meads, where they feed on the fresh productions of an eternal spring, destitute of any fixed habitation; without any other shelter than a mild sky, they breathe a purer air than those which are confined in vaulted palaces. The wild horses are also much stronger, much swifter, and more nervous, than the greater part of domestick horses; they have, what Nature has bestowed upon them, strength and nobleness; the others, only what art can give, beauty and cunning.

anatomist, he could not have shewed greater skill than he has in all the proportions of these animals. The muscles, sinews, and veins, which from their supposed action are swelled and strained, appear as it were starting from the canvas.

If it be true that APELLES painted a horse so near to nature's truth, that being shewn to several living horses, they immediately began to neigh! I have no doubt but a similar effect might be produced from BARKER's beautiful representation of these noble animals. The horse that the great PROTOGENES painted might have excelled them, but that was only from the effect of chance; for *Protogenes*, being desired to represent the foam

which

which frothed from the mouth of a horse which he had painted, as fatigued and weary, after having attempted frequently to attain to the resemblance by changing his colours, at length, despairing of it, threw the spunge with which he cleaned his pencils at the horse's mouth, and found *chance* had produced that effect, which he could not obtain by his *art*.

The elder PLINY, in his Natural History, has handed down to us many of these stories, but unless they have other corroboration, they should be received with some degree of caution; for although he may not be what I have heard a very learned, most worthy, and ingenious man, say of him, that "he was a lying old "fellow,"

fellow," yet he certainly was fond of relating things *marvellous* and *fabulous:* this certainly has hurt his credit with many excellent authors of Natural History. The Count de BUFFON has *particularly* noticed this foible of PLINY's, in his learned Natural History.

The picture of the horse, which I have before-mentioned, painted by *Apelles*, is said to have been done for a public *certamen*, [dispute;] this prize had nearly been adjudged to his rival, on which, says PLINY, "ad mutos "quadrupedes provocavit ab homini- "bus," he appealed from men to the judgment of mute animals; and having shewn the picture to some horses, they gave testimony to the excellence of

APELLES.

APELLES by neighing when his was produced.

PLINY says, this great painter not only enriched the world by the finest performances the art of painting ever exhibited, but also by his writings, which were extant in the time of PLINY, but are since lost. Of all this I would rather have taken the word of his nephew, the *younger* PLINY, who, if vain, was much of a gentleman, and scrupulous in advancing any thing but what he himself had good authority for believing was true; for example, he never would have advanced what his uncle has of the immense serpent, which so frightened a *Roman* army, on their march to fight the *Carthaginians*, that it caused *a delay*

of

of three days. What PLINY likewise mentions of *Protogenes* and *Apelles*, is an odd story; he says, the former lived in the isle of Rhodes, whither *Apelles* went on purpose to see his works, of which he knew nothing but by their reputation: when he arrived there, he found only an old woman in *Protogenes*'s house, who asking him his name, he answered, *I am going to write it on this canvas*; and taking his pencil, with colour on it, he designed something with extreme delicacy. *Protogenes* coming home, the old woman told him what had passed since he had been gone, and shewed him the canvas; who then, observing attentively the beauty of the lines, said, 'it was 'certainly *Apelles* that had been there;' believing no one else could draw any

thing so fine; then taking another colour, he drew on those lines an outline more correct and more delicate: after which he went out again, bidding the old woman shew that to the person who had been there, if he returned, and tell him that was the man he sought for. *Apelles* returning, and being ashamed to see himself *outdone*, takes a third colour, and among the lines that had been drawn, lays some with so much judgment, and so wonderfully fine, that it *took in* all the subtlety of the art. *Protogenes* saw this in his turn, and, confessing that he could not do better, gave over the conteſt, and ran in haste to find out *Apelles*.

An eminent French author makes the following observation upon this subject:

subject: " *Pline qui écret cette histoire*
" *dit qu'il a vû la toile avant qu'elle ent*
" *ète consumè dans l'incendiè du Palai*
" *de l' Empereur & qu'il n'y avoit assez*
" *de peine a distinguer mais qu'on esti-*
" *moit, cette toile plus qu' aucun des*
" *tableaux parmi les quels elle etoit. C'est*
" *à peu près de cette sorte qu'il faut en-*
" *tendre cet endroit de Pline car de l'en-*
" *tendre d'use simple ligne, partagèe le*
" *long de son étenduë cela est contraire*
" *au bon sens & choque tous ceux qui sça-*
" *vant un peu ce que c'est que Peinture.*
" *Mais je soutiens encore qu'il seroit tout*
" *à fait contre le bon sens d'entendre que*
" *la victoire dans le combat d' Apelle &*
" *de Protogéne, ne consistat qu' à faire*
" *une ligne; plus de liée qu' une autre, &*
" *que si Pline, l'a entendu de cette derni-*
" *ere façon il avoit peu de connoisance, des*

" *beaux arts, quoy qu'il soit aisé de juger,*
" *d'ailleurs qu'il les amoit passionement.*"
Pliny, who tells this story, says he saw this piece of canvas before it was consumed in the fire that burned down the Emperor's palace; that there was nothing upon it but *some lines* which could scarcely be distinguished; and yet *this fragment* was more valued than any of the pictures among which it was placed. It is nonsense to think that the victory in the trial of skill between these painters, depended only on the one striking a line more delicately than the other: if *Pliny* meant it, as those construe him, he knew little of the fine arts, though one may easily perceive elsewhere that he was a great admirer of them.

One

One of BARKER's best portraits is of Mr. BLISSET, a celebrated comedian, in the character of *Falstaff*, from *Shakspeare*'s first part of King Henry IVth, act 4th, scene 2d: "If I am "not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a "souc'd gurnet." BARKER has executed this scene with no less spirit and genius than the author wrote it: he has shewn that *Falstaff* had "mis- "used the King's press damnably, by "exchanging, for money, good house- "holders, yeomen's sons, and con- "tracted batchelors, for slaves as rag- "ged as *Lazarus*, cankers of a calm "world and a long peace, scarecrow "villains just out of prison." *Barker* has not given these "swine-keeping, "tattered prodigals even a shirt and "half among the whole company:"

Never, surely, was painted, with so much truth and humour, such a raggamuffin crew! who look, indeed, as if they had been cut down from the gibbets: they are painted with infinite truth, spirit, and humour: here we see the *Mouldy's*, *Shadow's*, *Wart's*, *Feeble's*, and *Bullcalf's*, "whom he pricked "'till they roared again." But it is wonderful how well he has preserved the similitude of the performer in the character, amid the grossness of the features, with his white thick beard disguised with a ruff; he has blended the comic archness of *Falstaff* with the truest likeness of *Blisset*. He has managed the drapery with singular propriety. The dress of those times, in the reign of our *Edwards* and *Henries*, was of a strange fantastical cut,

cut, gawdy and expensive, composed of many colours, and often adorned with rich lace; all of which he has disposed and coloured with great judgment.

He has painted a most excellent picture of TRAVELLING GIPSIES:—an old woman riding on an ass with a pair of panniers, and a child in one of them, all as large as life, taken from nature; and to express how unmercifully the poor animal is constantly overloaded, the ass seems tottering under his burthen, his head is lowered, his ears bent, and his lips drawn back. *Barker* appears to have a thorough knowledge of the disposition of this useful creature, for these are sure indications of his being much abused. In the back ground

ground is seen a troop of those ragged vagabonds; they are supposed travelling along the side of a wood; the figure of the old woman is inimitable, her drapery being an old dirty blanket thrown over her wretched carcass, which is pretty well adorned with *undarned rents*; her dirty grey locks appear hanging from beneath a night-cap that *once* was white, enbandonied with a ribbon that *once* was blue; the old haggard is hugely ugly, and salt rheum fast flows from her dim red eyes. I believe tobacco, during its operation, has the quality of giving a temporary content to the mind, perhaps in a degree like laudanum, giving *as it were* a cockering up to nature, a gently pleasing intoxicating effect. BARKER appears to have known this; for

for his old woman, with all her apparent wretchedness, seems, with her pipe of *Virginia*, not only in a state of content, but even a cast of cheerfulness is beaming from a face full of rugged wrinkles. I have heard this picture spoken highly of by many connoisseurs. Nature only can exceed it!

I have in the foregoing pages given a pretty long description of his famous Woodman, bought by Mr. *Macklin*. I am now happy to have it in my power to say, that its great merit is still farther confirmed to me by the very warm commendation of Mr. BOWLES, of Northaston in Oxfordshire, a gentleman of well-known merit in every respect; his designs, taste,

taste, and skill in painting, are universally acknowledged.

But there is another picture of *Rustic Life*, which deserves particular notice, and which is little if any thing inferior to any picture *Barker* ever painted: the figures are as large as life, and taken from *Smart*'s poems, which is a description of labour and health.

Strong labour got up with his pipe in his mouth,
And stoutly strode over the dale;
He lent new perfumes to the breath of the south,
On his back hung his wallet and flail;
Behind him came health from her cottage of thatch,
Where never physician had lifted the latch.

The scene is the Morning, just after sun-rise in the summer season; the labourer appears to be about fifty, of a strong muscular habit, a fine open cheerful

cheerful countenance, in the action of walking o'er a dale, with his wallet and flail flung over his right shoulder, and a wooden flagon of liquor slung upon the other shoulder. What is particularly remarkable in this portrait is, that although the lines and muscles of the face are strongly cast, and expressive of his character and occupation, yet he has handled his pencil and colours with so much delicacy, that the lineaments of the visage will bear the closest inspection: he has been most happy in the execution, and must have bestowed upon it unusual attention. I have heard that he was more satisfied with this face than with any he ever painted; but I should give the preference to the face of *Health* described in the poetry,—a beautiful blooming

blooming young girl in the action of tripping lightly o'er the dale, with a pitcher in one hand, and a brass pan in the other, supposed to be going to a distant farm to bring some simple provision for the cottagers' breakfast. It is infinitely more difficult to paint the soft lines and features of female beauty, than to paint the strong chords and muscles of a man; yet never was loveliness and complete beauty more masterly expressed than in the countenance of this lovely girl. This idea of beauty brings to my recollection the poetical description which so charmingly characterizes the perfection of beauty, as given by ARIOSTO in his *Orlando Furioso*. As this elegant work, written by one of the first Italian authors, was translated in the reign

reign of Queen *Elizabeth* by my *great-great-great*-grandfather, and at the same time supposing that many of my readers may *by chance* not have met with it, I shall, by their leave, give the following quotation:

A shape whose like in waxe tweare had to frame,
Or to express by skill of painters rare,
Her heare was long, and yellow too the same,
As might with wire of beaten gold compare:
Her lovely cheeks with shew of modest shame,
With roses and with lillies painted are,
Her forhead faire and full of seemely cheare,
As smoth as pullisht iuorie doth appeare.

Vnder two arches of most curious fashion,
Stand two black eyes, that like two cleare suns shind,
Stedie in looke, but apt to take compassion,
Amid which lights, the naked Boy and blind
Casteth his darts that cause so many a passion,
Leauing a sweete and curelesse wound behind,
From thence the nose in such good sort descended,
As enuie knowes not how it may be mended.

Vnder

Vnder the which in dew and comly space,
Standeth the mouth staind with vermillion hew,
Two rowes of precious perle serue in their place,
To show and shut, a lip right faire to vew,
Hence come the courteous words, and ful of grace,
That mollifie hard harts and make them new:
From hence proceed those smilings sweet and nice,
That seeme to make an earthly paradice.

Her brests as milke, her necke as white as snow,
Round was her neck, most plum & large her brest,
Two iuory apples seemed there to grow,
Tender and smooth, and fittest to be prest:
Wauing like seas, where winds most calm doth blow,
Argos himselfe might not descerne the rest,
Yet by presumption well it might be gest,
That that which was concealed was the best.

Her armes due measure of proportion bare,
Her faire white hand was to be vewed plaine,
The fingers long, the joynts so curious are,
As neither knot appeard nor swelling vaine,
And full to perfect all those features rare,
The foote that to be seene doth sole remaine,
Slender and short, little it was and round,
A finer foote might no where well be found.

This

This is *Ariosto*'s picture of *Italian* beauty, as versified by Sir *John Harington*, of Kelston, near Bath. It was translated above two hundred years ago; and, though the English language was not at that time rendered so smooth for versifying as it now is, yet in it may be seen much of the true spirit of poetry. *Sir John* was a very young man, not above two or three and twenty, at the time he undertook the translation of *Orlando*,—a very long and difficult work to render into English, in the true spirit and meaning of the *Italian* author! yet in every part of his work he has happily succeeded. Queen *Elizabeth*, his godmother, to whom he dedicated the work by permission, and who understood the *Italian* language perfectly

fectly well, much commended the performance. Besides being a good poet, Sir *John* was one of the first wits of that age, as may be seen in his letters and poetry, published by my brother in three volumes, entitled *Nugæ Antiquæ*.* It was his father who served the Queen, then the Princess *Elizabeth*, who was confined in the Tower by her sister *Mary*, and who married her father *Henry the Eighth*'s natural daughter. That monarch gave his son-in-law, my ancestor, for his wife's dowry, the valuable forfeited monastery lands‡ of Katherine, Bath-Easton, Kelston, Corston, &c.

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* A fourth volume of this very entertaining work, *I hope*, my father will speedily publish.

‡ *Ne meno un' acra di quanto la nostra famiglia, o generazione abbia ereditato; se mai la buona ventura*

he has the following observation: 'And since the arrival at the perfection of painting, in which so many concur-

F rent

" styles and designs, as it were, into one *focus!* why " they would die again with *envy* and *vexation!*" ' Pray, Mr. *Hallen*,' said a little Welsh Justice of the Peace, with half a name, (his name was Van) who was standing among the groupe, 'I pray you, ' Mister *Hallen*, for the love and *goot* will of *Got*, ' of what *use* is that *pig* patch of egg in the *mittle* ' of your picture?'—" Now by the great and " glorious Protogenes, Pamphilus, Parrhasius, and " Polignotus, and all the immortal spirits of de- " parted painters! was ever man so insulted, " abused, and cursed with such a question? Good " God! that any man can be so ignorant! why, " Sir, that *pig patch* of *egg*, which you so rudely " call it, is the very soul, or as it were the *second* " *world*, or microcosm of my picture; without *that* " it would be all darkness, like the dismal shades of " night, or the gloomy vale of death; a mere con- " fused mass, or, as it were, another chaos! 'Tis " little *Lucina Bright*, that gives the pale soft tints, " the pleasing lights, and dusky shades, to every

" part

rent abilities are necessary, is difficult and arduous; it is a *favour* which the liberality of *heaven* has conferred *but on*

" part of my divine performance." ' Nay, Sir,' replied the Welchman, ' I know nothing about ' little *Lucilla Pright*, I suppose some little fa- ' vourite wench of yours, that will say any thing to ' flatter you; *put* I tell you, Mr. *Hallen*, there are ' *creat* and manifold faults in your picture, and I ' say *acain*, that *pig* patch of egg has no business ' there.' " D——e, Sir, if 'tis not as fine a " moon as ever shone from heaven, to lighten this " villainous world, and all true judges of painting " will say so; you never *saw*, nor never *had*, nor " ever will *have*, such a *glorious moon* in Wales! " no, sir, you must come to England to be enlight- " ened!" ' O St. *Taffy*, with hur sweet gentle *at-* ' *triputes*, *leeks*, *coats*, and *toasted cheese!* hear this ' slanderous impudence, and quickly hurl thy mon- ' strous revenge upon the head of this *tamn'd* old ' painter! Y neb sydd ganddo glustian i wrando ' gwrandawed! I swear *py* all the ancient Britsh ' Princes of the Principality, Owen Glendower, ' Harry Monmouth, Tavid Gam, and Capt. Flu- ' ellen,

on a few; for, in truth, it is necessary that the painter, as well as the poet, should be born so, and be THE CHILD OF NATURE.'

'ellen, there never was such a *tamn'd* infamous moon 'seen in *Campria*; 'tis treason against the Prince 'of Wales, and all the Royal Family! It's a *lipel*, 'an *actionaple lipel* against *Camprian Pritons*, who 'have as *goot* a moon, and a more antient moon 'too, than ever *shinet* in England! 'Tis a reflec-'tion, a *tamn'd* wicked reflection, upon all the de-'parted heroes of *Campria*, who *noply* and *pravely* 'fought for the *coot* of their country without '*preeches*, which was as much, do you see, as to '*pravely tefy*, and to tell Frenchmen they might '---- ----- ----- and be *tamn'd!* Ah, I warrant 'you, Mr. *Hallen*, if Capt. Fluellen was here, *put* 'he would make you *pite* well at the *leek!*'

"These, sir," replied old Allen, "are such infer-"nal diabolical reflections upon me, my *picture*, "my *moon* in particular, and upon the *art* of paint-"ing in general, that I shall *seek revenge!* and I "do

This position a friend of the writer, a man of sense and genius too, very lately at an after-dinner conversation, strenuously denied: "Nature," said he, "never made a man a painter,* any "more than she ever made him a taylor "or a shoemaker: for example, would "it not be *more* than *absurd* to suppose "nature, with her palette, paint and "brushes, coming to the young gen- "tleman to instruct him in the art of "painting?

"do accordingly tell you, that I wear a *sword-belt*." —'Then *tam* you, Mr. *Hallen*,' said the little hot justice, 'you may go hang yourself with your 'old sword-*pelt!*' I never heard that a *duello* was the consequence.

* A learned French author upon this subject says, "'Tis in vain for men to endeavour with all "their might to reach the point of perfection in the "art of painting, or in any other art, if they are "not BORN with a particular talent for the science "they profess."

" painting? or would it not be equally " ridiculous and mad, to imagine that " she should, like a conjuror, blow her " breath upon him, and cry, " *Presto*, " BE THOU A GREAT PAINTER!" It " would not, continued he, be less ab- " surd to suppose *nature* paid a *visit* to " some favourite human being, in the " *character* of a *taylor*, with a pair of " sheers and a measure, and addressing " him in words like these,—'*Arise, my* ' *son!* I give thee talents far above the ' million! I breathe into thee such a ' vast extent of *intuitive* powers and ' perception, that thou shalt become ' the *greatest genius* that ever handled ' a pair of sheers! The *envy* of the ' taylors! the *mignion* of the people! ' and for a *neat pair of breeches*, the very ' DARLING CHILD OF NATURE!!'—But

badinage is *not* always the *touchstone of verity*; my friend should consider the little necessity there is for the *inspiration of genius*, for a lousy fellow to cut a piece of cloth to fit a man's body, or in making him a pair of breeches to ——; this does *not* require *quite* so much *intelligence* and *genius* from NATURE, as it does to make an epic poem, or to paint a fine picture;*—the one debases man, the other exalts him—nature *disdains* her assistance to the one, but *deigns* to bestow it upon the other.

Man's invention to supply his ordinary wants, requires no Promethean fire

* It is by many authors admitted, that there is as *much* genius *required* in the composition of a sublime historical picture, as in writing an epic poem, provided it be performed with the masterly judgment of *some* of the ancient painters.

fire to put it in execution; people in every climate mechanically adopt those things that merely suit their several necessities, from the European down to the savage who prowls in the wilderness.

In this point of view, indeed, man's intuition and ingenuity appear inferior to the instinct of brute animals, whom nature has taught either to find secure retreats, or to build* with materials

* Man may think himself a very ingenious architect, but the *African termites bellicosi*, a species of ants, is as much superior to him in the construction of their buildings, as the Great Architect of the world is to man. The natural history of these creatures is almost incredible: When I was at Paris a few years since, I was introduced to a gentleman of the name of *Smeathman*, a man of considerable knowledge and of undoubted veracity, who

terials alike, and similar in form, in every country, adorning them with clothing

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who had been a surgeon to some factory upon the coast of Africa, where he resided several years. In a conversation with him upon the Natural History of that country, I asked him, if that was true which had been related lately in a volume of Philosophical Transactions published by the Royal Society, concerning the *termites*. He replied, that he himself was the author of that paper, and presented it to Sir Joseph Banks: Sir, said he, if you will come to my lodgings to-morrow morning, you will hear me deliver a lecture upon the history of those curious little creatures, having promised several French and English gentlemen, at their request, that I would do them that favour. I accepted the invitation with great pleasure, and the next day went—where I saw him seated at a table, with about twenty gentlemen round him.

He informed us that these little animals, several specimens of which he shewed us, constructed their buildings with certain materials which they collected, and which at length became as hard as a rock

clothing inimitable by our manufacturers, and mocking the art of man in their

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rock stone, pieces of which he produced; they build them from ten to sixteen feet high, and from six to eight diameter at the base; they are somewhat of a pyramidical, or rather conical form, as the base is nearly round, but does not end with a point, as the people of the country, Mr. *Smeathman* said, often got upon these cones, when they were found upon the sea-coast, to look out for any ships that may be in the offing.

During Mr. *Smeathman*'s abode in this country, he had the patience and labour, with some assistance, to cut through several of the *cones*, in order to make his observation upon these creatures, and particularly to find out the residence of their queen, which he had attempted many times in vain, and only once succeeded in. He related, that as soon as they were disturbed, many thousands of them appeared running about in great confusion; these he called the soldiers belonging to the commonweal, because nature had provided them with a means of defence very different from the other *termites*, specimens of which he produced; nor could he

their *befitting*—with means of defence infinitely better contrived than those of man's

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he be mistaken in their being the gallant defenders of the commonwealth, because they invariably made their appearance upon a first alarm, and not one of the others were ever seen till these disappeared: after diligently examining what damage the *state had sustained*, in a few minutes afterwards appeared innumerable *termites*, of somewhat a different formation in the construction of their *mouths* and *legs*, which he called the *workmen*, for they always immediately began to repair the breech, and never ceased, by a constant relief of detachments, till they had finished their labour.

Mr. *Smeathman* said he had visited them every day for months, to see what progress they made; which, from their persevering industry night and day, he said was wonderfully rapid: He observed, that whenever he disturbed the *workmen* by a stick or the bough of some tree, the most extraordinary confusion took place among them; they retreated as fast as possible, but their places were soon supplied by the military *termites*, who assembled from all quarters, and would fight with the utmost desperation,

man's invention,—with harmony of sounds which man is proud to imitate, and

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peration, assailing in prodigious numbers whatever attacked them; they never attempted to retreat, but as fast as they were killed, or swept away, others instantly supplied their places: but the workmen, as before observed, never made their appearance, they were otherwise employed, securing a safe retreat for their QUEEN!—to find this retreat was the grand desideratum of Mr. *Smeathman*, and which he at length effected; after breaking one of these immense cones into innumerable pieces, he found one cell, among the *many millions* which it contained, considerably larger than the rest, and the mouth of it neatly stopped up with a white composition, nearly as hard as any part of the *cone*; here he found the long wished-for prize: The cell contained the QUEEN *of the termites*!

If Mr. *Smeathman* had taken the Queen of the French prisoner, when she ran away with her husband, and thus prevented a cruel civil war among his subjects, he could not have rejoiced more than he did upon this capture of the *Queen of the ants*; he soon *released* the recluse from her retirement, but it

was

and in mazes of unfathomable subtilty and sagacity, wonderfully superior to

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was not a *release* to *live*, but to *die* a cruel death, for he presently plunged the *royal lady* into a bottle of spirits of wine, there to be preserved for a curiosity, and to shew his unremitted assiduity of labour in procuring an *African Queen of the termites*. I saw this PICKLED QUEEN: she was immensely larger than the other termites, being more than four inches long, and the others were not more than half an inch in length, and some not so large.

Mr. *Smeathman* assured us the following was a fact:—He once visited one of these cones, that had been sawed through, and perceived a circle of the *termites*, which was at least two feet in depth, inclosing about three feet diameter; in which circle was one larger than the rest, in the centre of about twenty others. The *termites* which composed the *grand circles* were not in the smallest motion, one single insect only excepted, which particularly excited his attention, as it was travelling with a brisk pace round the innumerable circles, every one giving way to it; but what was very singular, he never attempted to break through the ranks, by which he

to all the extent of art, and natural cunning of humanity: but it is on man

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he might have soon reached the centre of the circle, but continued marching round the whole, which took him up more than six hours; when he arrived in the middle of the circle, where the twenty-one *termites* were assembled, he let something fall from his mouth, which the great termite in the middle picked up, and kept the bearer apart from the rest, for near half an hour, when suddenly the whole assembly broke up, and mixed in general disorder.

Mr. *Smeathman* concluded, after telling us many other curious and almost incredible circumstances of these extraordinary insects; that he supposed the little termite which went round the circles, was either a muster-master, or a reviewing general; or probably had brought some important dispatches to the chief, who was in the centre; he observed that all the termites which appeared were of the *warrior tribe*, and not a female among them. He also added, that at a certain season of the year these creatures took wing, and would almost darken the air with their numbers; then the birds of the air feasted and fattened; and the people of the country ate them: He assured us he had often eaten

man alone she has conferred intellect, reflection, rationality, and genius; to him

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eaten of them, that they were extremely nourishing, and as sweet as sugar.

It was not until the account I have given of the *bellicosi termites* was *printed off*, that I again met with the excellent description given of them by Mr. *Smeathman* in the Philosophical Transactions. I find myself in some respects mistaken, having omitted certain things he had there related, as well as in the lecture he read upon that subject in Paris: My account from memory is therefore only so far interesting or curious, as having *heard him* mention some circumstances of those extraordinary creatures, which he had omitted in his letter to Sir Joseph Banks. This very worthy and enterprizing gentleman is now no more: he died about six years since in London of a putrid fever, just as he had engaged himself to accompany a number adventurers, both white and black, who had planned a scheme of settling upon the coast of Africa, upon the most humane and enlarged principles.

Mr.

him she gives liberal reason and capacity in greater or less proportions; and

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Mr. *Smeathman* possessed an excellent heart, a clear head, and no man better understood the philosophy of nature:—he investigated deeply and acutely—his motives were disinterested—his principles were directed but to one point, *universal benevolence.* The loss of such a man was, indeed, an *universal loss!!!*

Among other mistakes, I have made a principal one, that of asserting he caught *only* one of the QUEENS of the TERMITE insects. It appears, however, that he afterwards caught, by the most indefatigable perseverance, several more. But certain it is that for a long while he was unsuccessful, and *did* at his lecture inform us, in very animated language, how much delighted he was with his first capture.

I well remember his saying, that when he gave his account of these insects to the Royal Society, Sir Joseph Banks observed, he merited a gold medal with their thanks, and a pension, if he would *only but have the goodness* to go back again (to the burning

and it is not surprising she should endue him with various propensities for different

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burning shores of Africa) to bring back a KING of the TERMITES, and to more fully investigate the extraordinary *nature* of that *monarch*.

I also did not recollect there were three orders of these creatures; I now perfectly remember Mr. *Smeathman*'s description of the *third order* when he delivered his lecture in Paris; he remarked, from his most diligent and acute observation of these creatures in the course of several years, that they consisted of three distinct orders: 1st. The working insects, which he distinguished by the name of *labourers*. 2dly. The fighters or *soldiers*, which perform no kind of labour. And 3dly. The winged or *perfect insects*, which are male and female, and capable of multiplying the species. These last Mr. *Smeathman* calls the *nobility* and *gentry*; because they neither *labour* nor *fight*. The *nobility* alone are capable of being raised to the rank of kings and queens.—A few weeks after their elevation to this state, they emigrate in order to establish new empires.

The

Having taken the occasion of mentioning Sir *John Harington*'s translation of *Ariosto's Orlando Furioso*, and which has been translated lately by Mr. HOOLE, full dressed in the garb of modern poetry, it may not perhaps be unpleasing to some curious reader if I were to give a specimen, or a comparative view of the poetry of both tranlations; great allowance however must be made for the old spelling, and quaintness of style and expression in those days.—The passage which I have already given of Sir *J. H's Ariosto*, will serve to shew Mr. HOOLE's.

Her matchless person ev'ry charm combin'd,
Form'd in the idea of a painter's mind;

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tura de' mici figli dovesse farli possedere qualche terra, spero ne avranno maggior cura di quello fecero i loro antenati.

Bound in a knot behind her ringlets roll'd
Down her fair neck, and shone like waving gold:
Her blooming cheeks the blended tints disclose
Of lilies damask'd with the blushing rose;
Her forehead rising in proportion due,
Like polish'd ivory struck th' admirer's view,
Beneath two arching brows, in splendor shone
Her sparkling eyes, each eye a radiant sun;
Here artful glances, winning looks, appear,
And wanton *Cupid* lies in ambush here;
From hence he bends his bow, he points his dart,
And hence he steals th' unwary gazer's heart.
Her nose so truly shap'd, the faultless frame
Nor envy can deface, nor art can blame.
Her lips beneath with pure vermillion bright,
Present two rows of orient pearl to sight;
Here those soft words are form'd, whose power detains
The firmest breast, in love's alluring chains;
And here the smiles receive their infant birth,
Whose charms disclose a paradise on earth.
Her neck and breast were white as falling snows;
Round was her neck, and full her bosom rose;
Firm as the budding fruit, with gentle swell,
Each lovely breast alternate rose and fell;

Thus

Thus on the margin of the peaceful seas
The waters heave before the fanning breeze.
Not *Argus'* self her other charms could spy,
So closely veil'd from every prying eye:
Yet may we judge, the graces she reveal'd
Surpass'd not those which modesty conceal'd.
Her arms well shap'd, and of a glossy hue,
With perfect beauty gratified the view;
Her taper fingers long and fair to see,
From every rising vein and swelling free;
And from her vest below, with new delight,
Her slender foot attracts the lover's sight.
While vestments strive in vain each charm to hide,
Each angel charm that seems to Heav'n ally'd.*

A half-length of young BARKER, painted by himself, is an excellent picture, and in the opinion of a gentleman of *great judgment*, the best

* The critical reader cannot but observe how much obliged Mr. *Hoole* is to Sir *John Harington*, not only in this little specimen, but throughout the whole translation!

in the gallery. The position of the figure is well chosen, it is noble.—Great part of the face is given, and the body half presented, somewhat like the attitude of the body in fencing; the elbow is rather squared, the hand resting on the hip; the drapery is a loose gown or robe de chambre, in which he generally painted. The sbbozzo of a picture, and the implements of his profession, the palette, pencil, and brushes, are lying by him. The countenance of the young man exactly corresponds with his disposition and genius: were *Lavater* to see it, I think he would presently discover strong traits of good sense and genius; an open manliness, much amiability and benevolence, beaming through every feature of his face; it is a most graceful

graceful head, and finely adorned with his long black hair falling down his shoulders. It has been observed by several people, that this picture is not only painted in the manner of *Vandyke*, but that it bears a strong resemblance to the features of *Raphael!**

A three-quarter length of the ingenious Mr. JOHN FOSTER, of this city, who attended our young painter in a dangerous illness, and by his great physical skill and humane attention, had the honour of combating and defeating old Death, and the

* There is also another well-painted picture of *Barker* by himself, sitting in the act of *painting a landscape*, with his benevolent patron behind him, leaning upon his chair; both are strong *likenesses*, and remarkably expressive.

happiness

happiness of snatching an amiable youth from the devouring jaws of that insatiable tyrant. BARKER, grateful for the great skill and no less humanity which the worthy Doctor shewed him, requested he might have the honour of lending his assistance in handing down to posterity an original picture of a good example! Mr. FOSTER, not too avaricious of fame, reluctantly consented, upon the modest terms of his being painted just as he stood, then talking to his patient; thus we see him leaning with both his hands upon his cane, in his usual humble garb and snug curled wig; his healthy florid face strongly expressive of sententious sentiments, and benevolent quaintness; his piercing eye, full fixed upon his patient, denotes the importance

portance of some profound reflection; *probably* some great physical hypothesis of *Celsus*, *Galen*, or *Hippocrates*.

Here is a famous portrait, taken from nature, of a PEASANT, stretching himself and yawning; he is supposed to be just risen from his bed, and standing before his cottage door; his lurching cur dog standing by his side. The scene is a summer's morning before sun-rise; the distant hills and trees, tinged with the morning grey, is given in a very masterly style, producing the most natural effect. The nude of this portrait is more like flesh than paint; the tints are of that coarse ruddy brown so frequently seen in hard-labouring people; the drapery is well coloured, and properly adapted to a pea-

a peasant's station. I never beheld this portrait without its producing the effect of involuntary yawning.

To forget the old *Match-Woman* would be an unpardonable omission. The portrait of this old dealer in brimstone is *matchless*; and it would be difficult to find its *match* for good painting and resemblance. I have seen this poor old woman about the streets of Bath as long as I can remember, industriously retailing her humble wares. She is now near ninety years of age, and was painted by *Barker* about five years since; the strong cast of features of this old woman, and her being so well known, induced him to paint her. The shrivelled flesh and high-raised veins of the face

and

and hands, are minutely and accurately given. He must have taken infinite pains with this portrait, yet he was only seventeen years of age when he painted her. From the extreme likeness, she has often been recognized in the streets by strangers, who had seen her portrait, which has been the means of helping her to many a splendid shilling, when a solitary halfpenny was before *all her wealth*. Out upon it that it should be *all her wealth!* How are *these things* to be *reconciled*, or rather how can such things be *reconciled* to the consciences of those wretches, who amid luxury and riches, and saving their thousands a year, can behold their fellow-creatures prowling about the streets, suffering from old age, poverty, misery, and

and disease, without pity or relief? Alas! that *such things are*, we know; and the way to *reconcile* the order of them is thus;*—we are told there is a place *above* and a place *below*, the former to be filled *with very good sort of people*; but as the *latter* is also to be inhabited, his diabolical majesty, with infinite

* A celebrated writer speaks thus on covetousness: "To know truly what it is, we must know what master it serves;—they are many, and of various casts and humours,—and each one lends it something of its own complexion, tint, and character. This, I suppose, may be the cause that there is the greater and more whimsical mystery in the love of money, than in the darkest and most nonsensical problem that ever was pored on.—Even at the best, when the passion seems to seek something more than its own amusement,—there is little,—very little, I fear, to be said for its humanity;—it may be a sport for the miser,—but consider,—it must be death and destruction to others.

The

infinite adroitness, makes a grand selection from among the rich, who, if not too ambitious to dwell *eternally* with his highness, they must give *largely!* even *next* to more than they can *afford!* Publick subscriptions, which they are *almost obliged* to give, *will not save their bacon* from being most *infernally smoked!!!*

In

The moment this sordid humour begins to govern —farewell to all honest and natural affection!— farewell to every generous sentiment! to all he owes the world! how fast the obligations vanish! see,—he is now stripped of all feelings whatever; the shrill cry of justice, and the low lamentations of humble distress, are notes equally beyond his compass. Eternal God! see! he passes by one whom thou hast just bruised, without one pensive reflection;—he enters the cottage of the widow, whose husband and child thou hast taken to thyself,—exacts his bond without a sigh! Heaven! if I am to be tempted,—let it be by glory,—by ambition,—by some generous and manly vice:—

if I

In this collection there is yet a *match* for this old woman's portrait, which is the head of RICHARD BRENT, commonly called *Tom Thumb*, from selling histories of that little hero's life and adventures, with *Jack the Giant-killer*, *St. George and the Dragon*, and the *Seven Champions*, besides ballads, laces, and garters for the lasses. This itinerant occupation he has followed for seventy years, principally hawking his merchandize about the streets of Bristol, Bath, London, Oxford, Cambridge, and various parts of the kingdom.—Whilst I am *now writing*, the old man is sitting by me, relating some

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if I must fall, let it be by some passion which thou hast planted in my nature, which shall not harden my heart, but leave me room at last to retreat and come back to thee!"

humble

humble circumstances of his life:* He says he was born in the parish of St. Cuthbert's, in the city of Wells, and christened in that parish church; that he was just six years of age when King

* An old man of one hundred and eight years of age, recurring to such long past events, may be easily supposed to make *some mistakes*; and *I will suppose* he has done so, without the least intention of imposition;—for although he is in full possession of his understanding, yet he said his life was a burthen to him, which appeared very evident; for besides being *blind* and *deaf*, he labours under a *diabates*, and cannot, without assistance, perform any of the functions of nature. It cannot therefore be justly supposed the old fellow would *lie wilfully!* the shallowness of lying being generally attempted to cover *vice* or *imperfection*, or to answer the purpose of some *comsequence* arising from *low foolish vanity*, or from still worse motives, *imposition* with intent to DEFRAUD. Surely, we ought to have more charity, than to suppose an old man actuated by such *base motives* who wished every moment to be HIS LAST!

William

William landed in November 1688; was put apprentice to a weaver in Bristol of the name of *Jonathan Brown*, a quaker, which important event, in the history of this old man's life, happened upwards of ninety years ago. The weaving trade, he says, was at that time so good a business, that gentlemen's sons were frequently put apprentice to it. He did not follow his trade after he was out of his time, on account of the following circumstance; one of the representatives of the city of Bristol was for many years in the clothing trade, and a great encourager, if not the entire support, of the weavers in that city: at length their old representative lost his election from the strength of the low or presbyterian party, which at that time was furi-

ous

ous against the high churchmen; and leaving Bristol, and no longer encouraging the clothing trade, thirteen hundred poor weavers dispersed themselves in different parts of the kingdom; in particular, some hundreds settled at *Norwich*. From this memorable event the city of *Bristol* lost a considerable trade, which at this time might have been more extensive, and have made *Bristol* a mart beyond all competition, considering the local advantages she enjoys. *Tom Thumb* says, he was one out of four only which staid behind; and that having no business, he took up the occupation of a newspaper hawker, with which he travelled one hundred miles a week for eight years, at the same time selling upon his journey what he calls

calls good books and pretty histories for children, *Tom Thumb*, *Cock Robin*, *&c.* After following this trade for several years, he enlisted into General *Barrel*'s regiment of foot, and served in that corps thirteen years: when he left the army he was worth fifty pounds, which he had saved by obtaining leave on furlough to sell his little books about the country. After quitting the army he went to London, and followed his business as a weaver for eight years: The times at length growing bad for the weaving trade, he left London and returned to Bristol; and till within these six years continued his old occupation of hawking books and newspapers about the country. He says it is upwards of threescore and ten years since he sold a newspaper

newspaper in London, called the *Farthing Post*, by which he has often earned a guinea per week. He has been married four times, and has had thirty-two children.

The most singular event of this poor old man's life, is an act of cruelty which was committed upon him by order of the chief magistrate of a great city, to the eternal disgrace of magistracy:—A few years since, when this poor old man was upwards of one hundred years of age, he was walking in one of the publick streets, crying his *Tom Thumbs* and *Cock Robins*, and being met by Mr. ——, then mayor of the city, he accosted him, and asked what business he had to sell such things as *Cocky-Robins*, and *Tommy Thumbs?* The

old man replied, he did it to gain his bread, which he had uninterruptedly done for more than *threeſcore years*.—The magistrate told him he would not let him sell any during his mayoralty. The man replied, if he would otherwise provide for him, he did not wish to sell them, and would readily give up his basket, if the magistrate would order him more than one ſhilling per week, which he received from the parish. This request the mayor refused, and ordered his servant to take away the poor old fellow's basket, with all his wares in it, which he never got again.

Two months elapsed when the poor old man, being almost starved, again collected a few books and ballads, and cried

cried them about the streets: The humane mayor then ordered the peace-officers to take him to the general *work-house*, where they made him strip to his skin, and gave him a dozen lashes; which the merciless villains laid on so severely, that he could not follow his occupation for upwards of two months. Mr. ——, a late member of parliament, Mr. ———, a respectable merchant, and some other gentlemen, hearing of this scandalous outrage against humanity, sent for the poor old man to a certain tavern, where they desired him to strip and shew them his back. The severity of the chastisement appeared but too plain to the indignant gentlemen, who all justly reprobated the unworthy conduct of the magistrate,

and immediately resolved to enter a prosecution against him. The indignant reader cannot but be gratified that this cruel affair cost the steel-hearted mayor several hundred pounds, arising from the following circumstance. Mr. ———, soon after this disgraceful event, meeting with the mayor in the publick street, very warmly remonstrated with him upon his cruel conduct, which so irritated the magistrate that he struck him. Mr. ———, who possesses as much spirit as he does liberality, told him, that with only one of his hands he could severely chastise him if he thought proper, but that as he was a cruel r----l, he would make him suffer in a way that would more sensibly affect such a wretch's feelings; he accordingly

cordingly prosecuted him in one of the courts of justice in Westminster-hall, which cost him the sum above-mentioned.

Barker is a most admirable painter of CATTLE; his kine, either fat or lean, or however disposed in action, seem to live and graze on his canvas. But his *chef d'œuvre* in painting the brute creation is his *ass!* If ever painter did justice to that patient animal, Mr. *Barker* surely must have the pre-eminence in giving him his true features, colouring, and expression. I hold this animal in no less esteem than STERNE*

" Now 'tis an animal (be in what hurry I may)
" I cannot bear to strike:—there is a patient en-
" durance of sufferings, wrote so unaffected in his
" looks

did, and although I never gave him the bitter stump of an artichoke, or sweet macaroons,* nor ever had the *felicity* of *conversing*‡ with this sentimental creature! yet I so venerate his humble character, that it grieves me

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" looks and carriage, which pleads so mightily for " him, that it always disarms me; and to that " degree, that I do not like to speak unkindly to " him."

* " Thou hast not a friend in all this world " that will give thee a macaroon.—In saying this, " I pulled out a paper of them, which I had just " purchased, and gave him one:—and at this mo- " ment that I am telling it, my heart smites me " that there was more of pleasantry in the conceit " of seeing how an ass would eat a macaroon— " than of benevolence in giving him one—which " presided in the act."

‡ " I have ever something civil to say to him " on my part; and, as one word begets another, " (if he has as little to do as I)—I generally fall " into conversation with him.—With an ass I can " commune for ever."

to

to the heart to hear him degraded by vile comparisons with some of our unworthy degenerate species! such as, when a man is a fool, he is said to be as foolish as an ass; if stupid, as stupid as an ass; if illiterate, as ignorant as an ass; if nasty, as beastly as an ass; and if *ugly*, as *ugly* as an *ass!* But why this contempt for an animal so patient, good, and useful? Now he who calls that animal foolish, is no more wise himself; nay, is very ignorant not to know his sagacity. It is well known how much he is attached to his master, though in general he is unworthy of that poor animal's fidelity: he will smell him from afar, and know him from all other men if he has lost him; he will seek him even for days together. STERNE seems to have

have been acquainted with the sagacity, affection, and virtue of this animal, when he makes the old German lament the loss of his ass, (when *La Fleur* offered him money, and the old man refused it) " It was not, he said, " the value of the ass,—but the loss " of him: the ass, he said, loved him, " and upon this told them a long story " of a mischance upon their passage " over the Pyrenean mountains, which " had separated them from each other " three days, during which time the " ass had sought him as much as he had " sought the ass, and that they had " neither scarcely eat or drank till they " met.——Thou hast one comfort, " friend, said I, in the loss of thy " poor beast, I am sure thou hast been " a merciful master to him.—Alas!

" said

" said the mourner, I thought so when " he was alive, but now that he is " dead I think otherwise. I fear the " weight of myself, and my afflictions " together, have been too much for " him: they have shortened the poor " creature's days, and I fear I have " them to answer for!—Shame on the " world, said I to myself; did we love " each other, as this poor soul loved " his ass, it would be something!"

Pliny says, in his usual marvellous way, that this animal has so great an affection for its young, that if separated from it she would go through fire to recover it.

But why are these animals called more beastly, or nasty, than the horse? Is

Is it from the perverseness of men, because the contrary is true? for he is in smell much sweeter, and of all animals the least subject to vermin and diseases: He is more moderate than the horse, both as to the quantity and quality of his food, and much more delicate in respect to water, for he will not drink but from rivulets or springs of the purest water, and of that not largely. The milk of the female ass proves this animal to be sweeter than the horse; if he rolls himself in dirt, it is because his master neglects to curry him; he will even turn out of his road to avoid mud. This creature then is not such a dirty animal as to be compared with man, when he degrades himself with acts of beastliness! He is called stupid, for possessing the most

most essential good qualities—steadiness and patience under all his sufferings: This gentleness of demeanor it is that makes him so admirably useful, but which is foolishly denominated stupidity. Poor animal! how I have seen thee abused and despised by the very wretches who were profiting from thy overloaded burthens! Detestable ingratitude! I would rather see such wretches scourged, than even vile thieves of notoriety. Is he so ugly as to be compared with the ugliest of the human species? No; we do not say as ugly as a horse, because we know it to be a handsome animal; yet had we not the horse, says *Buffon*, we should rank the ass first instead of second, and account him a beautiful and well-proportioned animal, and when young he

he is both handsome and sprightly; he has cleaner and drier legs than the horse, his scent more acute, and it is owing to his fine long ears that he hears sounds from afar better perhaps than any other animal: his eyes are remarkably strong and fine, he is surer-footed than the horse, and has at least as many good qualities as the horse; if he is illiterate, it is because we do not bestow on him the same education as on the horse, who is instructed and exercised; but he is full as susceptible of education, and has been taught even to be learned. The ass will live where the horse would starve, and is of use in countries where a horse, with all his spirit and beauty, would be of no service. I by no means then see why he should

be

be so much degraded in a comparison with a horse; for some of his family in certain parts of the world are even larger, stronger, swifter, and more beautiful, than the generality of horses.

The asses of the desarts of Lybia and Numidia, it is said, run so fast, that only the horses of Barbary can beat them in hunting. The descent of the ass is therefore as ancient and as honourable as that of the proud and impetuous horse; and has been more honoured than any other animal in the world:—he carried the SON OF GOD upon his back, when he entered the holy city of Jerusalem. He has been favoured with inspiration: he spoke the language of man, and rebuked

ked his rider! would to God he could again talk, and severely frighten those brutes who make him work beyond his strength, and wantonly and wickedly beat and abuse him!

Buffon observes, that these poor friendless animals greatly degenerate in the colder countries; they are *aborigines* of warm climates, it is true; but were they taken good care of in this country, and a selection made of those the most proper for propagating the species, no doubt we should have them larger, stronger, more spirited and active, and they would consequently be able to do much of the labour which that expensive animal the horse* now performs.

* If both the ox and ass were more generally used, *meat* and *corn* would be infinitely more reasonable,

Two years ago I saw an ass at *Carisbrook-castle*, in the *Isle of Wight*, that was of a height and strength sufficient to carry thirteen or fourteen stone; it was taken great care of, and being sometimes curried, his coat was short, clean, and shining; he was so docile, that when his master called him by his name, he would immediately run to him from any part of a large field: His business was to draw water by a large wheel from a very deep well, supposed to be sunk by the Romans; when his keeper wanted water, he would say unto him, "*Tom*, I want "water, my boy; get into the wheel, "my good lad;" which *Thomas* imme-

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sonable,—objects of *real* importance, particularly to the poor in these days of *dearness* and of *enormous taxation*.

diately

diately performed with an alacrity and sagacity that would have done credit to a nobler animal; and no doubt he knew the precise number of times necessary for the wheel to revolve upon its axis to compleat his labour, because every time he brought the bucket to the surface of the well, he constantly stopped, and turned round his honest head to observe the moment when his master laid hold of the bucket to draw it towards him, because he had then a nice evolution to make, either to recede or advance a little. It was pleasing to observe with what steadiness and regularity the poor animal performed this labour.

It is well known the ass does not commonly live above twenty-five or thirty

thirty years; and from barbarous usage, perhaps, few live half that period; yet the predecessor of this animal, which performed the same work, I was assured from good authority, lived to the amazing age of fifty-three years, and probably might have lived several years longer, had he not died from accident; for being blind, he got up some steep place, fell down, and was killed. Extraordinary longevity, I presume, is not confined to any species of animals.

BARKER's *chef d'œuvre* in landscape, is a *Picture taken from Nature* upon a very large scale, nearly a square of about eight feet; a cottage appears situate close to a forest, with many figures sitting and standing by the door; a

road is discovered winding through the forest; the foliage of the thick trees is beautifully disposed, and entwined with the happiest arrangement of nature. The whole is harmonized with a clear warm sky, and the scorching rays of the sun tinges a distant mountain's top, giving a fine effect of light and shade to this romantic tranquil scene. He has managed his colours in this picture with extraordinary brilliance: the *clair obſcure* he has introduced with the most exquisite judgment. Mr. *Spackman* has been offered a large sum for this picture, but is not yet tempted to dispose of so fine an ornament to his exhibition. Whoever has it should have a lofty room to shew it in, otherwise (from its being

being so large) due justice would not be done to this charming landscape.

It is astonishing what expression he gives to the features of very small figures; he has painted a landscape about a foot square, in which he has introduced a company of gypsies telling a country girl her fortune! the countenance of the old harridan bespeaks her artful cant. The girl's face is full of the redolence of joy, strongly expressive of that pleasure which the painter meant should be thrown in her countenance from the supposition of her being pleased with the good news of matrimony, and with the foretelling of many a pleasing event. In the back ground of this

picture is a beautiful landscape taken from nature near *Claverton*.

Barker, like a true genius, has a great dislike to portrait painting, justly thinking it cramps the genius, and confines the mind, unless it be united to some subject representing some great atchievement to the honour and reputation of the person, or the image of some virtue, or connected with some scene in nature, so as to display the genius of the painter.

A few winters ago he painted the *portrait of his friend's daughter*, a fine girl about thirteen or fourteen years of age, and introduced on the canvas a picturesque scene of rugged winter; trees covered with icicles, people skaiting

ing on ice in every direction, groupes of figures, cottages, &c. The young lady is in a walking attitude, handsomely attired in wintry garments, with a muff and other symbols of the severity of that season.—This is a well-designed, excellent picture.

His picture of THREE SAND BOYS dividing some broken victuals, taken from nature, is one of the most capital of our young artist's pictures.—Mr. *Rogers*, of Southampton, an acknowledged judge of painting, knew its value, by purchasing it for *one hundred and fifty guineas!* The scene and figures are taken from life, and the nude appears like living flesh! The hungry and eager looks of the boys in the division of their victuals is most excellently

excellently expressed; each one surveys the other with eyes of jealousy, with looks which seem to say "you have "more than your share." I never beheld a picture more true to nature; and as a proof of it, I beg leave to relate the following little circumstance:—A gentleman of Bath went to see *Barker*'s pictures;—his terrier dog happened to follow him into the room where this picture (which was just finished) was then placed against a chair. The moment the dog espied it he first growled, and then barked violently; both Mr. *Spackman* and the gentleman at first imagined a cat might be in the room, till the dog undeceived them by running furiously at the picture, and endeavouring to lay hold of the tattered coat of one

of

of the boys, when all he grasped was *thin air*, instead of *ragged substance! Zeuxis* might have been proud of such a flattering deception, who painted a boy carrying a basket of grapes, and seeing the birds come and peck at them, he confessed that if the *grapes* were *well painted*, the *boy* must be *ill painted*, since the birds were not afraid of him.

The Grecian artists must have been wonderful masters of imitation, if what *Pliny* relates of them be true, particularly the well-known story of *Zeuxis* and *Parrhasius*, who, to decide a controversy, agreed that each should make a picture, and let the world judge whose performance was best. *Zeuxis* painted some grapes, and *Parrhasius* a curtain;

curtain: *Zeuxis*'s work being exposed to sight, invited the birds to come and peck at it, believing the grapes to be real; and *Zeuxis*, proud of the judgment the birds had given in his favour, bad *Parrhasius* draw the curtain and shew his picture; but finding himself deceived by the curtain, he ingenuously confessed he was overcome, for he had only deceived birds, whereas *Parrhasius* had deceived him himself, as great a painter as he was;—but this talent for imitation was the death of *Zeuxis*. It is said, he painted an old woman so natural, and yet so comical, that he laughed himself to death at the sight of her. This is related by *Festus*. That he was a great painter there is no doubt, since *Aristotle*, *Quintilian*, *Pliny*, and *Lucian*, all make honourable

honourable mention of him, yet the two former are his critics too. *Aristotle* says he had not the talent of expressing justly the passions of the soul; and *Quintilian* observes he made the extremities of his figures too powerful, imitating *Homer*, who delighted, in describing bodies, to give them strong and robust members, even to those of women. *Homer* has done this, and highly proper in so grand and bold an epic poem, where he made his heroes, not as common nature, but gave them a plenitude of influences, assisted upon all occasions by a supposed particular providence of the heathen deities, which often made them appear more like demigods than men.

A genius

A genius sublime enough to write an epic poem will not suffer himself to be confined to the trammels of common proportion. *Milton*, in his epic descriptions, took the same licence, and so did *Shakespeare* in the drama. Man, in his ordinary nature, has too many diminutives, has too little in his power, is too vulnerable, to perform lofty deeds of *wonder* and *surprise!*— Inspiration only can effect it. Yet it is enough to make us proud, that it is in our power to *conceive ideas* far more vast and magnificent than our limited nature has power to perform. From this arises a glorious reflection, that as we can comprehend more than we are allowed to execute, it appears highly probable there will yet be a time when the mind or soul of man shall

shall have its full expanse, and, unclogged, shall far more clearly view that which now *only* appears visionary or imperfect to our imaginations, and as I take it for this reason;—that GOD could never have endued ALL MANKIND with a presumption of looking so high, and possessing him with the ideas of immortality, (which he has reason to expect) without intending him for that great and eternal state.

These reflections bring to my mind the ecstatical admiration of that ingenious writer Mr. *Richardson*: "Good "GOD, says he, what a noble spirit "has human nature been honoured "with! look upon what the ancients "have done; look into the gallery of "Hampton-Court; turn over a book "of

" of well-chosen drawings; then will
" it be found, that the Psalmist was
" divinely inspired, when, applying
" himself to his Creator, he said of
" man, Thou hast made him a little
" lower than the angels, thou hast
" crowned him with glory and ho-
" nour."

I am not surprised at Mr. *Richardson*'s enthusiasm, for it is impossible that any man of taste and genius can view the cartons of *Raphael* without rapture. At the time *Richardson* wrote they were in the gallery of Hampton-Court, but are now in Windsor Castle. It is not long since the writer of this saw them, and he believes that a day scarcely passes but he dwells upon the remembrance with a pensive pleasure.

I quite

I quite agree with *Carlo Maratti*, who said, that "if he had been shewn a "picture of *Raphael*'s, and not having "ever heard of him, had been told it "was the work of an angel, *he should* "*have believed it.*

If the Grecian painters exceeded *Raphael* in his cartons, they must have been more than angels; yet the famous *Poussin* said that *Raphael* was but an ass,* in comparison with the ancients.

* *Poussin*'s judgment of him, says a judicious author, relates only to his thoughts, his goût, his justness of design, and his expressions:—The thoughts of the ancients are simple, sublime, and natural; so are *Raphael*'s: The antique design is correct, varied according to decency, and of a great goût; *Raphael*'s is the same. The antique way of the collocation of the muscles is learned and exact, and delicate in their offices. *Raphael* was not

ancients. *Poussin* was an envious blockhead for making use of so strange a phrase, he might have been con-

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not ignorant of this part, yet we must confess, that those who have studied anatomy, as it relates to painting, may observe more exactness in the antique, and more delicacy in the actions of the muscles in the ancient pictures, than in not only *Raphael*'s, but in any other modern painter's whatsoever. I allow that this great justness, and great delicacy in the action of the muscles, regulate the exactness of the outlines; but I don't see that *Raphael* was so much out of the way as to be reckoned an ass, in comparison of the antiques. It is true, *Raphael* formed the grandeur of his goût from the fine statues of antiquity, and that when he came from his master, *Perugino*, they put him into a right way; he followed them implicitly at first, but at last perceiving that the road of painting was different from that of sculpture, he took from them no more than was just proper for his art; and, as he grew older and wiser, he left off the rest. This difference is easily to be perceived in the pictures which he painted at different times, the latest of which came nearest the character of nature.

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tented to have said that *Raphael* was as much below the ancients as the moderns are below him, and then he would *only* have told a lie; for although *Poussin* might have been conversant in the antique, as far as statuary, carving, gems, and coins, yet he could not have seen any of their paintings, none being extant in his time; he took upon trust what the ancients have said of them in their descriptions, and so have many other writers, in giving the preference to *Apelles*, *Zeuxis*, *Pamphilus*, *Protogenes*, *Timanthes*, *&c. &c.* instead of *Angelo*, *Raphael*, *Titian*, *Julio Romano*, *Correggio*, *Carravaggio*, *Parmeggiano*, *&c. &c.* Now as the former gentlemen flourished above two thousand years ago, and none of their works exist, there is no possibility of it being

being peremptorily decided who were the best. The ancient writers indeed speak high enough of them, to make readers believe them, if they had never seen such amazing efforts of human genius in the works of moderns.—Heavens! is it possible that more sublimity, grace, beauty, dignity, expression, and nature, with all her glowing colours, could be given upon canvas, than is to be found in the cartons of the so justly called *divine Raphael? Richardson* calls him the modern *Apelles*, distinguished for grace, and with a prodigious degree of greatness. What a grace and majesty, says he, is seen in the great Apostle of the gentiles, in all his actions, preaching, rending his garments, denouncing vengeance upon the sorcerer! what a dignity

dignity is in the other Apostles wherever they appear, particularly the Prince of them, in the carton of the death of *Ananias!* how infinitely and divinely great and genteel is the *Christ* in the boat! But these are exalted characters, which have a delicacy in them as much beyond what any of the gods, demigods, or heroes, of the ancient heathens can admit of, as the Christian religion excels the ancient superstition. The proconsul *Sergius Paulus* has a greatness and grace superior to his character, and equal to what one can suppose *Cæsar*, *Augustus*, *Trajan*, or the greatest among the Romans to have had. The common people are like gentlemen; even the fishermen, and the beggars, have something in them much above what we see in those

orders of men; and the scenes are answerable to the actors. Not even the beautiful gate of the Temple, nor any part of the first temple, nor probably any building in the world, had that beauty and magnificence as appear in what we see in the carton of *Healing the Cripple*. *Athens* and *Lystra* appear in these cartons to be beyond what we can suppose they were when *Greece* was in its utmost glory; even the place where the Apostles were assembled (in the carton of *Ananias*) is no common room; and though the steps and rails, which were made on purpose for them for the exercise of their new function, have something expressive of the poverty and simplicity of the infant church, the curtain behind, which also is part of the apostolical equi-

page,

page, gives a dignity even to that. The same kind of criticism which *Quintilian* made use of in his observation upon the genius of *Zeuxis*, may equally serve for the cartons of this great man; but in truth, it is rather panegyric than censure. The figures being all* *very properly* larger than life, the passions are hereby better disco-

* Not like Mr. *West*'s picture in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, of the Lord's Supper, where, in order to distinguish the principal figure, he has painted the traitor *Judas* as much out of proportion to the rest of the figures as Mr. *Brien O'Burn*, the Irish giant, is to the common proportion of mankind. I cannot conceive why he has made him such a huge, ugly figure, so enveloped in a large cloak, wrapt up like *Gibbet* in the *Beaux Stratagem:* He might possibly have had no more the appearance of a gentleman than the rest of the company, yet I presume he was not worse dressed or a worse looking man than any of the others;

discovered; the features, muscles, nerves, arteries, and veins, of the human frame, are more easily distinguished; the whole economy of the body at once bearing the most harmonizing proportions.‡

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his mind might have been base, but we are not told that either his stature, cloak, *hair*, or face, were an index, or any thing relative to his iniquity, in betraying his master. Mr. *West* had better have made him like another man, and have written over him THIS IS JUDAS! Notwithstanding this glaring fault in the picture, there are other parts of it that are very finely painted. Mr. *West* is unquestionably a man of great genius, his designs which *Jervas* has painted on glass in St. George's Chapel, and his pictures of the battle of *Cressy*, and others, prove him to be an artist of strong conception.

‡ Mr. WEBB says, It is probable that a great part of the pleasure which we receive in the contemplation of such Colossal figures, arises from a com-

The Author I have before quoted has said so much to the purpose upon this subject, that I am tempted to transcribe the passage; the whole perfectly agreeing with what I had written before seeing his book.

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comparison of their proportions with our own.—The mind, in these moments, grows ambitious; and feels itself aspiring to greater powers, and superior functions. These noble and exalted feelings diffuse a kind of rapture through the soul, and raise in it conceptions and aims above the limits of humanity: The finest, and, at the same time, most pleasing sensations in nature, are those which (if I may be allowed the expression) carry us out of ourselves, and bring us nearest to that divine original from which we sprung. To this power of humanizing, if I may so term it, these colossal proportions, succeeds that of annexing the sublime to the most minute. When two such extremes correspond in their effects, we may be assured, that the merit in both springs from the same cause—greatness of manner.

"Common nature (says he) is no more fit for a picture, than plain narration is for a poem: a painter must raise his ideas beyond what he sees, and form a model of perfection in his own mind, which is not to be found in reality; but yet such a one as is probable and rational. Particularly with respect to mankind, he must as it were raise the whole species, and give them all imaginable beauty, and grace, dignity, and perfection; every several character, whether it be good or bad, amiable or detestable, must be stronger and more perfect. At court and elsewhere, amongst people of condition, one sees another sort of beings than in the country, or the remote and inferior parts of the town: and amongst these there are some few that plainly

plainly distinguish themselves by their noble and graceful airs, and manner of acting. There is an easy gradation in all nature; the most stupid of animals are little more than vegetables; the most sagacious and cunning are hardly inferior to the lowest order of men, as the wisest and most virtuous of these are little below angels. One may conceive an order superior to what can any where be found on our globe; a kind of new world may be formed in the imagination, consisting as this of people of all degrees and characters, only heightened and improved. A beautiful genteel woman must have her defects overlooked, and what is wanting to complete her character, supplied;—a brave man, and one honestly and wisely pursuing his own interest,

interest, in conjunction with that of his country, must be imagined more brave, more wise, more exactly and inflexibly honest, than any we know, or can hope to see. A villain must be conceived to have something more diabolical than is to be found even amongst us. A gentleman must be more so, and a peasant have more of the gentleman, and so of the rest. With such as these an artist must people his pictures.

" Thus the ancients have done. Notwithstanding the great and exalted ideas we may have of the people of those times from their histories, (which probably are improved by the historians using the same management in their writings as I am recommending

to

to the painters: it was the poet's proper business so to do) one can hardly believe them to be altogether such as we see in the antique statues, bas-reliefs, medals, and intaglios: And thus the best modern painters and sculptors have done. *Michael Angelo* nó where saw such living figures as he cut in stone; and *Raphael* thus writes to his friend the Count *Baldasser Castiglione*: 'Ma essendo carestia 'e di i buoni giudicii, et di belle 'donne, io mi servo di certa idea che 'mi viene alla mente.' The letter is in *Bellon*'s description of the pictures in the Vatican, and in the collection of letters I have cited heretofore.

"When a man (says Mr. *Richardson*) enters into that awful gallery at *Hampton-*

Hampton-Court, he finds himself among a sort of people superior to what he has ever seen, and very probably to what those really were. Indeed this is the principal excellence of those wonderful pictures, as it must be allowed to be that part of painting which is preferable to all others."

Since these master-pieces of human excellence, the cartons of RAPHAEL, have been removed to *Windsor*, the King has afforded them very handsome new frames, and by a sort of *chevaux de frise* they are properly defended from the too near approach of the over-curious, or the wantonly mischievous. They appear here to much greater advantage than they did at *Hampton-Court*, from the rooms being

so

so much more lofty and magnificent; indeed the proud old castle is altogether more worthy the honour of receiving them; and owing to the superiorly beautiful situation of *Windsor*, and being the residence of Royalty, many more people see them than when in their former situation. Yet I remember the public were much alarmed when they heard that the cartons were taken from *Hampton*; the newspaper scribblers said the Queen intended selling them, or to exchange them for diamonds, while others said she had given them to Madame *Schwellenberg!!*

If it be considered how long these pictures have been painted, and that they are done in water-colours upon paper, they are still in extraordinary preser-

preservation.* The colours are yet fresh and bright; however, unhappily

* They have been painted above two hundred and seventy-two years. *Raphael* died in 1520. It is surprising so young a man should arrive to such an extraordinary degree of excellence, even to absolute perfection, before he was thirty years of age! He died in his 37th year, rather singularly on a *Good-Friday*, the day he was *born!*—Omnipotent *love* was the *cause* of his death! He is described as being eminently beautiful: In an engraving of his head, which I have, he resembles a beautiful young girl more than a man in his adult state.

A tincture of enthusiasm upon most subjects, except religion, is perhaps occasionally necessary, but surely never existed such a constant enthusiast as *Lavater*; his enthusiasm flames like a fiery furnace supplied with boiling oil. In speaking of *Raphael*, he says, "Those painters were the best "whose persons were the handsomest. *Raphael*, "*Reubens*, and *Vandyke*, possessing *three* grada- "tions of *beauty*, possessed *three* gradations of the "genius of painting!!" "No man, says he, can "be a physiognomist who has a base mind, an *ill-* "*formed forehead*, a *blinking eye*, or a *distorted* "*mouth*." So that to be *good* and *wise*, it is necessary to be *handsome!* Risum teneatis!

in some of them, the paper is peeling off. To a mind of sensibility, it is a melancholy reflection that such glorious works should perish while the world exists.

Xerxes wept upon beholding his army of a million of men, on considering that not one of his brave soldiers would be alive in a few years.—This was very amiable; and such a reflection must have been infinitely more poignant in the breast of a heathen, than in a Christian, who looks for happiness more distant, and far more glorious, than in the poor sphere of our earth. I could *rather weep* on reflecting that all these fine productions of human art will,

" Like the baseless fabric of a vision, be dissolv'd;
" And leave not a wreck behind."

I could

I could sigh
For perish'd art;—for those celestial hues,
Which *Raphael*, aided by the attic muse,
Gave to the wond'ring eye. — — —

I can be sorrowful when I think of those times which the poet describes:—

Then did each Muse behold her triumphs fade;
Then pensive Painting droop'd the languisht head;
And sorrowing Sculpture, while the ruthless flame
Involv'd each trophy of her sister's fame,
Fled to sepulchral cells her own to save,
And lurk'd a patient inmate of the grave.

Such rude ravagers, such base and barbarous tribes, in all probability, will yet appear again, nor leave a trace of that behind which now delights our wondering eyes; but if this should be averted, there is all-devouring Time, with his fell destruction, will moulder all

all to dust, nor leave aught distinguished *but a name!* If the pictures of the ancients, which were painted on a solid mass of a composition almost as hard as stone, have not been handed down to us, we can have no hopes of modern excellence* reaching remote posterity! The canvas of an *Angelo*, a *Titian*, &c. and the well-painted paper of the divine *Raphael*, must consequently perish! comparatively *in a little time!* And even thine, O *Barker*, after the universal admiration of a few centuries, *shall perish!* Not even a

* We have an advantage in the art of engraving which the ancients had not, and which may be the means of very long perpetuating the designs of great painters, and will besides make the moderns more intelligible historians and explainers of arts and sciences, by adding to their works charts, maps, and various engravings.

trace

trace of thy famous old Woodman shall exist,† nor any of thy historical pieces‡ yet to be performed, shall be left to delight the gazing eyes of after-genera-

† Since these sheets have been sent to press, a beautiful coloured engraving of the Woodman's portrait is published by Mr. *Macklin*, and engraved by Mr. *Bartolozzi*, in his best manner; the price of it is two guineas. The portrait is finely executed, and so is the dog; but as the attention should never be diverted from what ought to be the principal, however well it may be done, I could almost wish the dog done away, as, when *Protogenes* the Grecian painter, in the famous picture of *Jalissus*, had painted a partridge so exquisitely well that it seemed a living creature, it was admired by all *Greece*; but that being more taken notice of, he defaced it entirely.

‡ There is no doubt but that *this part* of the art, which is the epic in painting, will be *Barker*'s future greatness, it already appears his chief delight, and occupies the greater part of his attention.—If he reads a striking passage in history, he presently forms a design, and, as if an angel guided his hand,

generations! Yet still, great genius, proceed, nor wearied stop in the glo-

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hand, he forms a beautiful composition. This he does with a facility and comprehension that is inconceivable to *geniuses* of the *minutiæ tribe.*

A few of these schizzos have been presented to connoisseurs, who value them highly, and acknowledge they form the best and most undoubted proof of a great genius. He has painted three or four small scripture pieces, and although they are the works of very young days, are well conceived and executed, particularly his *Elijah taken up into Heaven.*

The Rev. Mr. GILPIN, author of several tours, makes so just an observation upon History Painting, that I am tempted to transcribe the passage, earnestly hoping that *Barker*'s historical pieces will yet be able to *raise raptures*, and that even Mr. *Gilpin*'s fine imagination shall not *soar* beyond them.

"History Painting (says this judicious writer) is certainly the most elevated species. Nothing exalts the human mind so much as to see the great actions of our fellow-creatures brought before the eye; but this pleasure we seldom find in painting. So much

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rious course thou hast begun;—do honour to the present age, and become the glory of our island!*

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is required from the history painter, so intimate a knowledge both of nature and art, that we rarely see a history piece, even from the best masters, that is able to *raise raptures.* We may admire the colouring, or the execution, or some under-part; but *the soul is seldom reached.* The imagination soars beyond the picture. In the inferior walks of painting, where less is required, more of course is performed: and though we have few good pictures in history, we have many in portrait, in landscape, in animal life, dead game, fruit and flowers.—History painting is a mode of epick: and the literary world abounds with admirable productions in the lower walks of poetry; an epick is the wonder of an age."

* Mr WEBB laments, in his usual elegant style of writing, that there is not a national genius for the divine art of painting in this country:—"By what fatality, says he, has it been, that a nation eminent for its productions in poetry and eloquence, capable of the greatest efforts of genius, and blest with the happiest sensibility, should for so many ages, with a kind of wilful and Gothick rudeness,

And now, my good reader, perhaps you will accuse me of bombastical language and gross partiality, in order

rudeness, have withstood the allurements of this divine art?" No doubt but it is owing to the extraordinary passion, which, Mr. *Webb* well observes, the English have for portraits, which must ever prevent the rise of History Painting among us; for the liberal, like the mechanical arts, depend wholly on the encouragement they meet with. There are painters of genius too, who being more avaricious of money than of fame, will suffer themselves to gain a few paltry pounds a year more by basely prostituting their talents to despicable face-painting. *Barker* has a too generous disdain for the love of money to pervert those talents which Heaven has given him in so ignoble a manner.

An anonymous author has also expressed his surprize similar to Mr. WEBB,—"And though the English climate, says he, hath been warm enough to produce a number of eminent men in most sciences and professions; and notwithstanding the great munificence of *Henry* VIII. Queen *Elizabeth*,

to answer some purpose; but be assured it is nothing more than the flowings of disinterested sensibility, and the

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Elizabeth, and *Charles* I. (during the first fifteen years of his reign) and the great value they had for pictures, and the encouragement given by Queen *Elizabeth* to all sorts of arts, during a reign of near fifty years; and although it is acknowledged by foreigners, that there are no workmen in the world that have greater beauty in the execution than the English, or know better how to manage their tools; and though England hath given to the world eminent poets; yet it hath not produced painters who have been able to attain to that taste in design, which some foreign artists have brought over with them to England." The good-natured and ingenious RICHARDSON, on this subject, says, "Whatever degeneracy may have crept in, from causes which it is not my present business to enquire into, no nation under Heaven so nearly resembles the ancient *Greeks* and *Romans* as we do. There is a haughty courage, an elevation of thought, a greatness of taste, a love of liberty, a simplicity, and honesty amongst us, which we inherit

the honest ardor of enthusiasm which I feel for first-rate talents, and the real respect I owe to the arts in general.

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inherit from our ancestors, and which belong to us as Englishmen; and it is in these this resemblance consists. I could exhibit a long catalogue of soldiers, statesmen, orators, mathematicians, philosophers, &c. and all living in or near our own times, which are proofs of what I advance, and consequently do honour to our country, and to human nature. But as I confine myself to arts, and such as have an affinity to painting, and moreover avoid to mention, on this occasion, the names of any now alive, (though many of those I have in view will immediately occur to the thoughts of every man) I will only instance INIGO JONES for architecture, and SHAKESPEARE and MILTON, the one for dramatick, the other for epick poetry; and leave them to seat themselves at the table of fame amongst the most illustrious of the ancients. A time may come when future writers may be able to add the name of an *English painter.*"

O amiable, departed RICHARDSON, thou, who hast written with as much enthusiasm as myself, (peace

ral. My partiality and admiration is not founded on any score of friendship with this celebrated artist, never having seen him! nor have I much acquaintance with his liberal patron Mr. *Spackman*. But instead of apologizing for rapture or admiration, I doubt not but that *nine* people out of *ten* who view them, have a similar sensation! Nor let it be supposed to arise from a heated brain, or an overwarm imagination: no; it is only that

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(peace be to thy manes) I will be that writer to name an *English* painter! and although, like thee, I am not a prophet, nor the son of a prophet, I will venture to pronounce, as exceedingly probable, that the name of BARKER will be at length found to revive the ancient great and beautiful taste in painting, and to do immortal honour to our country!!!

that proper enthusiasm* or emotion of the soul, which makes it appear to us that we behold *as it were* the very image

* "There are certain happy moments," says an anonymous author, "for geniuses, when the soul, as if filled with fire divine, takes in all nature, and spreads upon all objects that heavenly life that animates them, those engaging strokes that warm and ravish us. This situation of the soul is called *enthusiasm*, a word which all the world understands, and which hardly any one has defined.—The ideas which most authors give of it seem rather to come from an enraptured imagination, filled with enthusiasm itself, than from a head that thinks and reflects coolly. At one time it is a celestial vision, a divine influence, a prophetick spirit; at another, it is an intoxication, an extacy, a joy mixed with trouble, and admiration in the presence of the divinity. Was their design to elevate the polite arts, by this emphatical way of speaking, and to hide from the profane the mysteries of the muses? But let those who seek to enlighten their ideas, despise the allegoric pomp that blinds them. Let them consider enthusiasm as

image of those things which the painter or the poet describes, to awaken our passions, and to excite our sensations!

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as a philosopher considers great men, without any regard to the vain shew that surrounds them. The spirit which inspires excellent authors, when they compose, is like that which animates heroes in battle. *Sua cuique Deus fit dira cupido.* In the one it is a boldness, and a natural intrepidity, provoked by the presence even of danger itself. In the other it is a great fund of genius, a just and exquisite wit, a fruitful imagination; and above all, a heart filled with noble fire, and which easily acts at the sight of objects. These privileged souls receive, and never fail to reproduce them, adorned with new beauty, force, and elegance. This is the source and principle of enthusiasm.

"We may already perceive what must be the effect with regard to the arts which imitate nature. Let us call back the example of *Zeuxis*. Nature has in her treasures all those images of which the most beautiful imitations can be composed; they are like sketches in the painters' tablets. The artist, who is essentially an observer, views them, takes

sensations! In short, to feel with just sensibility upon beholding works of great exeellence!

Si licet ingenium placida mollitur ab arte
Et stadio mores convenienter erunt.

OVID.

He, who is not moved with the masterly expressions of works of art,

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takes them from the heap, and assembles them.—He composes from these a compleat whole, of which he conceives an idea that fills him, and is at the same time both bright and lively. Presently his fire glows at the sight of the object: he forgets himself: his soul passes into the things he creates: he is by turns *Cæsar*, *Brutus*, *Macbeth*, and *Romeo*. It is in these transports that HOMER sees the chariots and coursers of the gods, that VIRGIL hears the dismal screams of *Phlegas* in the infernal shades; and that each of them discovers things which are no where to be found, and which notwithstanding are true. *Poeta, cum tabulas cepit sibi, quærit quod nusquam est gentium, repperit tamen.* It is for the same effect that this enthusiasm

is not fit to be trusted in the affairs of ordinary life; at least one would not chuse such a man for a friend: We have

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asm is necessary for painters and musicians. They ought to forget their situation, and to fancy themselves in the midst of those things they would represent. If they would paint a battle, they transport themselves in the same manner as the Poet, in the middle of the fight: they hear the clash of arms, the groans of the dying: they see rage, havock, and blood: they rouse their own imaginations, till they find themselves moved, distressed, frighted; then, *Deus ecce Deus.* Let them write or paint, it is a God that inspires them.—

—— *Bella, horrida bella,*
Et Tybrim multo spumantem sanguine cerno.

It is what CICERO calls, *Mentis viribus excitari, divino spiritu afflari.* This is enthusiasm. This is the god that the poet invokes in the epick, that inspires the hero in tragedy, that transforms himself into the simple citizen in comedy, into the shepherd in pastoral, that gives reason and speech to animals in the apologue or fable. In short, the god that makes true painters, musicians, and poets."

have a right to suspect his mind to be of that cast which SHAKESPEARE has so finely described of one who had no music in his soul;—that he is

—— " fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils,
" The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
" And his affections dark as Erebus:
" Let no such man be trusted."

But from this it is not to be deduced, that Providence thought it necessary that every man should possess harmony of music in his soul,* or to have an *ecstatic enthusiasm* for the love of it, to exempt him from being so

* To be fond of music, however, is no proof in the world that a man has a good heart, or ought to be trusted. I know one gentleman (*agè environ quarante sept ou huit ans*) who does not only love music, but has both enthusiasm and genius for it, yet he possesses a mind *dark as Erebus*.

charac-

characterised! but it is nevertheless necessary he should not despise it, or with stupid indifference hear it, or persuade himself to be insensible to its effects! because musick, as well as painting, and every other liberal art, conspire to improve the mind, by subduing and bringing it to a state of serenity* and sensibility. *Ovid* seems to have well understood the dominion which arts and sciences have over our passions when he exclaims,

—— Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores nec sinit esse feros.

* A very amiable lady of good sense and wit lately told me, that if her temper is at any time ruffled, she has only occasion to contemplate a beautiful painting, which she has of ******* to restore her to her usual serenity. A similar effect from music I have often experienced.

It is well known that the *Grecians* had a law that none but gentlemen should practise painting; they knew the influence it had over the minds of men, and would not trust it in the hands of low people. It is remarkable, that PLATO conceived this idea so strong, that he entirely banished poetry from his republick. This seems the more wonderful, as he was a great admirer of his countryman HOMER, who, while he stirs up the passions, teaches men to be brave in battle, patient in adversity, and virtuous in prosperity.

As poetry is but painting, so is there no art altogether more fascinating than the *latter*, where the idea is nearly brought to life; we behold

at

at one glance a second nature, or nature improved by a possibility of beautiful, affecting, or grand co-incidences, grouped into one scene; we at once see summoned to our view, simplicity, dignity, grace, and beauty, given with a finished design of colouring and composition, which poetry, oratory, and the drama, cannot give, consistent with their separate functions; for there *parts* as it were *slide* from *parts*, and so rapidly that the memory ought to be very retentive, and the spirit and imagination to co-operate with the authors, in order to feel like them; but in painting, not only the idea but the action is brought naked to the eye, which the mind at once conceives, and readily embraces!

The

The sublime description of SHAKESPEARE'S *Denmark's King* is wondrously beautiful:

> See what a grace was seated on his brow!
> HYPERION'S curls; the front of JOVE himself;
> An eye like MARS, to threaten or command;
> A station like the herald Mercury,
> New-lighted on a Heav'n-kissing hill.

Yet in lieu of reading these five fine lines, who would not be more satisfied with seeing the ALEXANDER of APELLES, in the character of JUPITER! here indeed we should see personified *the front of* JOVE *himself*; all his *majesty*, *grace*, and *beauty*, with his *eye to threaten or command!* and even more than this if what PLINY relates be true, who says, *Lumen et umbras custodivit atque ut eminerent e tabulis picturæ, maxime curavit.*—The fingers seem to shoot

shoot forward, and the THUNDER to be OUT *of the picture.*

All the powers of descriptive words in poetry and oratory, or all the variety of multitudinary notes in music, are inadequate to convey the description of perfect beauty, equal to that for example which a famous *Grecian* painter made when he selected the finest women of *Greece*, in order to make a perfect model of beauty from their different points of loveliness and beauty;* or can words make us

* "The truth of this observation," says an anonymous writer, "depends upon the experience and judgment of the observer, and the justness of his ideas, and may require much greater abilities, and a more competent knowledge of nature; and in that

us feel equal to the pleasure of beholding the grace and beauty of the women of RAPHAEL, CORREGGIO, GUIDO, and RUBENS! And so in sculpture: the best poetry and oratory would fall short in description of the beauty of

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what true beauty, a just proportion and harmony, or perfection, consists, than man can be presumed to possess. The great RAPHAEL, in a letter to his friend Count *Balthasar Castiglione*, concerning a Galatea he had painted for him, seems to have lamented the want of the best examples, which he esteems necessary, from the scarcity of fine women in *his age and country!* "*Le dico bene che per depenge una bella, mi bisognerior veder piu belle conquesta condizione che V. S. si trovasse meco a fare scelto del meglio. Ma essendo oggi carestia e di buoni giudici e di belle donne jo mi servo di certa idea che mi viene alla mente.*" To paint a beauty, I ought to see many beauties, on condition you were with me, to *choose the best*; but there being at this time a scarcity both of good judges and fine women, I make use of a *certain* divine *form* or *idea* which presents itself to my imagination.

the statue which POLYCLETES made for posterity, which is called the rule, from whose beautiful proportions the *Grecians* drew the proverb—*as beautiful as a ſtatue.**

The same may be observed of the representations and descriptions of the passions,

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* The commencement of the first strophe of PINDAR's *Eighth Nemean Ode*, not only expresses the great estimation the ancients had for beauty, but shews, in a most amiable point of view, how much they wisely venerated chastity! The good heathen has given his wise advice in truly Christian sentiments,—most worthy the attention of all men, particularly of *poor inexperienced youth!!!*

The passage is thus translated by the learned, ingenious, and Reverend JAMES BANISTER, in his late translation of PINDAR's Odes:

Beauty, rever'd by men below and gods above,
Herald of *Venus*, and ambrosial love,

Delighting

passions, that they are at once brought home to the view, and ever fixed for our admiration or improvement; it is a sort of language, which, as it were, speaks to the mind, and acts before our eyes. The drama is but a speaking moving picture; and although it partakes of poetry and painting, yet it is but insubstantial and fleeting, like lightning, which vanishes ere we can say it is. Now painting does stay

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Delighting still to fix thy seat
On virgin eye-lids soft and sweet,
Those happy few enjoy thy kind regards,
Whose souls, serene and pure, religion guards;
While others, led astray by wild desires,
Are doom'd to burn in unextinguish'd fires;
'Tis wisdom's part to seize the present hour,
While bloom the sweets of youth's fair op'ning flower.
To shun the dangerous snares of lawless love,
Content its chaste and calm delights to prove.

with us, and we can at any time contemplate and study it. So much is the advantage of personification to mere description, that let a fine play be undramatized, and narrate it in equal good language, how infinitely would it fail in effect from the want of personification; it is this which makes the works of dramatic authors so much more frequently quoted than poets of other descriptions, who have not the same advantage in having their sentiments dressed for action, and brought forth with theatrical pageantry and splendour:—Historical Painting then is a species of the drama, and can afford as much delight, at least, as poetry; for where the sublime is united with the natural and pathetic, it will perforce take possession of the mind

equal

equal to the finest passages of SHAKESPEARE and MILTON, or the powerful, elevated, swelling, bold harmony of one of HANDEL's sublime choruses, showering down as it were cœlestial fire, mingled with balsamic drops of heavenly dew!!!

" Words," says a certain author, " paint to the imagination, but every man forms the thing to himself in his own way; language is very imperfect: there are innumerable colours and figures for which we have no name, and an infinity of other ideas which have no certain words universally agreed upon as denoting them: whereas the painter can convey his ideas of these things clearly, and without ambiguity; and what he says every one

understands in the sense he intended. And this is a language that is universal; men of all nations hear the poet, moralist, historian, divine, or whatever other character the painter assumes, speaking to them in their own mother tongue. Painting has another advantage over words, and that is, it pours ideas into our minds; words only drop them. The whole scene opens at one view, whereas the other way lifts up the curtain by little and little."

The pleasure that painting, as a dumb* art, gives us, is like what we have

* The people *comically* called *Quakers* ought to be encouragers of painting, which they are not, from simply thinking it a VAIN, TRIVIAL, IDLE ART!

have from music; its beautiful forms, colours, and harmony, are to the eye, what sounds, and the harmony of that kind, are to the ear; and in both we are

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ART! But my dear, peaceable, *odd* friends, you should consider, that "painting is a pleasant, innocent amusement, and as such it holds its place amongst our enjoyments. But it is more; it is of great use, as being one of the means whereby we convey our ideas to each other, and which, in some respects, has the advantage of all the rest. And thus it must be ranked with these, and accordingly esteemed, not only as an enjoyment, but as another language, which completes the whole art of communicating our thoughts; one of those particulars which raises the dignity of human nature so much above the brutes; and which is the more considerable, as being a gift bestowed but upon *a few even of our own species.*" You then, *Messrs. les Quakers*, who are a thoughtful, contemplative, dry, *smoking*, singularly eccentric people, should hold pictures in high estimation.—Good subjects inspire good thoughts, and improve the mind in *taste* and *knowledge*; and even portraits of

are delighted in observing the skill of the artist in proportion to it, and our own judgment to discover it.

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of absent friends greatly help to keep up those sentiments which frequently languish by absence; and may be instrumental to maintain and sometimes to augment friendship, and paternal, filial, and conjugal love and duty. Nothing tends more to keep alive those just feelings, those natural regrets, (without which we are no better than brutes) for departed worth, than the portraits of our friends; it opens the mind seriously to reflect on the uncertainty of life, and is a far more pleasing *memento mori*, than a *Death's head* and *crossed shin-bones!*— Now with a portrait, of whose character we are acquainted, we can hold a sort of converse; his history calls to remembrance events that may be useful to reflection, circumstances which we should imitate for their virtue, and others, perhaps, that we should shun for their errors, for *Ne quid humani alienum errori.*

Thus pictures are the means of inspiring virtue, and, to the honest Quaker, as much active devotion as he makes use of in his conventicle; for if he has only a collection of portraits, he may have a congregation at any time he pleases, that will inspire

I shall not pretend to go through with a regular comparison, to find which of the liberal arts has the

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inspire him with *more instruction* than any *I ever heard* at their meetings! I confess, I should be almost as much surprized to hear one of my ancestors' portraits speak, as a Quaker at a meeting. The Quaker, perhaps, may object to indiscriminate portraits to form his congregation, as some of them may be apt to *inflame his passions*, instead of allaying them to a *sober temperature*. The objection is certainly good; and I would by no means have him admit the effigies of a *pretty wench* into his congregation! But as there should be both sexes, let him admit only *lean*, *ugly*, old *women* dressed in close *mob caps*, with a bit of *old hair* appearing in front *a la Tyburn*, neatly wrapt in russet stuffs, and close-pinned handkerchiefs, like the effigies* of *Mary Fisher*, *Ann Austin*, *Mary Prince*, *Sarah Gibbens*, &c. the American martyr ladies; and, by way of contrast to these *old girls*,

* *Vide* New England judged by the spirit of the Lord: and the sum *sealed up* of New England's Perfecutions; being a brief relation of the sufferings of the people called *Quakers* in those parts of America, from the beginning of the 5th month, 1656, to the latter end of the 10th month, 1660, first printed in 1661, and re-printed in 1703.

introduce

greatest predominancy over the passions. I look upon them as handmaids to each other; and if not abused, are all subservient to virtue.

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introduce *fat*, greasy-faced, smoky old fellows, with black snug wigs, or lank hair, clothed in ill-cut, ungarnished brown coats and black waistcoats, such as old *W. Leddra*, *G. Fox*, *J. Perrot*, *J. Stubbs*, *S. Fisher*, *C. Brickhead*, *J. Love*, and *W. Brend*, martyrs or sufferers for *the crime* of quakerism. Old *Will. Penn*, giving audience and treating with the Indians, should always be introduced; it is a good, historical subject, and likely to stir up benevolent ideas.

But to be serious: Pictures have always been looked upon as pleasing remembrances, to awaken the mind to acts of devotion; and if the painter be defined a *mute poet*, the Quaker should prefer *him* for possessing a congeniality of sentiment, where in silence every passion may be expressed.

" Love, hope, and joy, fair pleasure's smiling train,
" Hate, fear and grief, the family of pain.
" * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
" The lights and shades, whose well-accorded strife
" Gives all the strength and colour of our life."

In

A writer of much credit says, speaking of painting, "To be an accomplished painter, a man must

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In short, every gentlemanly and liberal Quaker ought to encourage painting, for something like the same reason *Quintus Pedius*, nephew and joint heir of *Cæsar* with *Octavius*, afterwards surnamed *Augustus*, was taught painting. *He was born dumb*, and, by the advice of *Messala*, the famous orator, was taught this art, which that wise Emperor *Octavius* much approved of, knowing, that next to polite literature, no art was so noble or expressive, or would so well supply *the want of language!* It is true, my amiable friends, *few* of you are *born dumb*, but you certainly do *affect* taciturnity to an unaccountable, if not to a *culpable degree*, in what is improperly called *your places of worship!* Why do you perpetually look for *miracles* to be worked upon you by the hand of Heaven, in giving you *inspiration*, any more than on any of the rest of your fellow-creatures? "But the influence of *right reason*, says a certain noble author, is bestowed on very *few* men, whilst *millions* are led in error by the nose!!!"

possess

possess more than one liberal art, which puts him upon the level with those that do that, and makes him superior to those that possess but one in an equal degree; he must be also a curious artificer, whereby he becomes superior to one who equally possesses the other talents, but wants that. A RAFAELLE, therefore, is not only equal, but superior to a VIRGIL, or a LIVY, a THUCYDIDES, or a HOMER." This is going far, yet much may be said in favour of it!

A *history painter* should be a good historian, have the talents of a poet, understand ancient and modern learning, have a noble mind, and conceive clearly; he should understand anatomy, geometry, perspective, architecture,

ture, osteology, and other sciences, which the poet, the orator, the historian, and the musician, have no occasion for in their several arts. This being the case where so many *influences* are wanted to make a great painter, it requires only a degree of hesitation, as it were, to pronounce whether a very sublime well-painted history is equal in merit to the Iliad of HOMER, the Eneid of VIRGIL, the historical writings of a THUCYDIDES and a LIVY, the orations of DEMOSTHENES and TULLY, the Paradise Lost of MILTON, the Macbeth of SHAKESPEARE, or the Messiah of HANDEL. I will not presume to say *so far,* that the best painting is equal to some of those for the beneficial purpose of *man's instruction!* yet I think there is as *much*

mind

mind required to *paint* the *picture*, as to *write* the *book*, *speak* the *speech*, or to *compose* the *music!*

Poetry and music have certain advantages which painting has not, it is more capable of extensive description, it is more easy for the fancy to practise upon, I mean it is more ready, nearer at hand to put into execution. *Poetry* can abound with beautiful metaphors, which painting cannot, though it may of allegory; it is also a mixture of painting, music, and eloquence; it speaks, it has its harmony and cadences, it lays on colours, and draws out objects; it makes truth appear in lovely colours, and pictures vice in the most odious light, sufficient to make us in love with virtue, and detest

detest vice; in short, it takes in the whole system of nature, creating with a sort of magical fancy, which our SHAKESPEARE has inimitably done, new worlds and a new race of beings; it will rush into hell, and penetrate into heaven, it captivates the mind with a thousand pleasant illusions! Yet *painting* has one advantage which poetry, with all her charms, has not; it gratifies one of the most pleasant and cheerful senses we have; *we behold those things which the poet only describes*; and, as some author observes, "every thing speaks in a good picture." So that we see the action, and, as it were, converse with the performers, and improve from the subject.

One of the ancients thought good pictures excited virtue so much, and

so

so improved the mind of man, that he could not bear to think that a fine composition should always remain in one country; he thought it a common good to all the world! I have mentioned this in another part of my book, yet it is nevertheless *apropos* here; and although the sentiment came from a *painter*, and the greatest (according to historians) that the world ever produced, I have no doubt but that it originated entirely from his *benevolence*, and not from *vanity* that his own pictures should be distinguished beyond all others, for never existed a more *disinterested* character, "witness his treatment of PROTOGENES, whose great excellence not being known to his countrymen, APELLES opened their eyes, by offering him the *immense* price

of

of *fifty talents* for *every one* of *his pictures*."!!!

Since the invention of *printing*, poetry, oratory, and music, have the advantage of giving a more general diffusion of knowledge and taste, than painting; the one may take off millions of impressions, in almost every language, whereas the other must remain *unique*, except in the imitative art of engraving, which conveys, as it were, only the mere design and moral idea of the subject, without the life and colouring of the original. Many may be in possession of the stores of poetry, and the *belles lettres*, whilst none but the rich can be in possession of fine pictures!

If the ingenious invention of the Polygraphic art should be brought to

any perfection, it may cause a more general diffusion of the copies of fine pictures; and thus, in some measure, the idea of APELLES will be put into execution two thousand and some hundred years after his death. One cannot but wish a more general diffusion of pictures, because they illustrate and exemplify, by shewing to the eye those things which the arts and sciences lend each other, and "happily the near affinity that is observed between the polite arts, they being indeed all but different means of addressing the same passions, makes this at once the most effectual and ready method of conveying our ideas." To understand science is the lot but of a few, but *feeling* is bestowed on all; and as the eye is said to be the light of the mind, so is the mind

mind enlightened by the eye; it is less liable to err than even the best conceptions of the mind; consequently the sight of pictures will convey just and sublime ideas to the mind; the least intelligent and vulgar cannot but be improved and pleased with the images of painting, while poetry, eloquence, and even music, may not penetrate either their ears, heads, or hearts.

The ancient Mexicans, it is said, made pictures, as it were, a language; having no idea of the character of letters, they painted innumerable figures, to express their ideas. So picture can speak where language fails.

I have somewhere read a story of one of the ancient painters, that was by some treachery led to the camp of an enemy, even to the King's tent, and taken prisoner; the General demanded for what purpose he came there; the poor painter, not understanding the language, and expecting to be put to death, took out his pencil, and made a beautiful drawing of the person who conducted him. The King instantly recognized the features of the person, pardoned the painter, took him into his service, and loaded him with honours and reward!!!— Thus we see it at once speak to the eye and the mind, and melt the heart!

An author, who I have several times quoted, says, in his remarks on the beauties

beauties of poetry, " that if painting be inferior to poetry, music, considered as an imitative art, must be greatly inferior to painting." I know not yet that painting is inferior to poetry; as an imitative art, it is superior; it is true indeed that it is not so much cultivated and generally practised as poetry and music, whose powers often enchain our passions. But painting would have the same effect, if it were as generally practised. The ancient writers considered it as on equal footing with poetry. The same gentleman I have quoted before, in his chapter on the antiquity and usefulness of painting, rather contradicts a former opinion, when he says, agreeable to this idea, the Greek writers often speak of the *drama of a painter*, of the *moral of painting*; expressions which

which mark that they considered this art as on *a level* and co-operating with poetry. One of the gravest and most judicious of the Romans viewed it in the same light. "Picture," says *Quintilian*, "is a silent and uniform address, yet penetrates so deeply into our inmost affections, that it seems often to exceed even the powers of eloquence. *Cicero* was also sensible of the powers of the pencil, and often sets them in competition with his favourite art, oratory!" The ancients contended that their sculpture exceeded the beauty of nature: why may not the same be said of painting?

Ovid, in his Metamorphoses, says,

Gratus in ore vigor: cervix, humerique, manusque,
Pectoraque artificum laudatis proxima signis,
Ex qua parte vir est. ——

Not-

Notwithstanding all this authority, and which Mr. W. seems to approve in this place, yet (as I have before hinted) he seems a little inconsistent, in giving poetry in another place so much the preference, because it could not express *the turning of an eye to weep.*

Shakespeare's Imogen says,

"I would have broke mine eye-strings,
Crack'd 'em, but
To look upon him:—
Nay, follow'd him, 'till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air, and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept."

" The difference, says the author between poetic and real painting, may be clearly seen in *this last example*; the circumstance in this description, which tends to heighten the beauty of the image in the last line, cannot be *expressed* by the painter; he can have

no

no advantage from a *succession of ideas*." Now this appears to me frivolous reasoning: the beauty of this speech consists of *more* than in the *one idea* that *Imogen* would weep because she could no longer view her husband, or the ship which carried him! To express this image, a good painter would design a young and beautiful woman, with features strongly expressive of love and affection; he would give her an elegant form, in an eager and striking attitude, a figure something according to the poet's idea:

—— when swift *Camilla* scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and *skims along the main.*

A face glowing with lovely eyes, whose " strings are almost broken," strained with " *after eyeing*," till his substance " melted

" melted from the smallness of a gnat to air." But then it may be objected that the beauty of the last line,

" Have turn'd mine eye and wept,"

could not have been brought into action: but why should the painter be more confined than the poet? We do not learn the poet's story, or *his succession of ideas*, at one glance; we turn his pages over to be informed; then why should we *more* object to the introduction of the painter's *succession of ideas*; *only because* he cannot express every emotion of the soul, or relate all his story, *on one piece of canvas?* But *certainly* the painter *may* have the privilege of conveying a *succession* of *ideas* by *continuing* or *concluding* his subject in a second picture, or in *several*, so that the eye may with ease and satisfaction glance

glance from one to the other, and the understanding be equally improved as with the poet's description. If the painter were to put the beautiful image above quoted into picture, there consequently must be a *second* to finish the idea; and here, if I am not mistaken, he can introduce the poet's *advantage* of a succession of ideas!

RUBENS could not have painted the great historical events in the life, with all the allegorical representations of HENRY IV. and MARY *de Medecis*, in one picture, nor HOGARTH have given the *Rake's Progress*, the *Prodigal Son*, or the *March to Finchley*, in *single* pictures; but by giving *several*, he has, as it were, introduced a *succession of ideas*, which, for their chastity, morality,

lity, and humour, must ever make a much stronger impression on the mind than all the power of language!—What poetry lends to music, is also, in some measure, imparted to painting, which makes poetry, as it is said, partake of both, and certainly renders painting and music *more intelligible*.—The subject of a picture may undoubtedly be better handed down to posterity by poetry, and it has the advantage of painting and music in recording the virtues of great men and heroes.

" —— —— —— —— —— the fame
Of whose great acts must every breast inflame
With love of glory; and the heaven-born muse
The happy victor graciously regards,
And pours the stream of her mellifluous dews,
To raise the genius of recording bards;
When noble deeds a worthy theme bestow."

When

When PINDAR, in his seventh Nemean ode, extols the power of poetry, he does not even name painting in opposition to it, yet he does music, as comparatively insignificant.

Swift as the rapid flood the powers of music flow!
But human virtue would forgotten lie,
In the dark regions of eternal night,
Did not *Mnemosyne*'s all-piercing light
Disperse the clouds which shade our mental eye;
And poets' songs reflecting to our view,
Like a *bright mirror*, acts of lasting fame,
Preserve the hero's and the patriot's name,
To meet that praise which *justly is their due.*

Again, the Poet feelingly exclaims,

Such is our lot! Full well we know that death
Shakes o'er our heads his dart, and in the grave
The poor, the rich, the timid, and the brave,
Unnotic'd lie, *unless* the muse's breath
Her grateful immortality bestows;
For less *Ulysses* to his virtue owes,
Than to the *poet*, who in *verse sublime*
Has spread his fame to *all-succeeding time.*"

Music,

Music, as PINDAR observes, flows like the rapid flood; and like a *rapid flood* carries every thing before it! A certain writer says "it is transient, nor leaves a trace behind, and therefore puts it down as greatly inferior to poetry and painting, when considered as an imitative art. "Music," says he, "has no means of explaining the motives of its various impressions; its imitations of the manners and passions must be extremely vague and undecisive." This is because the language of music is not thoroughly understood! Is it possible that this great science, which has such a wonderful dominion over our passions, can be so vague? I conceive it very possible for a great composer to make a distinction even between the passion of love and that

that of benevolence or pity. Nor do I think they are so much in unison, as not to be distinguished, any more than *strains* can be composed to distinguish *anger* from *terror*. We are easily excited by musical strains of tenderness that touch the heart, and others that raise certain passions and affections, which awaken, warm, and animate the mind! Most of us, if we come to examine the state and touch of our feelings, will find that tunes affect us without the aid of words! If it be not so, the delightful science of music has never been brought to perfection, and is yet not properly understood.

" It is true," says some author, " I cannot tell why I am pleased with a fine

fine *piece* of *music*; yet what signifies that? if I feel, it matters not whether I express my sensation by *words* or *otherwise!*" But surely if the force of music can excite us to *action*, and allay *motion*, as when its *strains* rouse and animate the soldier to battle, and other *strains* enervate and soften down the mind to indolence, there must, I say, be a something powerfully *perfect* in its nature, which works an effect that cannot be described! The business of music is to move; and as the ear is allowed to be far more delicate than the eye, it will with more subtlety penetrate into the inmost recesses of the mind. We are all more capable of judging a piece of music than a piece of painting, because the organ of the *ear* is more to be depended

pended upon than through the medium of the *sight*. "There is no art where the taste is more greedy, refined, and haughty; the reason of this, no doubt, is our facility in taking the impression of sounds: As the ear carries the sentiment to the heart, in all its force, a second impression is almost useless, and leaves our souls inactive and indifferent. Hence seems the necessity of continually varying the modes, the motions, and the passions."

Mr. W. says, Music is not intelligible without the aid of words. "Let poetry, says he, co-operate with music, and specify the motive of each particular impression, and we are no longer at a loss; we acknowledge the agree-

agreement of the sound with the idea, and general impressions become specific indications of the manners and the passions!" I grant it may be more *plain* by way of *explaining* certain passages, as words may be set to such music as ill agrees with the expression; it may be *then* necessary to enquire what all this means? The sound does not agree with the sense, nor the sense with the sound. Yet I say music is a *vain* and *imperfect* art, with all its mathematical concords, which conciliate sounds that seemed to have the utmost antipathy to each other, if certain passions and movements of the soul cannot be *reconciled* or *expressed without words of explanation!* If it has *no meaning in itself*, it is nothing better than "a tale told by an idiot, full of

" sound and fury, signifying *nothing*," or like those vile actors described by *Shakespeare*, full of inexplicable dumb shew and noise! And, as a very able *anonymous writer** says, " Let us conclude then (in that case) that music, the *best calculated* in all its *tones*, the most *geometric* in its *concords*; if it should happen that with these qualities it had no *signification* or *meaning*; we could compare to nothing but a *prism*, which presents the most beautiful colours, and forms no sort of

* This elegant little volume was published in the year 1749; it is called "The POLITE ARTS, or a DISSERTATION on *Poetry*, *Painting*, *Music*, *Architecture*, and *Eloquence*." The author discovers great *taste*, *knowledge*, and *genius! Very few* are the authors that would have forborne the innocent *vanity* of putting their names to so excellent a performance!!!

picture."

picture." But it is clear the author was not of that way of thinking, for he observes that "the heart has its understanding independent of words: and when it is once touched, it has comprehended all. Moreover, as there are great things which words cannot reach, there are also delicate ones, which words are as little capable of expressing."

I can by no means altogether conclude, as Mr. W. has done, "that it has no means of explaining the motives of its various impressions:" what does it signify to me by what means it makes the impression! I want no farther explanation than the one grand proof that *I feel it!* The harmony of its sounds compels me to be *tender*,

to *weep*, to be *joyful!* The vibration of its various *motions* tells me to move with a grave, majestic step, as in a *march*; with grace and dignity, as in the movements of a *minuet*; with celerity, as in a *quick dance*, &c. These cannot be mistaken; and were the measures successively performed before the most ignorant clown, he would naturally *essay it*, as the *brutes* did when old ORPHEUS melted their *savage hearts*, and tickled their rugged *ears!* These are impressions that want no explanation, any more than it does when

" Warriors she *fires* with animated *sounds*;
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's *wounds*:
Or when the soul is press'd with *cares*,
Exalts her in enlivening airs.
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please:

Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above!*

If *all this* be true, and that music will besides *charm serpents*, and *cure poisonous*

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* DRYDEN has the following animated lines upon this subject, in his Alexander's Feast:

" Thus long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the *soul* to *rage*,
Or kindle *soft desire!*

POPE complimented DRYDEN for writing this divine Ode in the following beautiful and energetic lines:

" Hear how *Timotheus'* vary'd lays surprize,
And bid alternate *passions fall* and *rise!*
While, at each change the son of Lybian *Jove*
Now *burns* with *glory*, and then melts with love:
Now his *fierce eyes* with sparkling fury glow,
Now *sighs* steal out, now *tears* begin to flow:

Persians

poisonous wounds,‡ it cannot be said that it is inferior to either poetry, painting,

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Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the *world's Victor* stood subdued by sound!
The power of music all our hearts allow;
And what *Timotheus was*, IS DRYDEN NOW!"

‡ There is no doubt of this:—I have known people who have been in the Eaſt-Indies, that have seen serpents so allured by the powers of music that they have ſuffered themselves to be taken; and there are people whose profession it is so to catch them. This method seems to have been known to the ancients; the Royal Psalmist says, *The deaf adder stoppeth her ears, and refuseth to hear the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely.*

As to the poisonous bite of the *tarantula* being cured by music, it is partly *fabulous* and partly *true*; the effect of music upon flesh and blood cannot *rationally* be supposed to *cure wounds!* but it is related by authors of credit, that nothing was found so efficacious to cure the bite of the *tarantula* as copious perspiration! To effect this, as soon as the person was *bitten*, music was administered to excite

painting, or eloquence; it has more than the power of language! it acts like *magic*, and illumines the mind as by inspiration;* it draws forth the affections, combines with the ideas, and produces as it were a sympathetic harmony of soul! When it acts thus powerfully, it has surely a sufficient signification to be very *well understood!* but

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excite him to dance, till he profusely perspired. This exercise was frequently continued till the patient fell down through fatigue!

* "Hence the genuine *charm* of music, and the WONDERS which it works through its great professors; a power which consists not in imitations, and the raising ideas; but in the raising affections, to which ideas may correspond. There are few to be found so insensible—I had almost said, so inhuman, as when GOOD *poetry* is *justly set* to music, not in some degree to feel the force of so *amiable an union*; but to the muses' friends it is a force irresistible, and penetrates into the deepest recesses of the soul!"

I will

I will grant it co-operates better with poetry, and that it is a powerful ally, because a double force is made to co-operate to one end![†]

Pray, Sir, said I, to my friend *Mons. Mon Pere*, (and a more able judge of these subjects will not very easily be found) suppose a great composer were to set a poetical composition, expressive of certain passions and affections, and the sound universally acknowledged to be a compleat echo of the sense; if the music were then despoiled

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† "These two arts can never be *so powerful singly* as when they are properly united; for poetry when alone must be necessarily forced to *waste* many of its richest *ideas* in the mere raising of affections; when, to have been properly relished, it should have found these affections in their highest energy."

of

of the poetry, do you think the harmony alone would leave any just idea of the nature of the subject it was meant to convey?* "Certainly," replied he, "it is by no means so imperfect a thing as not to leave *evident traces* of its signification,† it is more the

* "Whatever happens to be the affection or disposition of the mind, which ought naturally to result from the genius of any poem, the same probably it will be in the power of *some species* of music to *excite!*" HARRIS.

† HANDEL's music above all is remarkable for this: who can doubt, that has any ear, what the Funeral Anthem, and the Dead March in Saul, were designed for! or strip the words from the air of *I know that my Redeemer liveth*, or of *Pious Orgies*, &c. who will not still *feel them* as *pious airs?* notwithstanding the weak bigotry of the old *Quaker woman*, who stopped the enchanting STORACE when singing the above divine air in Salisbury cathedral, loudly calling it *profanation*, and *unsanctification, &c!* FRIENDS should have given this

the want of perception in us not to understand it, than any fault of its *power* and *expression!* What would be said of a painter who should content himself with laying on his canvas a parcel of bold strokes, and a heap of the most

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this lady a more finished *theological education*, for their reputed wisdom's sake, before she made her *debut* in *public*. What would *they say*, if any of *us rational Christian Churchmen* were to come into one of their little ungarnished conventicles, and say, "Ye unhallowed sons of *silence*, why "do ye sit here so irreverently with your hats on? "Are ye not come to worship GOD, and to edify "one another? Why do ye remain then so sulky, "so silent, and so stupid, when your business is "to *pray* and to *preach?* Would you treat any of "your fellow-creatures with so little ceremony as "you do your GOD?" Nay, friends, I verily say unto you, that any of you would be ashamed to treat a neighbour with a pipe of Virginia tobacco, in such a little *dirty hole* as ye are now assembled in!!

lively

lively colours, without any sort of resemblance to any known object!!!"

Music, as a mere imitative art, cannot be compared with *painting*, because it can only express *sound* and *motion*, and what it really produces is rather from various associating ideas, than from actual imitation! A good composition may, however, imitate the sounds of thunder, cataracts of water, the murmuring or the gentle glidings of water, shouts or *whisperings*; the notes of certain *birds*, &c. but if musical *sounds* express to our sensations certain affections appertaining to the human mind, such as tenderness, or the pathetic, love, joy, melancholy, fear, grief, torture, despair, &c. they all proceed more from the power we possess

sess of ideal association, which raises the affections,* than arising from the mimetic or imitative; and so may be said of the musical strains of church music, which undoubtedly associates with the idea we have of *supplication*, *humiliation*, *adoration*, or *thanksgiving*, and lifts the mind to fervency and devotion, which other strains could not inspire! but on the contrary lead

* "This is that source from whence music is said to derive its greatest efficacy, and here indeed not in imitation ought it to be chiefly cultivated!"

"There is a reciprocal operation between our *affections* and our *ideas*; so that by a sort of natural sympathy, certain ideas necessarily tend to raise in us certain affections, and those affections, by a sort of counter-operation, to raise the same ideas; thus ideas derived from funerals, tortures, murders, and the like, naturally generate the affection of melancholy, and when, by any physical causes, that affection happens to prevail, it as naturally generates the same doleful ideas."

it

it to languish in *indolence* or *wantonness*, like the different sentiments of the moral JOHNSON, and the loose ROCHESTER. Music then awakens the mind to religion!

I knew an ingenious gentleman* of Bath, who preached a *Quaker's sermon* upon his violin, and for *sound* and *motion*, (which is as much as music, and even poetry, can do) he produced a far more *agreeable* and *intelligent sermon* than I *ever heard* at a Quaker's meeting! Music then is not such a very *imperfect thing*, when it can occa-

* The late facetious Mr. FLEMING, father of the celebrated and amiable Miss FLEMINGS; ladies who have brought the art of dancing to the highest perfection! if by giving their fair pupils *grace* in their *steps*, and elegance in their motions, are proofs of superior excellence in the art of teaching!

sionally

sionally supply the place of language, and often please us more. †

Having said so much upon the subject of music, in order to endeavour to prove that it is from other sources

† An Italian Opera pleases most people, yet *how few* English know the language, and *how few* are even *solicitous* to enquire what it means! Musical sounds, without the explanation of words, is sufficient to fill the mind with great delight, through the medium of one of its organs of sensation!—Even at our English operas (which for the most part are wretched enough) we do not understand one third of what is *sung*; nor is it worth the enquiry! Sitting one evening with a French gentleman at the opera-house in Paris, I was much entertained with the spectacle and the music, but expressed a dissatisfaction at not being able to understand the words: "You know nothing then, said the Frenchman, what the songs mean?" 'No, replied I, *unhappily* not a word!' "*Ni moi, aussi*, replied he, *pas un mot par Dieu! mais je suis beaucoup amusè!*!"

we

we are to seek for its proper effect than from imitation; and finding it a subject more proper to be treated at large than to be introduced piece-meal here, I shall take my leave of that and poetry, considered as imitative arts, after giving the following quotation, to prove that *Painting* possesses, in several degrees, a superiority over *Poetry* as an imitative art.

" Poetry is forced to pass through the medium of compact, while painting applies immediately through the medium of nature; the one being understood to all, the other to the speakers of a certain language only; —in as much as natural operations must needs be more affecting than artificial;—in as much as painting helps

helps our own rude ideas by its own, which are consummate, and wrought up to the perfection of art; while poetry can raise no other than what every mind is furnished with before;—in as much as painting shews all the minute and various concurrent circumstances of the event, in the same individual point of time as they appear in nature; while poetry is forced to want this circumstance of intelligibility, by being ever obliged to enter into some degree of detail;—in as much as this detail creates often the dilemma of either becoming *tedious* to be clear; or if not *tedious*, then *obscure*;—lastly, in as much as all imitations more similar, more immediate, and more intelligible, are preferable to those which are less so; and for the

reasons

reasons above; the imitations of poetry are less similar, less immediate, and less intelligible, than those of painting;—from all this it will follow, that in all subjects where painting can fully exert itself, the imitations of painting are superior to those of poetry, and, consequently, in all such subjects, that painting has the preference!"

The same author again observes, "that figures, postures of figures, and colours, characterise not only every *sensible species*, but even every individual; and for the most part also the various energies and passions of every individual;—and farther, that painting is able, with the highest accuracy and exactness, to imitate all these colours and figures!"

Now leaving this disquisition to some future occasion, I will pass on to a subject I have not yet finished.

I have heard a few gentlemen, who *set themselves* up for *critics*, *judges*, *amateurs*, *painters*, and *connoisseurs*; such kind of men as Dr. *Goldsmith* has described the late Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS to be so much offended with,

"To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
When they judg'd without skill, he was still hard of *hearing*:*
When they talk'd of their *Raphaels*, *Correggios*, *and stuff*,
He shifted his *trumpet*, and only *took snuff*."

I say I have heard such kind of men condemn Mr. SPACKMAN for letting young BARKER copy the works of

* Sir *Joshua* was deaf.

other

other masters for the first three or four years, which, say they, rather shews him to be a *great imitator* than a *great genius!* Yes, *most learned* gentlemen, had he done *nothing else* but take copies, you might hug yourselves in the satisfaction of being *confident* he possesses no genius, without the painfulness of envy, and of not being *quite sure* whether it is HE or YOU who possess this μεγαλοφροσυνης απηχημα‖—this elevation

‖ These two significant Greek words I took from the page of an English author, who quoted it from *Longinus!* I mention it because it appears affected to introduce what so few understand!

It may be very possible for a *dull* writer, even *without learning*, to interlard his book with numerous passages from the Greek language, if he chooses to trifle with the understanding of ninety-nine readers out of one hundred, which Parson *Holofornes* has done in a vindictive and uncharitable

of *genius* not taught by art, but Heaven! But suppose I grant you the vain supposition of having discovered that he

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uncharitable attack upon a brother *Birmingham Parson*,* (as he insolently calls him) merely I suppose as a sort of advertising puff that he teaches the Greek language at his school in ———. He has shewn a parade of dull learning, by often covering that which meant but little in the antiquated disguise of a dead language! thereby *slyly* expecting more credit from those who are ignorant of the language than he knew he merited if he had expressed it in English! that passage about the oath is notorious! Would a liberal gentleman publish another's letter *purposely* to expose him for committing, in a hurry, a mistake or two in the orthography?† Parson *Holofornes* may rate his abilities as much as he pleases as a Greek quoter (any stupid

* If there be any conceit in this *clumsy stroke*, it must mean that the Parson is a *Birmingham counterfeit!* but does HOLOFERNES *himself* come forth *pure* and *unmixed?* No! his coin is BASE, composed of *lead*, *brass*, and *bell-metal*; such coin can never pass current; it bears not the stamp or image of value!

† A letter from Lord *Valentia*'s Son.

he wants "*mentem cum flamine vitæ*," are you in the possession of it? Yes, you are!—as much as the *spirit* and *vigour* of the lion were infused into the ass, when he brayed in that animal's skin.

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stupid fellow may do the same thing) but when the Doctor writes English (such specimens as I have seen) he is

"——— Like the wounded snake,
"Dragging his slow length along."

His wit is as heavy and blunt as a paviour's rammer! He appears

"To stare tremendous with a threat'ning eye,"
"Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry."

Like an aukward giant, he brandishes about his club, but misses the mark! when presently advances to the assistance of poor *Curtius* a dextrous neat, little fellow, who, at one throw of his lance, penetrates the brains of the bumbrushing *Holofornes*, and buries him in that gulph of contempt which he had prepared for the good *Curtius!!!*‡

‡ Vide *Curtius* rescued from the gulph.

An

An Italian writer, when speaking of the genius of TITIAN, says, "At the death of RAPHAEL, one would imagine his great soul had entered the body of TITIAN." If young BARKER were to die to-morrow, you, gentlemen critics, might be proud to have a portion of his genius infused into your souls: and had you some of his modesty and liberality too, you would not be the less amiable for so valuable a present!

ALL the pictures that have been sold of BARKER's, from *fifty* guineas to *five hundred*, were either taken from scenes of *nature* or his own *invention*, and almost all of those in the gallery, *except* his admirable Dutch and Flemish

mish copies,* his portrait after the manner of *Gainsborough*, and two or three in the style of *Rembrandt* and *Cuyp*,† are all taken from nature. So extremely *untrue* then is it to say, that he is *only a copyist!* And what could a young man do better, or his master

* He has painted the Fair at Lansdown in the manner of those schools; and it is neither blasphemy, presumption, or an untruth, to say, that few of the old masters in that style ever painted a better picture! If there are infidels, let them go and see, to believe!—as to the envious, the difficult, and the never-to-be-pleased, we care nothing about! He does not paint for them, nor do I write for them. The diſlike and criticism of some of these gentry very frequently proceed from the most abominable, hard-hearted, and pernicious ignorance, that malignity and malice can infuse into the human mind!

† BARKER has taken some scenes from nature in the manner of *Cuyp*, and a very pleasing style it is. The

master better advise him to, than to draw from the best drawings, and paint from the best painters? Had he, indeed, copied only from *one* or *two* masters, he might in time have become a slave to their manner, a *servile copyist*; but Mr. SPACKMAN took care that he

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The principal figures in this style of painting are placed against a bright horizon, dividing the upper hemisphere from that which is hid from our sight. In order to produce its proper effect, for shewing figures to advantage, the view of a hill not far distant is generally presented: by this means, the *clair obscure*, if judiciously managed, is beautifully thrown upon the figures, and gives a surprising degree of brilliance and cheerful effect to the landscape. I am surprized this style of painting is not more frequently adopted, such scenes in nature being extremely picturesque; and the painter has great opportunity of throwing bold tints upon his figures, if he well understands the management of light and shade, and has a good knowledge of painting sky. BARKER is famous for effecting these essential qualities.

should

should copy from a *variety*, and those *only* the *great masters*; but it is utterly impossible that he should ever become a mere copyist, or a mannerist, because his unbounded genius will prevent *the one*, and his industry and emulation *the other!*

In order to illustrate what I have said, that he could not be better employed for the first three or four years, than in judiciously copying from the works of great artists, I cannot do better than to give the following quotation from a very excellent and much-approved author:—

" It is impossible, says he, for a painter to represent well not only all the objects he has not seen, but also those

those he has not *designed*. If he has not seen a lion he can never paint one; and if he has seen one, he will always paint it imperfectly, unless he first *designs* it after nature, or after another man's works. For this reason we ought not to blame a painter, who, having never seen or studied the object he is to represent, makes use of another man's studies, rather than draw something false out of his own head. It is necessary he should have his examples in his memory, or his *table-book*; his own, I say, or those of another man.

" When a painter has furnished his mind with images of the beautiful things he has seen, he adds to, or diminishes them according to his *goût*,

or

or as his judgment directs. This change arises by comparing the ideas of what he has seen one with the other, and choosing that which he thinks best. For example, RAPHAEL in his youth, while he lived with his master *Perugino*, had only the ideas of the works of that painter in his mind, but afterwards comparing them with those of *Michael Angelo*, and with the *antique*, he chose that which seemed best to him, and out of it formed a refined *gusto*, such as we now see in all his productions.

" Thus genius makes use of the memory as a vessel, wherein it keeps all the ideas that present themselves to it. The painter chooses those that are for his purpose by the help of his judgment,

judgment, and treasures them up in a magazine, out of which he takes them as occasion requires. It was out of such a *magazine* (if I may so express myself) that *Raphael* took all those high ideas which he had drawn from the *antique*; and thus *Albert Durer* and *Lucas van Leyden* drew from their's those *Gothick* ideas with which the practice of their time, and the nature of their country, furnished them.

" A person that has a genius may invent a subject in general, but if he has not studied particular objects, he will be embarrassed in the execution of his work, unless he has recourse to the works of another.

" If a painter has neither time nor opportunity to see nature, yet has a fine

fine genius, he may study after the pictures, the *designs*, and the prints of those masters who knew how to choose their subjects well, and to draw them with judgment. He who would draw a landscape, and never saw or never made sufficient observations on the countries proper to be painted for the *oddness* or agreeableness of the prospect, will do well to make his advantage of the works of those who have studied those countries, or who in their landscapes have represented the extraordinary effects of nature. He may look on the productions of those able painters as safely as on nature herself, and by them assist his invention in some future production. To study at first the works of the best masters will be two ways useful to him;

him; one is, he will see nature free from many things which a man is obliged to throw aside when he copies after her. The other is, he will by this method learn to make a good choice of nature, to take nothing from her that is not beautiful, and to mend what is defective in her.

" Thus a genius, well regulated and supported by the theory of an art, not only makes use of its own studies, but also turns those of other men to its own advantage."

This is every thing to the purpose, and more than the gentlemen who reason otherwise *will like*. There is no danger of this reasoning being overturned, for it cannot be assailed by *truth*,

truth, and there is no fear of its being *sapped* by *falsehood*.

But now that our young genius is gone to Italy, to study perfect models of the works of art, to behold those stupendous and magnificent scenes of ever-varying nature, in a country and climate so widely different from our own; there are yet those who condemn him for the project, perhaps (for such is often the perverseness of human nature) by those very people, who, if he had not gone, would have said, "Why does he not go to Italy, the "only school in the world for artists? "Mr. SPACKMAN only keeps him in "Bath for his own advantage." So indeed, it might have been to Mr. SPACKMAN'S advantage, as his pictures

tures are held in such high estimation!* but his patron nobly despised such mercenary conduct! No other

* In one of my former sheets I mentioned the picture of the THRESHER and the GIRL, the idea taken from *Smart*'s poems; this picture is just sold to Sir *Forster Cunliffe* for the sum of *three hundred guineas!* and in the estimation of many people the picture is worth more money! The Duke of Newcastle much admired this painting, but said he could not afford to purchase it!!! It was not till very lately I saw one of BARKER's best pictures: It is a *winter scene*, with three boys as large as life, walking from a neighbouring forest, each loaded with faggots.—This picture may stand the test of the strictest examination of the most rigid critic! Unlike most paintings, it will bear the closest inspection! the nude of the figures is so masterly managed, and projects so forward on the canvas, that it appears like living flesh, which might with ease be grasped! There is a wonderful degree of expression and nature in the countenance of these poor boys! BARKER has acquired such a manner of boldness, freedom, and ease, as is truly astonishing at so early a period of life! he shews in all his works the true spirit of a *very great genius!*

motive

motive actuated him but a noble enthusiastic love of the arts, and a fatherly affection for a grateful young man of uncommon genius: this induced him to be at the expence of sending him abroad, and supporting him there with the most unlimited liberality!— And wherefore was it not necessary that he should go to that country, which, in ancient and modern times, has ever been renowned for being the seat of arts and sciences; and where the best collections of painting and statuary are still remaining? It is yet thought necessary to send students to *Rome* from various parts of the world; and if they do not improve from the advantage, it is because they have not genius for the art! we often see such return, without having made improve-

ment after many years residence; but we never knew men of genius, who had any application, that returned without very great improvement! A great genius then should not be denied every possible advantage, in order to bring him as near to the point of perfection as possible! If it be thought necessary to improve sterility to mediocrity, it will doubtless quicken genius to perfect bloom!!!

I think it is next to certain that CLAUDE would never have been so famous for giving his landscapes that rich, warm colouring, that astonishing variety of light and shade, in those brilliant scenes so admirably mingled with art and nature, had he been in any other country, or under the influence of an English atmosphere!

Where

Where can the remains of antiquity be so well studied as in Italy, where drawings of the most correct architecture, sculpture, and painting, may be taken? It has been the advice of almost all masters and writers upon the subject, that young artists should study the antique.

An ingenious editor of an Italian author says, "It has been the practice of all the greatest modern masters to study the remains of antiquity with the greatest attention. MICHAEL ANGELO was so fond of one broken statue, that it has from him been called *Michael Angelo's School.* RAPHAEL is said to have collected vast quantities of medals, gems, bas-relievos, &c. and some who pretend to

know his private history aver, that he destroyed great numbers, after having made use of them. The design of his carton of *Paul* and *Barnabas* bears so strong a resemblance to a sacrifice in bas-relief in the *Admiranda*, as to leave little doubt of the painter's having taken his idea from it. To come nearer to our own time: RUBENS published a little Latin treatise concerning the imitation of the ancients; and in an extract from a MS. of that master, he gives it as his opinion, *ad summam artis perfectionem esse necessariam earum* (*Stat. Antiq.*) *intelligentiam:* 'That to attain the highest perfection 'of the art, not only an acquaintance 'with, but a thorough knowledge of 'the antique is necessary."

" Splendidior

" Splendidior quippe ex illis assurgit imago,
Magnaque se rerum facies aperit meditanti
Tunc nostri tenuem sœcli miserebere sortem,
Cum spes nulla siet redituræ æqualis in ævum."

These lines shew *Du Fresnoy*'s opinion upon this subject."

The same author also recommends the study of the Italian language to every student in painting, as he will find the authors who have written in it extremely useful to him as he proceeds in his profession; and where can he gain this essential knowledge so well as in Italy?

DOLCE, speaking of TITIAN, says, " and certain it may be almost attributed to a miracle, that *Titian*, without having ever seen the antiques at

Rome, which afforded light to all the excellent painters, with only the light glimmering he had discovered in the works of *Giorgione*, saw and conceived the idea of perfect painting."

The reader should observe that this is thought almost a miracle by *Dolce*, and thereby clearly discovers how necessary he thought it was to go to Rome. I never read of any author who did not think it necessary, nor ever heard of any great artist who ever had been there, but acknowledged that he greatly profited thereby.

In the History of the Lives of the Painters, I observe there is not above one or two artists of eminence but what studied in Italy, if I except many of

of the Dutch and Flemish schools, who usually painted low, humorous subjects, representing the actions of the peasants of their own country.—To be sure, their subjects are generally low, but their expressions are often so lively, and their colouring so good, that some of their pictures are worth their weight in gold.

An author observes, in the life of the great RUBENS, that in his early days he only wanted to improve his talents by travel; and to that end he went to Venice, and in the school of TITIAN he first acquired the knowledge of the principles of colouring: but he did not think this sufficient, for he afterwards went to Mantua, where he carefully studied the works of

of JULIO ROMANO; he made, however, no long stay there, for thinking it *absolutely necessary to go to Rome*, he applied himself to the study of the antique, the works of RAPHAEL, and every thing that might contribute to his perfection in his art.—What was agreeable to his goût, he made his own, either by copying or making reflections upon it, which he presently wrote down; and he generally accompanied those reflections with designs drawn with a light stroke of his pen, carrying always about him some sheets of blank paper for that purpose:—And such is the mode which BARKER pursues; nor is it his intention to paint any pictures, but to draw from the best specimens, to study the antique, and the pictures of the great masters!

So

So was he advised by men of the first judgment, and such has been his unremitting practice for these two years past! The few drawings which he has sent to England are incomparably correct and beautiful; he shews a finish in this line sufficient to announce his future greatness!

It may be said of BARKER as of TITIAN; that besides his wonderful excellence in painting, he has many other qualities worthy of the highest praises. In the first place he is extremely modest, and never wounds invidiously any painter's character, but speaks honourably of every one who deserves it. His fine genius is tempered by sound judgment; of a gentle, placid, affable temper; of the most

most delicate manners; insomuch that whoever once speaks to him must always love him. What has been said of CORREGGIO* is equally applicable to

* BARKER, like CORREGGIO, is the pupil of his own genius, and I hope, like him, will become the greatest painter in his time. Nothing can impede genius: from the lowest situation in life it will burst forth and make its way, in spite of envy, fastidiousness, presumption, and ignorance! for example, how much ought we to admire and respect such a genius as CORREGGIO, who, contrary to the ordinary course of painting, without having seen Rome, the antiquities, or the works of the most able painters, without favour or protection, or going from home for it, in the midst of poverty, and without any other helps than the contemplation of nature, and the affection he had for his business, has produced works of a sublime kind, both for the thoughts and the execution. His chief pieces are at Parma, and his cabinet pieces are very rare. RAPHAEL's fame tempted him to go to Rome; he considered attentively the pictures of that great painter, and after having looked on them a long

to BARKER: it is astonishing to find a genius like his breaking through the cloud

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a long time, without breaking silence, he said, *Anch' Io son pittore*, I am still a painter. Yet all the fine pieces that he had made could not draw him out of the extreme misery he was in, his family being very burthensome, and his price small. Going on a time to Parma to receive fifty crowns, he was paid in a sort of copper money called *quadrinos*; his joy that he had got it to carry home to his wife made him that he did not mind the weight of his money, with which he loaded himself in the heat of the summer, and being to lug it twelve miles on foot, the burthen, the walk, and the weather, threw him into a pleurisy, of which he died, at forty years old, anno 1513."

Who can read this without a sigh of lamentation, at the cruel fate of so great a genius! From the obscurity of the painter, it should seem as though his pictures were estimated accordingly! no doubt but they were sold very cheap in his lifetime, from the circumstance of the well-known fact, that some of his best pictures were used as window-blinds in the royal stables at Stockholm! So little did they understand the beauty of painting in Sweden!!!

cloud of birth and situation! it shews that nothing can totally conceal or overcome the *divine fire* given by nature. What has been quoted from PLINY, and applied to RAPHAEL by the writer of his life, may also serve for BARKER. PLINY, when speaking in praise of an artist, for his universal genius, says, "*Docilis ac laboriosus ante* "*omnes et in quocumque genere excellens ac* "*sibi equalis.*"—Docile and industrious above all others, excellent in every part of his art, and always equal to himself.

The amiability of RAPHAEL's disposition has been justly celebrated by *Vasari*, who wrote his life: he says, the kindness and sweetness of his temper was such, that if any painter, whether known to him or not, wanted his assistance

assistance in any design, he would leave his own work to assist him; it was for this *deliciæ humani generis*, that Pope Leo the Xth honoured him so much, that he gave him the office of Chamberlain, a place of honour and profit; and had he lived would have made him a cardinal; it was for his virtues and suavity of disposition that Cardinal *Bibiano* solicited him to marry his niece. *Vasari* says, his good-nature got him the love of all people! Had *Raphael* married *Miss Bibiano*, he probably might have delighted the world with many more of his divine performances—*excess of passion* for the sex having killed him in the flower of his age! The Pope wept at his death, and every one lamented him!!!

If

If BARKER should never arrive to that perfection of painting which the great soul of RAPHAEL reached, and which very few human beings in all probability will ever reach again; yet he is not less eminent in possessing the character of being one of the most amiable of human beings—a nobler gift than genius itself—an unfading wreath! of far more worth, than all the bays, the laurels, and the myrtles, that ever graced the mortal brows of painters and of poets! In this respect the soul of RAPHAEL seems to have entered the body of *Barker*. How rarely shall we meet with such an instance as in this young man, who when a poor lad, with little education and worse example, (from *one* whose natural duty it was to cherish, and to set

set the best example to such rising excellence) was taken into the house of his generous patron Mr. SPACKMAN; he never had occasion for the space of eight years to reprove him for misconduct in any one instance, never to say to him *I wish thee to do that which thou hast not done*, or to alter that which thou *hast already done*.—Never surely was a sweeter temper blended in the composition of a superior genius! I scarcely know which most to admire, the generosity and benevolence of his patron, or the gratitude and good behaviour of this young man; they seem actuated by the most noble and disinterested principles; a sentimental reciprocity of generous ideas appears to possess their minds and affections; the one regarding

ing the other as a son of most enlightened genius, while the other considers his patron as his generous friend and father:—May such kind endearments continue to harmonize their souls! Affections which have been the occasion of presenting to the world a great genius, who is an honour to his country, in that noble art which Kings, philosophers, heroes, and even tyrants, have patronized and encouraged, and have not disdained to be even familiar with the artist, and to bestow upon him rewards and honours.

Painters, says an excellent writer, have, in all ages, been justly esteemed as surpassing other men, in attempting to imitate, by their divine art, the adorable works of GOD, the author of nature

nature, and the Creator of all things: and representing them in so lively a manner as to seem real; whence the Greeks forbad the profession of it to slaves; and *Aristotle* distinguished it from the mechanic arts, and recommended that there should be public academies established in every city for the instruction of youth in this noble art!! Others also of the ancient writers and philosophers have mentioned this art, and its professors, with great honour and respect. A modern writer says, " and in fact, by the politest people, and in the best ages, past as well as present, the art has been much esteemed, and painters have lived in great reputation, and some of them with much magnificence; nor have those of the sublimest quality thought

them unworthy of considerable additional honours, and amongst the rest of their conversation and friendship: of which I might give many instances;" and, as this author has *not*, I will draw towards a conclusion with giving a few examples: and first, the great *Alexander* so much admired this art, that he gave his beloved mistress, the beautiful CAMPASPE, to *Apelles*, because he was informed that painter had fallen desperately in love with her from painting her naked!—a very sufficient reason for being most passionately and inflammably in love! We should find many an *Apelles* in a similar situation, and but few like *Alexander*, who gave up the living nude of a beautiful woman to gratify the passion of a painter! and the reason may be, that there

there are few heroes to be found like *Alexander*, who not only in one instance sacrificed his passion to the love of the arts and sciences, but in another, to his honour, when he conquered *Darius*, and captured his wives, mistresses, and daughters, supposed to be the most beautiful, choice, and delicate women in all Persia! yet the gallant hero never touched a hair of their *heads*. Now he who is no hero himself, may charge *Alexander* with apathy or impotence in this respect: but *Alexander* was known to have been as gallant in the *arms* of women as he was in *arms* against the enemy! In this instance he behaved like a noble generous conqueror! *Darius* requested, as the only favour he would ask, that he would not defile his women;

Alexander, in the flower of his age, flushed with conquest, and hot with the Persian grape, complied even to the most delicate and refined point of honour, with the request of his vanquished enemy! He would not *even see* these delicate creatures, lest he might be *tempted* to make them his own! Now, as the soldiers of the ancients were in general as lustful as they were *rapacious*, and frequently made a point of *ravishing* the wives and daughters of the vanquished, *Alexander* had the greater merit for this forbearance; for if he had deflowered all the women in the camp of *Darius*, he would have been applauded; and the violation only considered as *fair play*, and the lovely objects *fair game!* but his *not doing so*, did him far *more* credit and honour

honour than in conquering the enemy: for here he did a more difficult thing, *he conquered himself!* A good example for modern times, when a gentleman will not scruple to debauch the *wife* of his *friend*, but *shoot him afterwards!*

The virtues of *Alexander* so far, in my opinion, outweigh his vices, that I consider the latter but as *venial*, when compared with his illustrious deeds! he *loved* and *encouraged* arts and sciences, he was fond of painting, and is said to have been so ardent a lover of music, as at one time to have been seized with enthusiasm* by its effect, and

* PLUTARCH says, that when ANTIGENIDAS was performing the famous *curule* song, composed by OLYMPUS, that ALEXANDER was so moved by it, that he ran and seized his arms!

and at another, to have had his passions subdued by its force, through the irresistible harmony of the divine *Timotheus*;

Besides other modes of music among the ancients, there was the ſub-Phrygian and the Phrygian mode; the former is said to have affected the mind with something like madness, and drove it into a kind of Bacchanalian state; but the Phrygian style of composition raised it to a state of *enthusiasm!* It was this latter mode, I should ſuspect, that moved ALEXANDER, because ARISTOTLE expressly says, that the music of OLYMPUS raised enthusiasm in the soul! PLATO, speaking of the music which remained in his time, of MARSYAS, and his disciple OLYMPUS, says that it was most divine, and adapted, in a very particular manner, to stir and affect the mind!* The

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* Since the above note was in the preſs, I have found a remarkable passage in the first book of SAMUEL, strongly proving the wonderful effects of music, but I presume *that* must have been through the agency of a supernatural power! "And SAUL's servants said unto him, Behold now, an evil spirit from GOD troubleth thee. Let our lord now command thy servants which are before thee to seek out a man who is a cunning player on an harp: and it shall come to pass

Timotheus;† he patronized learned men, corresponded with his tutor the great *Aristotle*, was brave in battle, generous

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The effect of sounds is very extraordinary, and very various; the Pythagoreans, of all men, seem to have understood this matter the best, and to have made use of it, on many occasions, to very good purposes. The stories and remains of that noble sect are full of accounts that appear to us fabulous, but may nevertheless be true. QUINTILIAN says, if our minds are affected by the vibration of musical strings, where is the wonder? since the

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pass, when the evil spirit from GOD is upon thee, that he shall play with his hand, and thou shalt be well. And SAUL said unto his servants, Provide me now a man that can play well, and bring him to me. Then answered one of the servants, and said, Behold, I have seen a son of JESSE the Bethlehemite, that is cunning in playing, and a mighty valiant man, and a man of war, and prudent in matters, and a comely person, and the LORD is with him. Wherefore SAUL sent messengers unto JESSE, and said, Send me DAVID thy son, which is with the sheep. And it came to pass when the evil spirit from GOD was upon SAUL, that DAVID took an harp, and played with his hand: So SAUL was refreshed, and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him."

rous to his soldiers, and clement to the vanquished! If he slew *Clytus*, it was in an ungovernable passion and rage at being mocked, and not at all

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the mind has a body belonging to it resembling a musical instrument; and since we know, that if a light body be placed on a string, while an unison to it is sounded, the light body will move. Lord BACON says, this variable composition of man's body hath made it as an instrument easy to distemper; therefore the poets did well to conjoin music and medicine in APOLLO, because the office of medicine is but to tune this curious *harp* of man's body, and to reduce it to harmony!

An anonymous author, who has written upon the principles and powers of harmony, says, that "In the year 1714, in an opera that was performed at Ancona, there was, in the beginning of the third act, a passage of recitative, unaccompanied by any other inſtrument but the bass; which raised, both in the profeſſors, and in the rest of the audience, such and so great a commotion of mind, that we could not help staring at one another, on account of the visible change of colour that was caused in every one's countenance. The effect was not of the

proceeding from a *bad heart* or *premeditated malice!* In his treatment of *Aristonicus*, he was himself deceived:

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the plaintive kind: I remember well, that the words expressed *indignation*; but of so harsh and chilling a nature, that the mind was disordered by it.—Thirteen times this drama was performed, and the same effect always followed; and that too, universally: of which, the remarkable previous silence of the audience, to prepare themselves for the enjoyment of the effect, was an undoubted sign! I was too young to think of preserving a copy of this passage, and have since been very sorry I did not!"

I am glad Mr. *Stillingfleet*, who is an author of great credit, has told this story of himself, because it tends to confirm the many wonderful stories which the ancient authors have related on the power of music over the human mind.

Plutarch says, that one *Terpander* quelled a sedition at Sparta by means of music; also that *Thales*, being called from Crete, by advice of the oracle, to Sparta, cured a raging pestilence by the same means. It is said that *Clytemnestra* had her vicious inclinations to unchastity corrected by the applications of musicians;* and a virtuous woman is said to have

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* Query, of which sex!

As to his *drinking*, it is very pardonable in a soldier, amid the toils of war, sometimes to sacrifice to the jolly, rosy,

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diverted the wicked design of two rakes that assaulted her, by ordering a piece of music to be performed in the *Spondean* mode!

The Spartans were the bravest people in Greece, yet very sensible of the advantage of fighting with a cool and deliberate courage; therefore, as *Gellius* out of *Thucydides* reports, they used not in their armies instruments of a more vehement sound, that might inflame their temper, and make them more furious, as the *tuba*, *cornu*, and *lituus*, but the more gentle and moderate sounds and modulations of the *tibia*, that their minds being more composed they might engage with a more rational courage!

This is one of the most glorious, liberal, and generous sentiments, recorded in history! Would to God that the *tibia* and all the good effects of the ancient music could be revived, in order to restrain the brutal rage of the French nation, and excite them to deeds of more magnanimity and honour, than to wreak their vengeance upon a miserable, captive king, who was not the author of their misfortunes!!

honest-

honest-faced god! *Victory* or *defeat alike demand it!* besides, ALEXANDER was early taught that

BACCHUS, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain:
BACCHUS' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the *Soldier's pleasure!!*

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† The conduct of the Lacedæmonians to this same TIMOTHEUS, shews in what high veneration they held their ancient music and instruments! The following is a curious piece of antiquity, preserved in BOETHIUS, a Lacedæmonian *Senatus Consultum*, against poor TIMOTHEUS's instrument, which had so enraptured the *Conqueror* of the world! "Whereas TIMOTHEUS, the Milesian, coming to our city, has deformed the ancient music; and laying aside the use of the seven-stringed lyre, and introducing a multiplicity of notes, endeavouring to corrupt the ears of our youth by means of these his novel and complicated conceits, which he calls *chromatic*; by him employed in the room of our established, orderly, and simple music; and whereas, &c.... It therefore seemeth good to us, the King and Ephori, after having cut off the superfluous strings of his age, and leaving only seven

Not that I am of opinion with the author of a popular song, who says ALEXANDER hated thinking, and conquered

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seven thereon, to banish the said TIMOTHEUS out of our dominions, that every one, beholding the wholesome severity of this city, may be deterred from bringing in amongst us any unbecoming customs," &c.!!!

It is singular that the Egyptians were not only as tenacious of their national music as the Lacedæmonians, but also in respect to the imitative arts of painting and statuary! *Diodorus Siculus* says, that it was not the custom among the Egyptians to learn music, for that they looked upon it not only as useless, but noxious, being persuaded that it rendered the mind of man effeminate! but I will certainly rather take the word of the immortal PLATO, who, having travelled into Egypt, says, "The plan which we have been laying down for the education of youth, was known long ago to the Egyptians, viz. that nothing but beautiful forms and fine music should be permitted to enter into the assemblies of young people; having settled what those forms and music should be, they exhibited

quered the world more by his drinking than by any other virtue he possessed! His philosophical correspondence with *Aristotle* will sufficiently evince that *he thought!* his knowledge of tactics, and cool intrepidity in battle, shew that his mind was untainted with madness, and his brain with the fumes of wine! But ALEXANDER so entirely loved the art of *painting*, that he studied design himself under the great APELLES, and frequently spent many hours to see him paint, and converse with him in private! And such was his opinion of APELLES's superior ex-

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exhibited them in their temples; nor was it allowable for painters, or other imitative artists, to innovate or invent any forms different from that which were established; nor is it now lawful, either in painting, statuary, or any of the branches of music, to make any alteration!!!

cellence,

cellence, that he published an edict, that no person should presume to paint any likeness of him but APELLES in picture, and PHIDIAS in statuary: This was vanity in ALEXANDER, who was flattered because they had represented him as the *thundering Jove*, and thought it presumption in painters of inferior merit to *daub* any likeness of his *godship!*

I hope my readers will pardon this trifling eulogé of the celebrated conqueror of the world! The reason of introducing his name was because the art of painting arrived to its greatest perfection *in his time*; although the art is said to have flourished a few years before his father PHILIP's reign, yet his son ALEXANDER saw it brought to

to maturity, no doubt by his great liberality in giving it patronage; for after his death, we no more read of such great painters as an APELLES, a PROTOGENES, or a ZEUXIS, &c. &c. It then began to decline in Greece!* when, no doubt, for want of cultivation, through the rich tillage of patronage,

" Full many a flower was born to blush unseen,
" And waste its fragrance on the desart air."

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* And found its way to Rome, as no doubt it did formerly from Egypt to Greece, of which, however, there are no traces left. Thus history makes but three ages in which painting arrived to a degree of perfection; the first, as I have before mentioned, in PHILIP and ALEXANDER's reign, upwards of 360 years before the birth of CHRIST; the second was in the reign of AUGUSTUS CÆSAR, during the life of CHRIST; and the third was in the pontificate of JULIUS II. and LEO X. in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries: Some make a fourth, commencing with POUSSIN, and continuing

In such high veneration was this art held by the ancients, that we read

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to the end of Louis XIVth's reign! I hope future historians will add a fifth, which flourished under the patronage and munificence of George the Third.

It appears then we date the perfection of the art of painting to be not quite 2200 years; but surely we have no right to suppose that the Egyptians had not this art in high perfection. Most historians agree that the Greeks borrowed their knowledge from them; and it is well known to what great perfection the Egyptians brought architecture, carving, statuary, gilding, &c. &c. It is hardly possible then to imagine that they had not painting in high perfection also; and I presume it was only from their prodigious antiquity that they were not handed down to the Greeks and Romans.

Norden, in his *Voyage en Egypte*, speaking of some hieroglyphics upon certain obelisks, says, he beheld them at a distance with admiration, and when near, that the colours had a most charming effect! It is surprising, says he, to see how the gold, the ultramarine, and other colours, have preserved their brilliancy to this time! This is a proof they understood colours at least!

of a large army attacking one of the cities of Greece; the general of which determined to fire the town, being the only means of reducing it; but, in the mean time being told that a famous picture of PROTOGENES was in the city, and consequently would perish in the flames, he resolved to raise the siege, rather than the picture should be destroyed! Few generals we should find, in this *enlightened* age,* who are such amateurs of painting as to prefer the saving of a picture to the glory of taking a city! This famous picture PROTOGENES was seven years in painting; it might not, however, have been the better for *so much labour*, if what has been handed down to us be

* Rather *obscured* a *little* lately by some infernal Pandæmonian events on the *other side of the water!*

true, that he often dispirited his pictures by not knowing when *to leave off*. The picture is said by one author to have been painted for *Talysus*, but I think it must have been *Jalissus*, who is named by several authors, though all are silent as to their history.

It is said that painting was brought to such perfection in Greece, that some of the great painters (among whom is mentioned ZEUXIS) thought they could receive no money equal to the worth of their pictures, and accordingly they made presents of them! PLINY says, that ATTALUS, king of Pergamus, bought a picture, which was taken at the siege of Corinth, for which he paid *sixty thousand sesterces!* It was painted by ARISTIDES, the famous

famous Theban, who is said by *Pliny* to have been the *first* who expressed the *movements* of the *soul* in painting! the subject was a SICK MAN:—a *perishable piece of work* for the immense price of one hundred talents! but the General who gained Corinth, thinking that there must be some charm or magic* in this picture, took it again

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* As I have entered so much into pictures, which *to me* is a subject so pleasing and copious, that I find myself not readily disposed to quit it—I beg leave to add a very curious anecdote, which is recorded by AUBREY, in his *Ostenta* or *Portents*, printed in 1696.

"Sir WALTER LONG's widow, (of Draycot, Wilts) did make a solemn promise to him on his death-bed, that she would not marry after his decease; but not long after, one Sir WM. FOX, a very beautiful young gentleman, did win her love; so that notwithstanding her promise aforesaid, she married him:—she married him at South-Wraxal, where

from *Pergamus*, and placed it in the temple of *Ceres* at Rome. This is mentioned by PLINY in his Natural History, lib. XXXV. cap. 8.

The Emperor TIBERIUS, it is said, paid for one picture equal to the

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where the picture of Sir WALTER LONG hung over the parlour door, as it doth now at Draycot. As Sir WM. FOX led his bride by the hand from the church (which is near to the house) into the parlour, the string of the picture brake, and the picture fell on her shoulder, and cracked in the fall. (it was painted on wood, as the fashion was in those days) This made her ladyship reflect on her promise, and drew tears from her eyes!!!"

And as picture is said to speak, (although commonly used in another sense) the following is recorded of Archbishop LAUD; that the picture of himself, in his closet, fell down the day of the sitting of that parliament which condemned him to lose his head.—This is mentioned in Canterbury's doom, by *Wm. Prynn*, a well-known furious *close-clipt* presbyterian, who was instrumental in bringing the Archbishop to the block.

astonishing sum of one hundred and fifty Roman pounds of silver. It is not, however, said who was the artist, or what the subject was.

The Romans had such a respect for the art of painting, that they honoured the family of the *Fabii* with the surname of *Pictores*, from one of their ancestors being a great painter, and adorning some of the temples of Rome with his beautiful paintings! *Demosthenes* the Greek orator, *Metroderus* the philosopher, and *Pacuvius* the poet, were painters! *Julius Cæsar* was a great admirer, and extremely fond of pictures, and understood design! SUETONIUS says, that *Nero* the emperor designed and executed relievos to a considerable degree of perfection.

CHARLES I. took such delight in painting, that he frequently spent several hours with *Vandyke*; remarking upon his works, and giving him *such hints* as much contributed to their excellence. Even our *Henry* VIII.*

* I must here be permitted to take the opportunity of doing myself justice as an *impartial Biographer*, in speaking of the *vices* of King *Henry* VIII. whose blood (somewhat indeed, I trust, purified *from the tide of time*) still flows in our family! as thus:—The father of Sir *John Harington*, who was in the tower with Queen *Elizabeth*, and whom I have before mentioned in page 173, married a *natural* daughter of *Henry*'s.* This *John H.* was my fourth great grandfather; consequently *Henry* VIII. was my fifth great grandfather! vide *Nugæ Antiquæ*, published by my late much regretted brother, of Queen's College, Oxford;

* This daughter of *Henry*'s was named *Etheldred Tudor* DINGLEY. We have a portrait of her in *high preservation!* She is an ugly likeness of old *Harry!* but her estates were very fair! (*vide page* 176) To those may be added a large estate called Nyland, which her son the witty Sir *John H.*

tyrannical, *lustful*, and *cruel*, as he was, had a taste for painting; he gave much encouragement to HANS HOLBEIN, and invited the great RAPHAEL and TITIAN to England; and, although they declined the honour, they nevertheless

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whose volumes the late Dr. *Granger*, author of Biographical Anecdotes, mentions as deserving a better title than *Antient Trifles!* and the late Dr. *Johnson* so much esteemed them as to express a wish that a *fourth volume* might be published; which is *only* in my father's power to do; and I *hope* he *will*. As I have been speaking of King *Henry*, let me add, that he was an *excellent* musician; and composed two good anthems! I pre-

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H. afterwards sold! and a while after he was travelling over the same estate, he said to his man *John*,

" All this Nyland
" Was once my land."

John, whose talent for humour was undoubtedly found pleasing to his master, replied, Sir,

" If you had had more wit,
" It might have been your's yet:"

which answer, to use the Knight's own words, " lets us see, " there is often craft in the clouted shoe."

painted several pictures for him, particularly the latter, who is said to have taken more pains in finishing his pictures for *Henry*, than he ever did for any other person; they were probably not the better for so much *nice finishing*; it frequently destroys that boldness and freedom of style which ought to distinguish the hand of a great master!

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sume he turned his mind to this species of composition from his father designing him for the church during his brother *Arthur*'s life. It is universally known he studied and understood theological disquisition, having written a work entitled *De septem Sacramentis*, in answer to *Martin Luther*, who attacked *Thomas Aquinas*, and denied the Pope's supremacy. He was also a poet; and surely never did a gallant poet write *stronger* love verses than *Henry* did to his mistress, which may be seen in *Nugæ Antiquæ*. One cannot but lament that such an accomplished man was a *tyrannical* rascal!!

The

The Emperor CHARLES V. the fortunate rival of FRANCIS I. of France, (though not half so amiable a character as *Francis*) yet much encouraged painting and engraving; and although engaged in almost continual wars, yet he studied design, and understood engraving; and so greatly honoured and rewarded TITIAN, that it is said some of the noblemen about his court expressed some jealousy that he should give so much *preference to a painter!* to which he replied, "that he could never want a court, or courtiers, but he could not have a *Titian* always with him!" He made him a nobleman, and settled a large pension upon him.—When TITIAN painted a picture for *Charles*, he always returned a large sum of money for it, with the following

ing obliging address: —" That his design was not to pay him the value of his pictures, because they were above any price!" And one day taking up a pencil that fell from the hand of TITIAN, who was then drawing his picture, upon the compliment which *Titian* made him upon the occasion, he said, " *Titian* has deserved to be served by *Cæsar!*" An answer of *Francis* I. is something similar; when some of his courtiers advised him not to give way to his grief at the death of *Leonardo de Vinci*; (who is well known to have died in the arms of *Francis*) he replied, " I can make a thousand of you, but GOD only can make a painter!"

It is well known how highly honoured the great RUBENS was, not only

only in his own country, but also in France and England. He was invited to Paris by *Mary de Medicis*, who used to sit and see him paint for hours together: She herself designed, and had some instruction in painting from him! Our CHARLES I. honoured him with knighthood, and entrusted him with an embassy. He amassed a noble fortune, and was so fortunate as to marry *three* of the most *amiable* and *beautiful* women in Europe!! Some other great artists have also been honoured, esteemed, and rewarded, in this country, such as VANDYKE, PETER LELY, THORNHILL, REYNOLDS, &c. &c.

But were I to go on in this way to prove the sublimity of the art of painting, and how much encouraged it

it has been, by great men in various ages of the world, the subject would not be exhausted in writing several volumes, for "The praise of painting, says an ingenious author, is a subject not unworthy of the tongue or pen of the greatest orator, poet, historian, philosopher, or divine; any of which, when he is considering the works of our great masters, will not only find him to be one of themselves, but sometimes all these at once, and in an eminent degree! The dignity of the science I am recommending will farther appear, if it be considered, that if gentlemen were lovers of painting, and connoisseurs, it would be of great advantage to the public, in the reformation of our manners, the improvement of our people, the increase of

our

our wealth, and with all these, of our honour and power! Lastly, it is remarkable that in a country as ours, rich and abounding with gentlemen of a just and delicate taste in music, poetry, and all kinds of literature; such fine writers! such solid reasoners! such able statesmen! gallant soldiers, excellent divines, lawyers, physicians, mathematicians, and mechanics! and yet so few, so very few, lovers and connoisseurs in painting!" Yet let me add, that since this gentleman wrote, which is upwards of sixty years ago, the connoissance of painting is infinitely more diffused among gentlemen than in his time! And although it is only a few years since that the first collection of pictures in England were suffered to be exported to a barbarous nation,

nation, yet that ought not to be imputed to a depravity of national taste,* but from an over refinement of œconomy in our government, who were undoubtedly wrong in not purchasing some of the most exquisite productions of the human mind, the possession of which will always do honour to any country! What would *Æneas* have thought had he landed in such a country, and found the inhabitants carrying off† the most precious works

* Individuals would have eagerly purchased them, but they were not permitted to be divided, and the sum expected was too great for any individual, short of Royalty, to purchase them *all!*

† What still greater fear and horror would *Æneas* have expressed, had he beheld the late savage proceedings of the cruel natives of France, when, with frantic fury, they despoiled the noblest works of

works of art! he surely would have fled from such a land with sentiments upon the occasion far different from what

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of art! like senseless, intoxicated brutes, destroying those very images which they but a little before *almost* DEIFIED! Beautiful statuary, which, like that of Egypt, Greece, or Rome, might have been handed down to the honour of their country, to ages the most remote! He would naturally have supposed the wretches were a barbarous people, like the Goths, Huns, and Vandals, that were overrunning an enemy's country, in order to be revenged for certain cruelties that they had inflicted upon their nations. But what would have been his surprize and indignation, when told they were the dregs of the inhabitants of the capital of their country, who were encouraged by a faction composed of their *rulers* and *superiors*, to insult their unoffending King and Queen, to extinguish every mark of royalty, and to destroy every order of government! How shocked would he have been to have seen the rude, ragged rabble, a gang of inhuman *polissons sans culottes*, and of *she tygers* in the shape of women, *poissardes sans juppes*, enter the

what VIRGIL has made him express upon his landing in Africa, when fearing much from the disposition he had

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the palace of their Monarch to cruelly insult him, to rob him, and probably to murder him, to oblige him to flee for safety even to the enemies of monarchy! to pillage his palace, destroy his fine paintings, and other works of art; and, after murdering as many of his loyal subjects as they could find, to fire his palace, and throw him into a prison with his Queen and family, almost destitute of common necessaries! But even more than this, how terrified would he have been for the safety of his own life, had he seen hundreds of *innocent* people murdered in the streets and in the prisons, and a band of hired bravoes, led by women, putting to death those in their own houses they either hated or suspected! What, I say, would he have thought of all these infernal acts? Why, that he had come into a strange country that had a hell in it inhabited by devils!

But, Messrs. Les Jacobins, these were your doings! you knew there was no great difficulty to inspire the minds of your people with *bloody thoughts*, to

had conceived of the natives. No sooner beholds the walls of their public buildings adorned with fine pictures,

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to execute "deeds without a name." Your history tells us they are very cruel! and although it may be true, that for one or two ages, owing to the discipline of your former government, your people have not committed such public atrocious acts of cruelty and murder, as they did in the massacre of the protestants, and in your civil wars, &c. &c. yet no sooner had your countrymen an *opportunity*, from a change of government, to shew their national dispositions, than we find in them the genuine blood of their ancestors! they murder with as much *sans froid* and cruelty, with every degree of savage taunting insult, as their ancestors did on the memorable bloody day of *Bartholomew*. Had your people been trained to murder from their infancy, or had they received instructions from another *Charles* IX. or *Louis* XI. they could not have made a *finer debut* than they did in the murders of Messrs. *Foulon*, *Bertier*, *De Launay*, and others: never was a more successful first trial of skill upon the theatre of assasination! It was done all so *a-la-mode*, with such engaging *nonchalance*, with such a

 commend-

tures, but he exclaims to his companions, in a transport of pleasure,

Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt,
Solve metum!

Here others ills are felt; the wretched here
Are sure to meet the tribute of a tear:—
Vain were our fears!

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commendable exultation at the triumph of *cruelty*,* when the bodies of the murdered innocents were pulled to pieces, or cut up with broad swords, and distributed *piecemeal* as victorious trophies to the people, that one cannot *too much admire* and *applaud* your *hell-born* genius for murder, the seeds of which had long lain dormant, till the devil thought proper to work a miracle, by letting them come hissing to maturity in a moment from their savage hearts! They appeared like compleat practitioners! as if the souls of their bloody remorseless grandsires had, at that moment, entered their bodies!—

They

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* I cannot believe the report of their having eaten the flesh of the murdered; but that they dipped their pocket handkerchiefs in their blood, and smeared their hellish faces with the thick gore, *is true*; and I also believe they committed the most wanton and indecent barbarities upon the *dead* and dying!!!

Yet notwithstanding the above instance of disgraceful reflection to our country, it seems as if we had made

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They are now become such perfect adepts in the art of massacre and torture, that were they required, they might easily furnish the whole world with assassinators and hangmen, who would do their duty without fear or remorse!!-----As to the late pusillanimous, dastardly National Assembly, it is well they are annihilated, they had neither energy, power, or wisdom, to prevent these murders, nor did they dare even to mention in this wretched assembly the atrocious murder of sixty-three gentlemen, who were prisoners at Versailles, only on suspicion of *aristocracy!* I only ask whether such cowardly scoundrels as yourselves were fit to be entrusted with the legislative and executive powers of any nation? whether such rulers as you were could expect the support and good-will of honest men, when you were such an impotent set of rascals as to declare it was not in your power to prevent the vilest cannaille that ever disgraced human nature, from murdering the Princess *Lamballe*, dragging her mangled corpse about the streets, and then exposing her bleeding head to your

made up for it, by an universal regret and acknowledgement *of the fault!*— The science of painting is now *powerfully*

Queen, whom you knew she loved as a friend and relative! I say, did you shew yourselves the representatives of a gallant nation? You may answer, No! for we have banished all gallantry, virtue, honour, and courage, from the French nation.*

I lived in your country several years, and I know and have marked the savage disposition of your *bas peuple*; I could mention numerous instances to prove it national. But I still thought your government, from its despotic nature, wanted reformation:

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* The wife of Laverne, the commandant of Longwy, when it surrendered, presented a copy of her husband's justification.

The President. "Citizens, the nation will judge Laverne: in the mean time, the Jacobins owe him the truth, he would have terminated his career, if he had loved the honour of his country."

La Citoyenne Laverne. "You say, President, that my husband had one resource left, that of putting an end to his life; he would have done so, had he not hoped to sell it dearly elsewhere!!"

erfully protected, and our painters appear at last to have arrived to the summit

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reformation: nay, I will say, a revolution! And I rejoiced you had it, in hopes of your establishing a better government with temperance and wisdom! But you have destroyed what you cannot rebuild with equal wisdom! It appears your dispositions were only fit for the galling chains of despotism, to curb spirits too intolerable for liberty! I have disputed with my friends, and wrangled with my acquaintance, in support of your late change of government; but since your damnable cruelty in massacres and proscriptions,* in giving

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* Le Roi D'Alencon concluded his speech, approving the motion of Mons. Callot, in the National Convention, for murdering all descriptions of emigrants, as follows:— "DEATH, then, DEATH alone should be the lot of every man; who, having refused his country the help of his arm, has rendered himself unworthy, by a cowardly desertion, of ever breathing the pure air of liberty. I second, therefore, with all my force, the opinion of Callot; and I invite the citizen Albitte to join his republican voice to the motion." (APPLAUDED.)——And since this,

The Committee of Legislation, by their reporter *Osselin*, laid before the Convention their draft of a decree against the Emigrants. The following are its principal points:— Punishment of all emigrants who have inhabited countries at war with France. Confiscation of the property of those who

of that art, which has been so long struggling through the storms of bar-

up *all* your religion and morality, your cruelty to the royal family,‖ in the killing of your priests, and hunting them from your country like vermin, &c.

who inhabit a country not at war with the Republic. Those who have effects belonging to emigrants shall give an account of them under pain of death. Those who have false accounts, to pay a fine, and give four times the value of such effects. Those who have aided, excited, or favoured emigration, shall be punished with death. Public officers, offending in the execution of this law, shall suffer civic degradation. SALES, *gifts*, or assignments of effects, made by emigrants since the first of July 1789, annulled!!!

Nothing on record can be more sanguinary and unjust than these punishments and proscriptions! But the latter article is the most *cruel* and *rapacious* that ever entered into the mind of legislators since the creation of the world! It at once involves in ruin, and confounds like death itself, without distinction,

Friends and foes,
The innocent and guilty,
The timid and the brave!!!

" It surely is impossible for any one to foretel what will be the result of the present concussion of parties in France, and until we see *atonement* made for the murders of the 2d of September, no man can *confide* in, and no Government will treat with the minister of France."

‖ Mons. Garnier lately finished one of his speeches in this manner :—" LOUIS CAPET must fall under the axe of the

barous ages; tho' even in those times a glimmering light sometimes appear-

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I now, from my soul, heartily detest your hard-hearted principles; and, as I never can be an advocate for murderers, I do sincerely wish all the powers of Europe may rise up against you, and make you *viler* slaves than you were before! None in this country can wish well to your cause! excepting certain low-minded ———, turbulent, artful, selfish men, without principles, who, in hopes of obtaining something in the scramble, would wish to see and promote the same confusion here, which has unhappily taken place in your country! But I believe that if ever such an event should happen, (which GOD forbid) it will not take place in OUR TIME!!!

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the law. Liberty thirsts for the blood of kings!—this will not be a sacrifice to vengeance, but to justice and safety; it is likewise necessary that other nations should imitate our example, or not expect our alliance!"

The Council-general of the Commons are taking the severest means to prevent the apprehended escape of the royal family. M. Le Clerc, a physician, has been summoned to answer for his sending a prescription to the Temple for a kind of inflammation that had broke out on the cheek of the young princess;—the prescription was stopp'd and sent back; and on M. Le Clerc's saying *simply* before the Council,

ed, seemingly propitious, to disperse the surrounding darkness, but again the gloomy clouds soon gather themselves together, and suddenly enwrap the smiling gleam in the profundity of *chaotic* darkness!

From some specimens of pictures done by English painters upwards of two hundred years ago, one should very naturally have supposed that Englishmen would have long since arrived at the perfection of painting! I observe

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cil, that the *child* was *very pretty*, a *chef d'œuvre de la nature*, and it appeared to him *a pity* that it should suffer for the faults of its parents, he was *interrupted* by the PRESIDENT, who replied, that "the ſerpent has a fine skin, and is *alſo* a *chef d'œuvre of nature*;" deſiring the Doctor to proceed *without any of his ſentimental comments*.

It was then decreed, that no medical advice ſhould be given at the Temple, but what might be in conſequence of this immediate recommendation of the Council, and that *by ſuch* MASTERS OF ART *as they could truſt!!!*

in

in a note of *Sir John Harington*'s translation of *Ariosto*, that he is excessive in the praise of a Mr. NICHOLAS HILLIARD! ARIOSTO, who was contemporary with MICHAEL ANGELO, having taken an opportunity of praising that great artist in his 33d book, where he exclaims,

"*E. Michael, piu chi mortal, Angel divino.*"

Michael (more than a man) angel divine!

My worthy ancestor takes the opportunity of bestowing the following panegyric upon his countryman: "Yet I may say thus much without *parciallitie*, for the honour of my country, as *myne* authour hath done for the honour of his: that we *haue* with *vs* at this day, one that for *limming* (which I take to be the *verie* perfection of that art) is comparable with

with any of any other country. And for the *prayse* that I told you of *Parrhasius* for taking the true *lynes* of the face, I *thinke* our countryman (I *meane* Mr. HILLIARD) is *inferiour* to none that *liues* at this day; as among other things of his doing, *myselfe* have seen him, in white and *blacke*, in *foure lynes* only, set down the features of the Queen's Majesties countenance, that it was evē thereby to be known; and he is so perfect therein (as I have heard others tell) that he cā set it *downe* by the idea by *hart*, without any *paterne*; which, (for all APELLES *priuledge*) was more (I *beleeve*) then he could have done for *Alexander*.— But I am entered so far into pictures that I know not how to get out *agayne*: and though there be so much other

storie

storie than this 33d *booke*, as will *aske* some time, yet I thought better to set *downe* this of these notable men here *altogither*, for those that have a *mynde* to read it, than to *haue* turned them *ouer* to the table, where they must *looke* one in one place, *another* in *another*, according as the names would fall out in the order of alphabet. But now to the French *storie*, &c."

Sir *J. H.* was himself fond of pictures, he was a polite scholar,* a man

* The learned FULLER says, that he was a compleat poet in every thing saving his large possessions; and the great DRYDEN ranks him among the first reformers of the English language! But, *compleat* poet and *polite* scholar as he was, he did not scruple to write a humourous and witty book upon *water-closets*, in which are a great number of WINDY and other *unsavory* stories! My Father thus mentions it in the life he has written of him: "A. D.

of wit, was conversant with Queen *Elizabeth*'s court, and had seen much of the world; we must therefore believe he could not have been much deceived as to the real merit of NICHOLAS HILLIARD.

It appears then the more surprising, as all arts and sciences are handed down to us progressively, by easy gradations, that so great a genius should have been almost *unique* in his line,

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"A. D. 1596, we find another little work of Sir *John*'s, called the Metamorphosis of AJAX, otherwise called *A-Jakes*; in this we see the great fertility of our author's merry and surprising genius, nor is his reading less conspicuous; it is occasioned by nothing more than a *new-invented water-closet*, contrived by himself at Kelston, near Bath!" This little work, which would not make more than an eighteen-penny or two shilling pamphlet, is now become so scarce as to sell for TWO GUINEAS.—I know a gentleman who gave that sum for one!!

and that as patronage is a constant spur to genius, it did not encourage other artists to emulation!

I never had the pleasure of seeing any of the works of this celebrated *Nicholas Hilliard*; but books have informed me that he did deserve the panegyric of Sir *John H.* I find him most honourably mentioned among the lives of the *few* English painters. It appears that he was goldsmith, carver, and limner, to Queen ELIZABETH, whose picture he drew several times, particularly once, when he made a whole length of her sitting on her throne, which piece was deservedly esteemed. He drew MARY queen of Scots, in water-colours, when she was but eighteen years of age, a most beautiful

beautiful picture, and wherein he succeeded to admiration, and gained a general applause. I find Dr. DONNE mentions him in one of his poems called the *Storm:*

" — — — — — A hand and eye,
By HILLIARD drawn, is worth a history!"

I also learn, that about eighty years ago some of his pictures were in the possession of the family of the *Fanshaw*'s, and, although not much larger than a crown-piece, were estimated (at that time) at fifty guineas each! It is said that not only the faces are finely coloured, with a good relievo, but also the heads and beards are so admirably performed, that almost every single hair is expressed. Two miniatures, which he did of the Queen and his father, it is said, were alone sufficient

cient to preserve the memory of this great artist!

And now one should yet have imagined that the æra of great painters had commenced in England, for a few years after the great SAMUEL COOPER flourished! he was so GREAT in *little* that he was called the VANDYKE in *little!* His pictures are in as much esteem in Rome, Venice, and in France, as they are in England. He painted a picture of *Cromwell*, for which *Louis* XIV. offered 150l. but it was refused by the then owner *Richard Graham*, esq. I believe this is the very picture that is now in the possession of Mr. *Dashwood* of Devonshire, together with another (I think) of *Oliver*'s daughter. These two pictures

tures I have seen, and utterly despair of ever seeing such perfection *in miniature* again! Mr. *Dashwood* told me 300l. had been offered for them, which was refused! still he said he had not such a vast regard for the memory of *Cromwell*, but that he should be tempted to dispose of them; and I know that about two years ago they were *then* to be sold. Since the departure of these two great artists, I believe, we have had none to compare with them in the line of *miniature* painting!!!

A celebrated author, after exhibiting a long catalogue of great men in various arts and sciences, feelingly observes, that there are no great painters! "Yet, he says, he does not despair that future writers may name many! But, continues

continues he, as it is in nature, where from the seed is first produced the blade, then the green ear, and lastly the ripe corn; so national virtues sprout up first in less excellencies, and proceed by an easy gradation. *Greece* and *Rome* had not painting and sculpture in their perfection till after they had exerted their natural vigour in lesser instances!" And this I think has been brought to pass in *England*; she has seen the virtues of her sons *sprout* up, first in less excellencies, till by an easy and natural gradation, like the sons of Greece and Rome, she has seen her promising buds expand and open themselves to a perfect bloom! Our national vigour has not only been exerted in *minor* instances, but in the *greatest*,—in war, in politics, and in

science! But as in bodies natural, so in bodies artificial, they may arrive to *mature vigour*, may remain *stationary* for some time, yet their total extinction* is also certain, and which may be accelerated by violent means, long before their natural end would have arrived through a long succession of ages, as in Egypt they naturally decayed through their prodigious antiquity! But in Athens, and Rome, they were cut off, when brought to maturity, by the sacrilegious hands of barbarous conquerors! Somewhat different, perhaps, may be the fate of the arts and

* "It is very remarkable, that even in countries capable of inspiring every kind of genius, there have been barren ages, in which the liberal arts, and the genius that produced them, declined to such a degree, as to seem in the course of the next to be wholly lost."

sciences

sciences in France; they probably will be cut off by an unnatural mother, who, having cherished and reared her tender offspring, and brought them to maturity, with savage heart embrues her polluted hands in the blood of her once favourite sons and daughters!!! Oh! unhappy country, by what cruel dæmon are ye tormented?

But to conclude:

If this country does not now behold the science of painting fully pointing towards its meridian height of glory, it has either passed us, like a summer's sun, whose genial rays cannot penetrate the grossness of our atmosphere, or it has been forced like an exotic, and reared by the fostering hand of cultivation to the greatest

 possible

possible perfection it can ever attain in this *rainy, cloud-capt climate!* Yet as sometimes it is found that fruit, and even plants, have arrived to as much perfection in the English hot-house as in the soil of their native climate, so do I think painters may be now found in the latitude of 52, who would not have disgraced that of 30 at any period!* This

* The gentleman who translated *Dolce*, says, "True genius in the liberal arts seems now to have visited this island, and taken up her residence among us; several English artists have, in our exhibitions, made it evident, that some of the principal merits of historical painting (in particular design and composition) may be comprised in the space of a cabinet picture. Although I wish to avoid mentioning living artists by name, that I may not give umbrage to any, yet, lest those who have not seen our exhibitions should esteem this only to proceed from partiality, and a desire of making a state of the arts here to appear other than it really is, I cannot help producing, as instances, the

REGULUS,

This country, then, having seen all her other excellencies in arts and sciences fully estabished, it is highly probable that *painting* is *also* arrived to its full standard! It possibly may ebb and flow a *little*; but before she takes her flight from our island, it is exceeding probable she will long remain with us, and flourish with a considerable degree of perfection; for since the institution of the Royal Academy, an infinitely more general knowledge and taste for painting has diffused itself throughout the kingdom! There are

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REGULUS, JACOB blessing JOSEPH's Children, CLEOMBRUTUS, &c. of Mr. WEST;—an artist whose works would have done honour to Rome, even in the time of RAPHAEL and TITIAN! The appeal might safely be laid with any person of taste and judgment, whether these and many other of our modern works do not fully prove this assertion!"

better

better artists, more gentlemen of *connoissance*, and more liberal encouragers of the art, than very probably can be found in any other country!—An English school, forming a fifth age in the perfection of painting, (*from the time of Philip of Macedon*) has been long *foretold* and *expected*, but that bright æra has been reserved for the mild and happy reign of our august and amiable Sovereign GEORGE III. under whose munificent patronage this art has been brought to perfection *in our island*, and has illuſtrated

THE GENIUS OF MAN!!!

FINIS.

ERRATA.

Page 26, l. 2, for *emerging* read *immerging*.
37, l. 17, after *artists*, insert *viz.*
37, laſt line but one, after *may*, insert *not*.
71, l. 3, of the note, for *is*, read *are*.
88, l. 1, for *ever*, read *never*.
102, laſt line of the note, omit *not*.
113, l. 7, for *Isto*, read *Ista*.
189, l. 9, for *diabates*, read *diabetes*.
210, l. 7, for *tinges*, read *tinge*.
252, l. 7, for *conspire*, read *conspires*.
256, last line of the note, for *that*, read *what*.
276, l. last but one, for *who*, read *whom*.
302, l. 4, of the note, for *is*, read *are*.
307, l. 3, of the note, for *it*, read *them*.
341. l. last but one of the note, omit *that*.
Ditto, in lines 5 and 8, for *can*, read *canst*.
369, l. 2, after *sooner*, insert *he*.
372, l. 4, of the note, for *we*, read *you*.
373, l. 7, of the note, for *intolerable*, read *intemperate*.
389, l. 13, for *have*, read *has*.
390, l. 13, for *to*, read *of*.
163, l. 1, for *ecret*, read *écrit*.
l. 2, for *ent* read *eut*.
l. 4, for *n'y avoit*, read *'y eut*.
l. 8, for *entendre*, read *interpreter*.
l. 9, for *use*, read *une*.
l. last but two, for *de liee*, read *deliée*.